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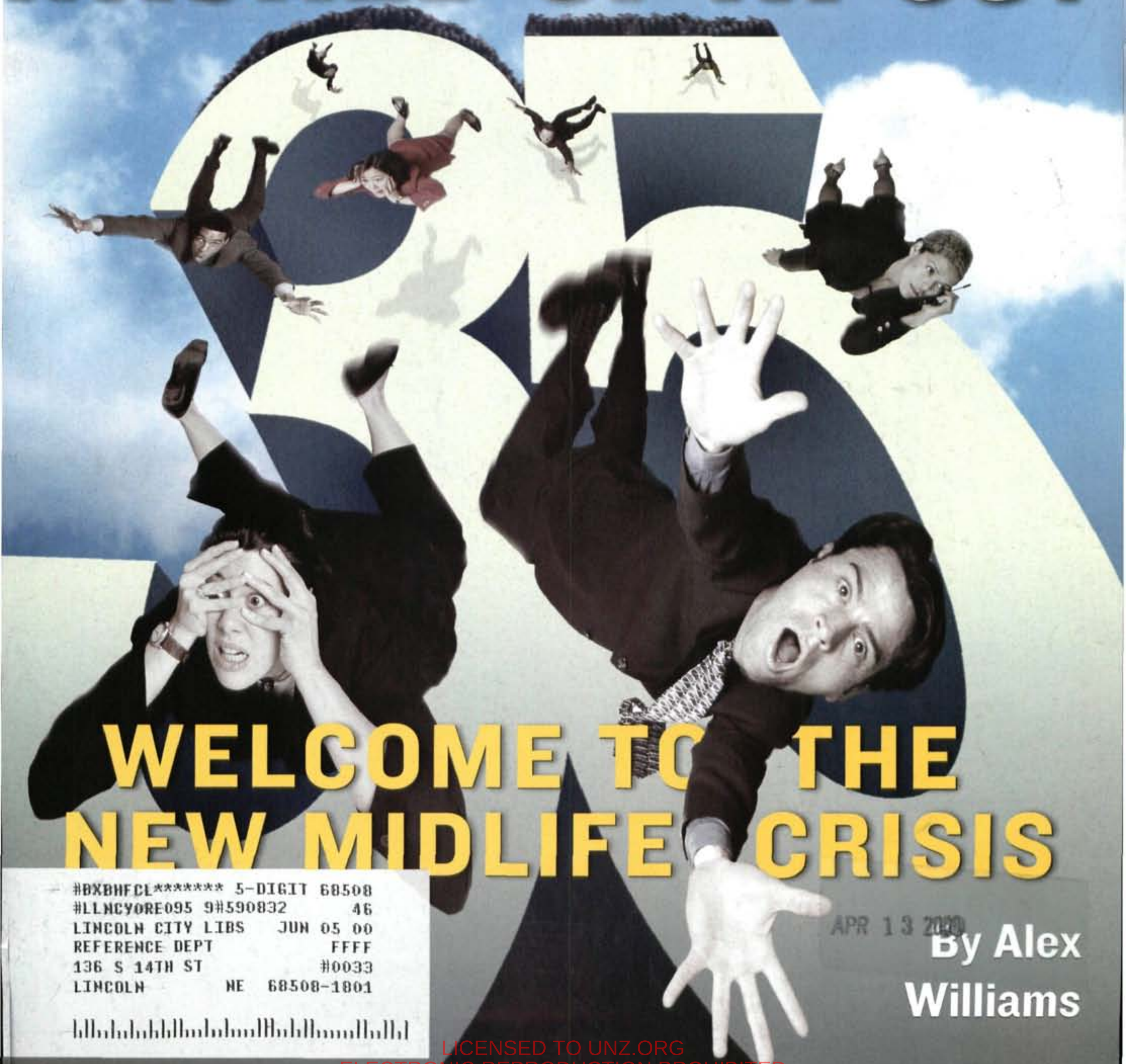

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By Alex Williams

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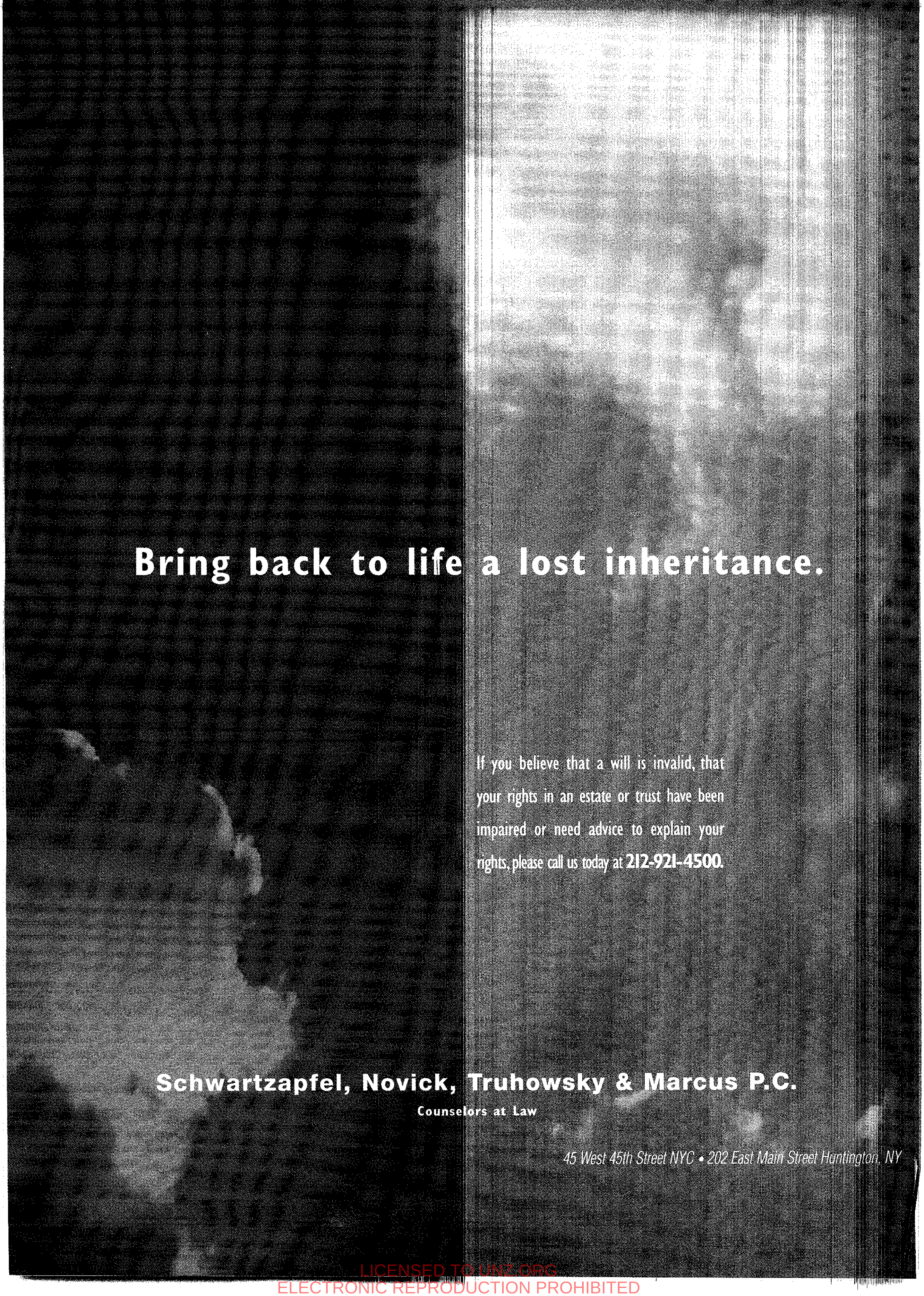

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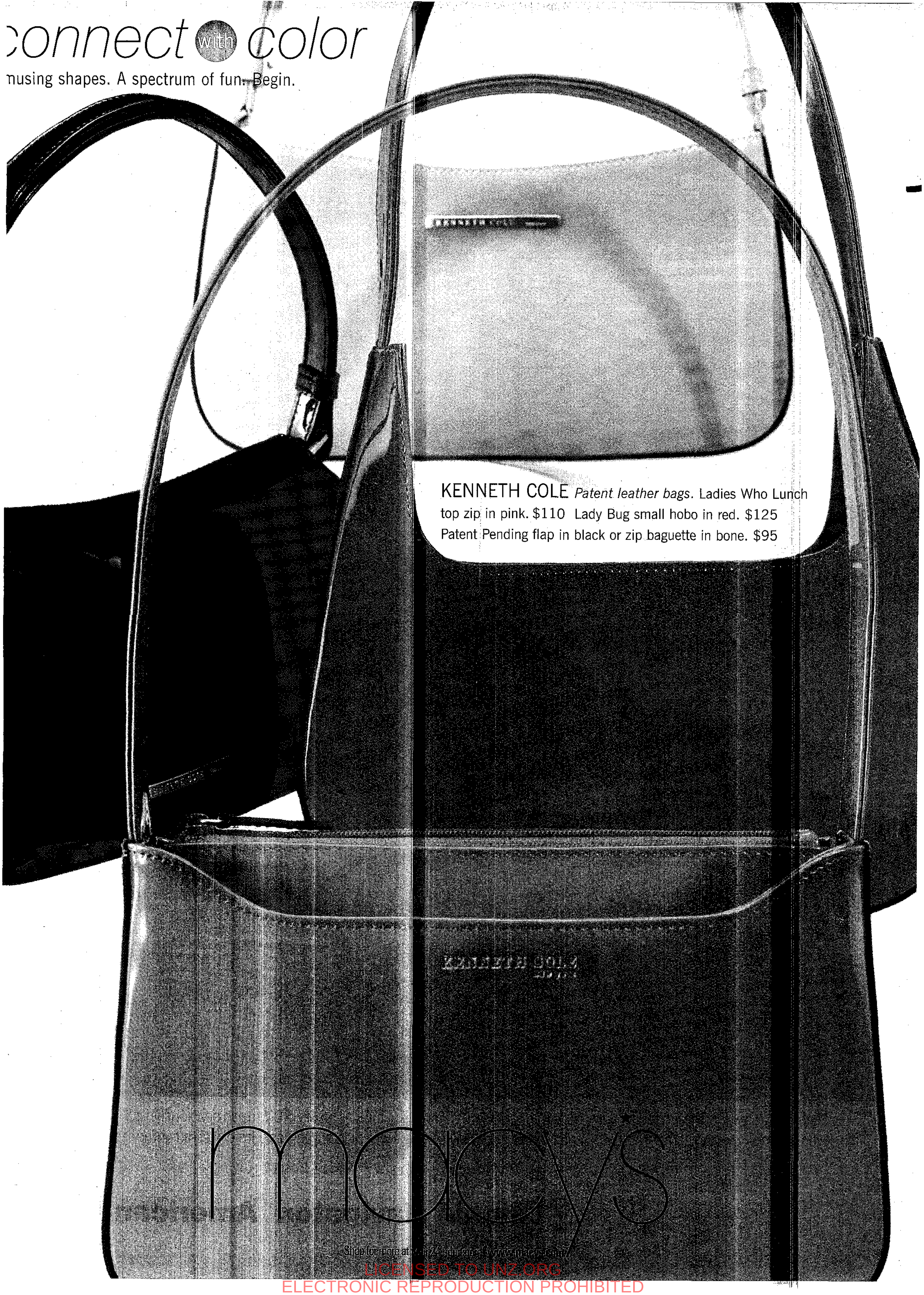
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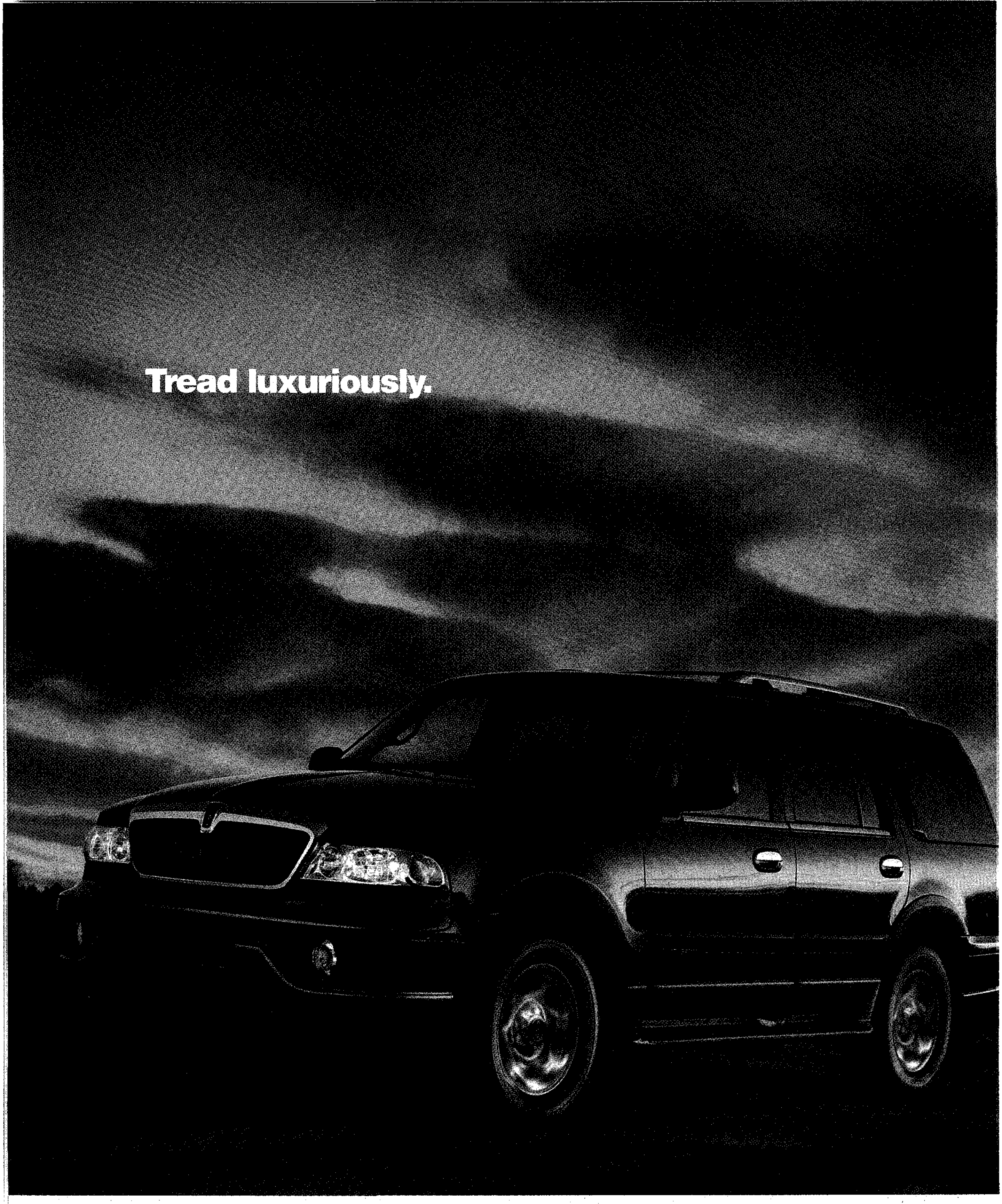

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By Alex Williams

Everybody warned Gen-Xers they'd be worse off than their parents; nobody mentioned they'd also get creamed by their ambitious, technologically savvy younger siblings. Thanks to the Internet, the cult of youth is more potent than ever, and devotees—panicked that they'll be over the hill by 35—are fighting to retain their membership cards. And their options.

36 Stung

By Craig Horowitz

It was twenty years ago that transit cop Vinny Davis first crossed paths with a jailed wiseguy wannabe named Richie Sabol. At the time, Sabol was harassing Davis's fiancée, who happened to be his ex-girlfriend. But for Davis, what started as an instinctive effort to protect his wife evolved into an obsession that outlasted his marriage and landed him in the middle of a major mob sting. Now it's the cop who's on trial.

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Fitness mavens used to consider plastic surgery the last resort of the weak, the obese, and the lazy. But a growing number of personal trainers are feeling the burn—of the liposuction wand. Some Manhattan surgeons get 20 percent of their business from professional thigh masters.

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By Robert Kolker and Ethan Brown

When Brooklyn homeboy turned club impresario Chris Paciello arrived in Miami's Washington Avenue demimonde, he had it all: good looks, business savvy, boldface friends like Madonna—and a reputation for beating up hulking professional athletes. Now federal prosecutors say he not only knocked a few heads but helped his buddies pump a bullet into one.

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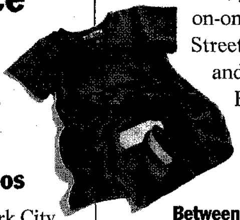

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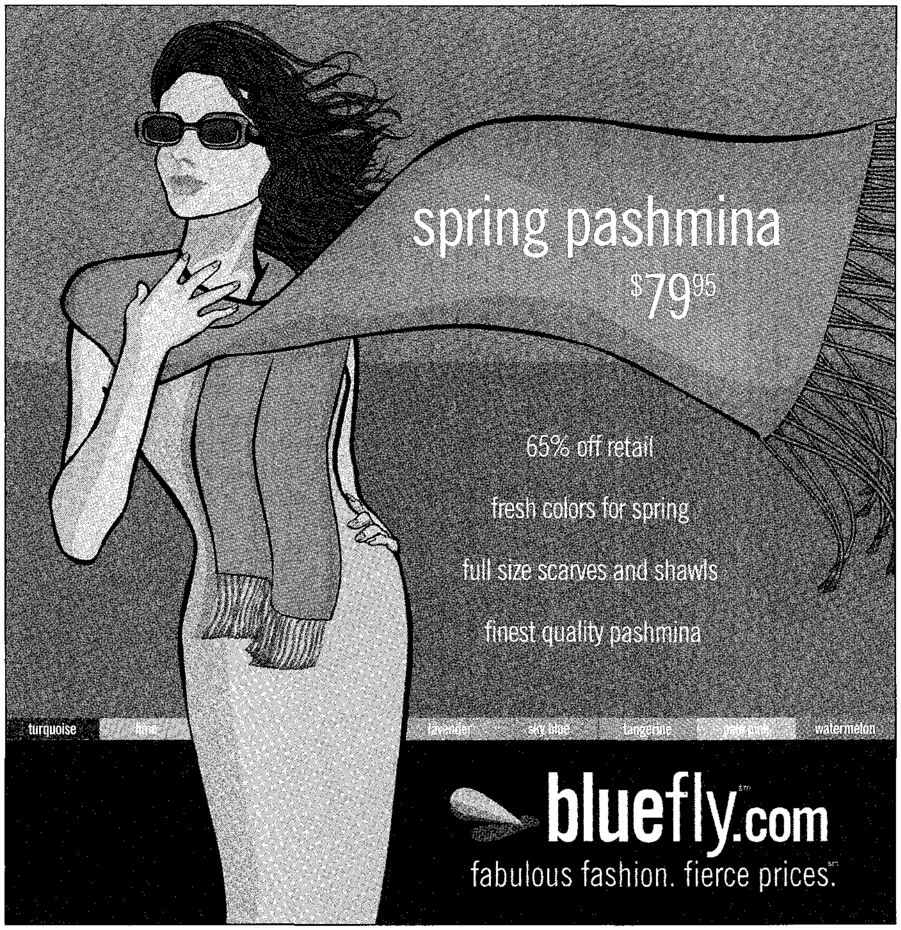

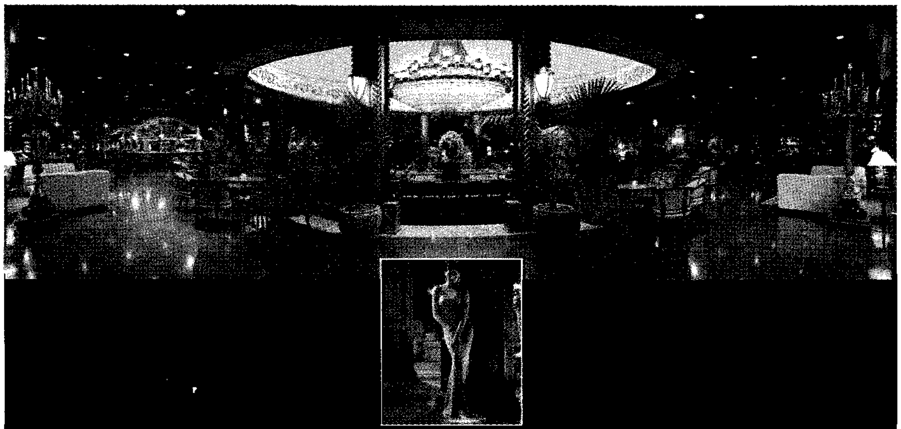

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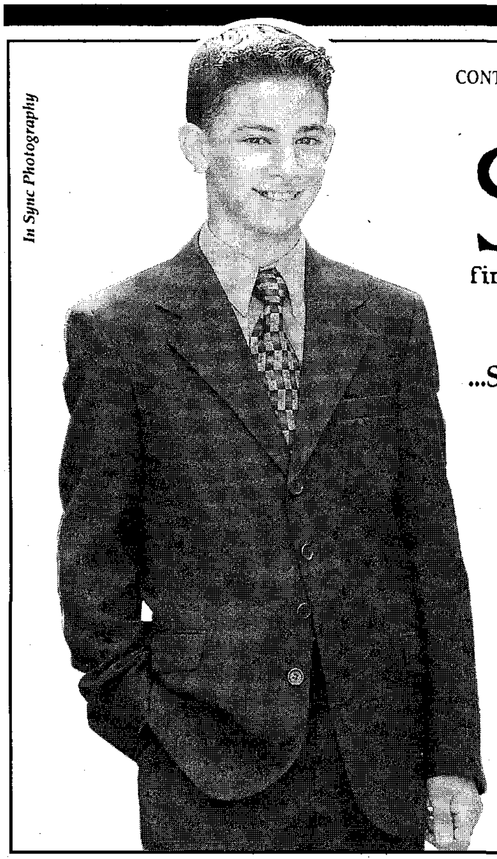
Words for the Wise

FIFTY ISSUES A YEAR. TWENTY YEARS. It's enough to make you feel like an *esne.* Tired in your *ossa.* Ready to pack your *etui* and head for the *Aar.*

If you're baffled, go find one of Maura B. Jacobson's many, many fans. For well over half of *New York*'s existence, the back page of the magazine has belonged to Maura, whose 1,000th puzzle appears this week. She arrived in 1980, when *New York* bought and absorbed *Cue* magazine, where she'd been tormenting (in a good way) the across-and-down set for two years. And in fact, the editors back then considered dropping the puzzle—until Maura's devoted solvers, deprived of their weekly fix, threw their penciling energies into some seriously cross letters to the editor. (We wouldn't make *that* mistake again.)

In the crossword world—among the clued-in, you might say—Maura is a celebrity, creating puzzles for solving tournaments and for many publications besides *New York,* including the Sunday *Times.* (Will Shortz, the *Times* puzzle editor, calls her "a national treasure.") Her last collection of *New York* puzzles, published by Random House, just went into a second printing, and another will be out this fall. Other constructors single her out for the extraordinary number of thematic answers she weaves into the grid. (Many puzzle-makers don't cross the theme words, as Maura does.) Less frequent solvers appreciate that she manages to keep a lid on the use of those never-seen-outside-a-crossword terms. "I use them only when I get stuck," says Maura, "or when I don't want to lose a theme word." Her devotees also know her for craftsmanlike and distinctive clues—not to mention her horrible, wonderful puns. (For the answer EEL, a favorite clue is "That's a moray.")

Fortunately, the maddeningly exacting work of puzzle construction, which requires a degree of patience few people can sustain, doesn't go unnoticed. Maura's puzzle is a rock of consistency for word freaks and commuters alike, and her voluminous fan mail indicates that it's one of *New York*'s most popular departments. Here's to her next 1,000 puzzles—the next installment of the Jacobson *era.* Or *eon.* Or is that *aeon?* ■



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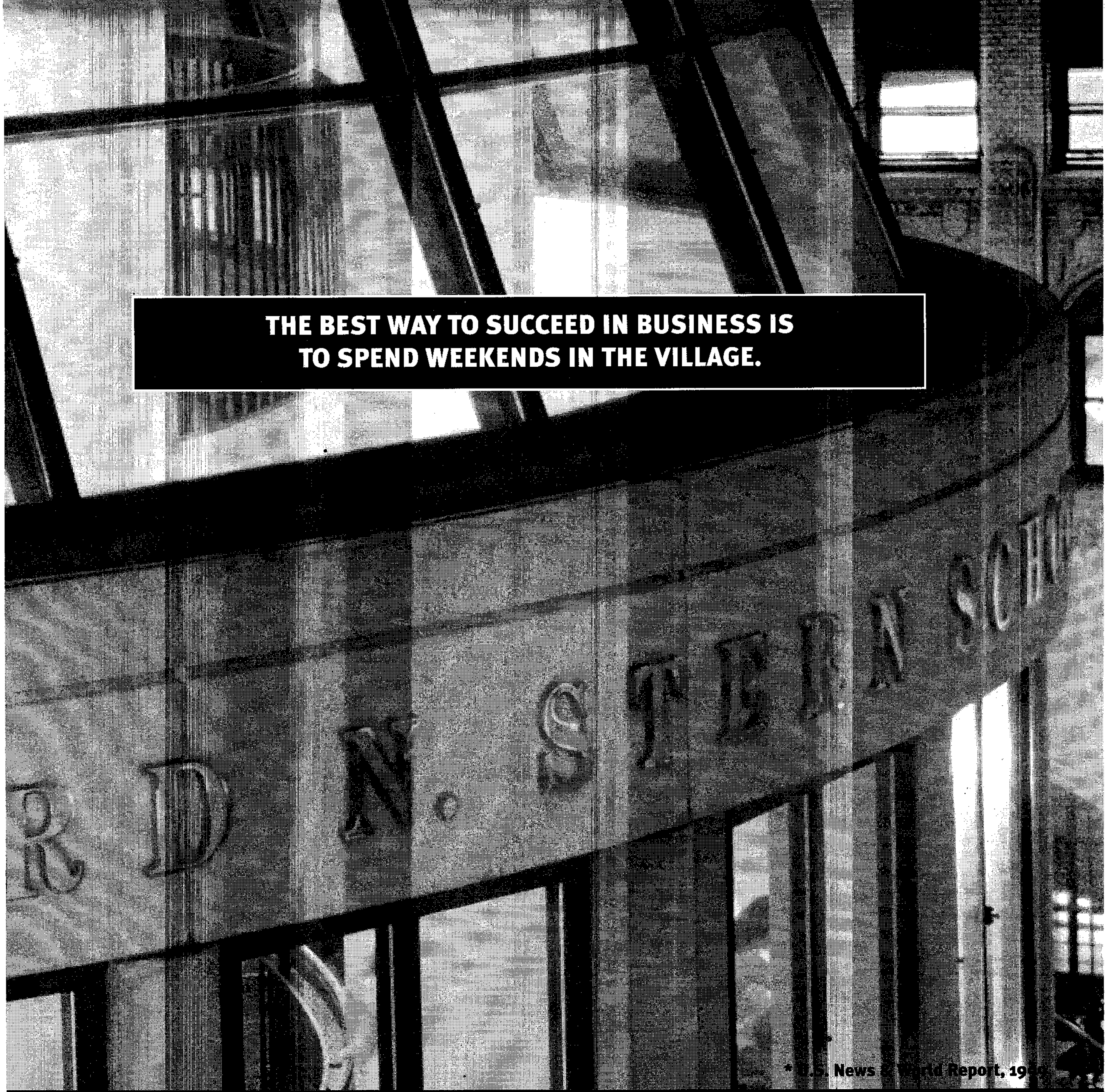
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Cyber Spaces

The design issue hits the Internet's key players where they live; John Simon weathers a youthquake.

MAYBE JOSH HARRIS SHOULD ASK one of his developers to program him a new virtual personality ["The New E-Style," by Wendy Goodman, March 27]. The only thing more predictable than your questions to Mr. Harris were his responses (Dean & DeLuca, iMac—what a bore). And leave it to Tiffany Dubin, who until this point could be admired for her work with vintage couture, to so conveniently sell off her antique belongings (as well as her own history and self-respect) in order to pose as an up-and-coming pseudo-cyber Gen-Xer. The majority of people you selected to profile in your Home Design edition were perfect for their apartments: cold and superficial. In the future, perhaps you should consider discussing only the homes and not their inhabitants.

Meredith Bergmann
MANHATTAN

Grumpy Old Man

JOHN SIMON SOUNDED PARTICULARLY OLD and crotchety in his review of *True West* ["Theater: Switch-Hitters," March 27] as he referred to the appreciative audience of the actors' films as a "youthquake" and the audience of the play as "literally or figuratively juvenile." Does Simon suggest theaters ought to start carding people? No one under 65 admitted.

Jaxi Rothman
MANHATTAN

Flag Waving

HOW DARE YOU INCLUDE SOUTH CAROLINA as an acceptable destination in the 52 Weekends issue ["Southern Exposure," by Gillian Duffy, March 13]! Don't you know that there is a boycott of the state because of the South Carolina legislature's refusal to remove the Confederate Flag? Next time, choose a destination that welcomes all New Yorkers (and Americans), not just those whose ancestors fought for the Confederacy.

S. N. Graham
BROOKLYN

Life Issues

I DON'T KNOW WHAT RUDY GIULIANI HAS done to deserve such bile from Ed Koch ["Gotham: I'm Right, You're Wrong," March 20]; all I can say is, thank God we've had Giuliani and not Koch for the past few years. As for Koch's comments that Hillary Clinton will get more women's votes because she is more pro-choice, let me say that some of us out there are appalled that the Democratic Party has become the party of infanticide. We are also saddened that Giuliani, who used to be pro-life, no longer feels that the state is morally obligated to protect unborn children. I look forward to the day when all children are guaranteed the right to life and the right to become has-been mayors like Ed Koch.

Alice Lemos
QUEENS

Smearing the Wealth

TOM KING'S BIOGRAPHY OF DAVID GEFFEN will perform a public service ["Who's Life Is It, Anyway?" by Lisa DePaulo, March 13]. Americans need to be disabused of the Reaganesque fantasy that the very rich are nice guys who got lucky. The creation of great wealth is almost always accompanied by deep neurosis, nefarious behavior, and the exploitation of the talents and labor of others. Even the most generous donations to the "less fortunate" rarely succeed in balancing the scales. People who amass huge fortunes should expect their professional behavior and business ethics to be scrutinized.

Jane McCreery
PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Correction The painting featured on page 59 of "Netizen of the World" (March 27) was incorrectly attributed to Joan Nelson. It was painted by Karla Knight.

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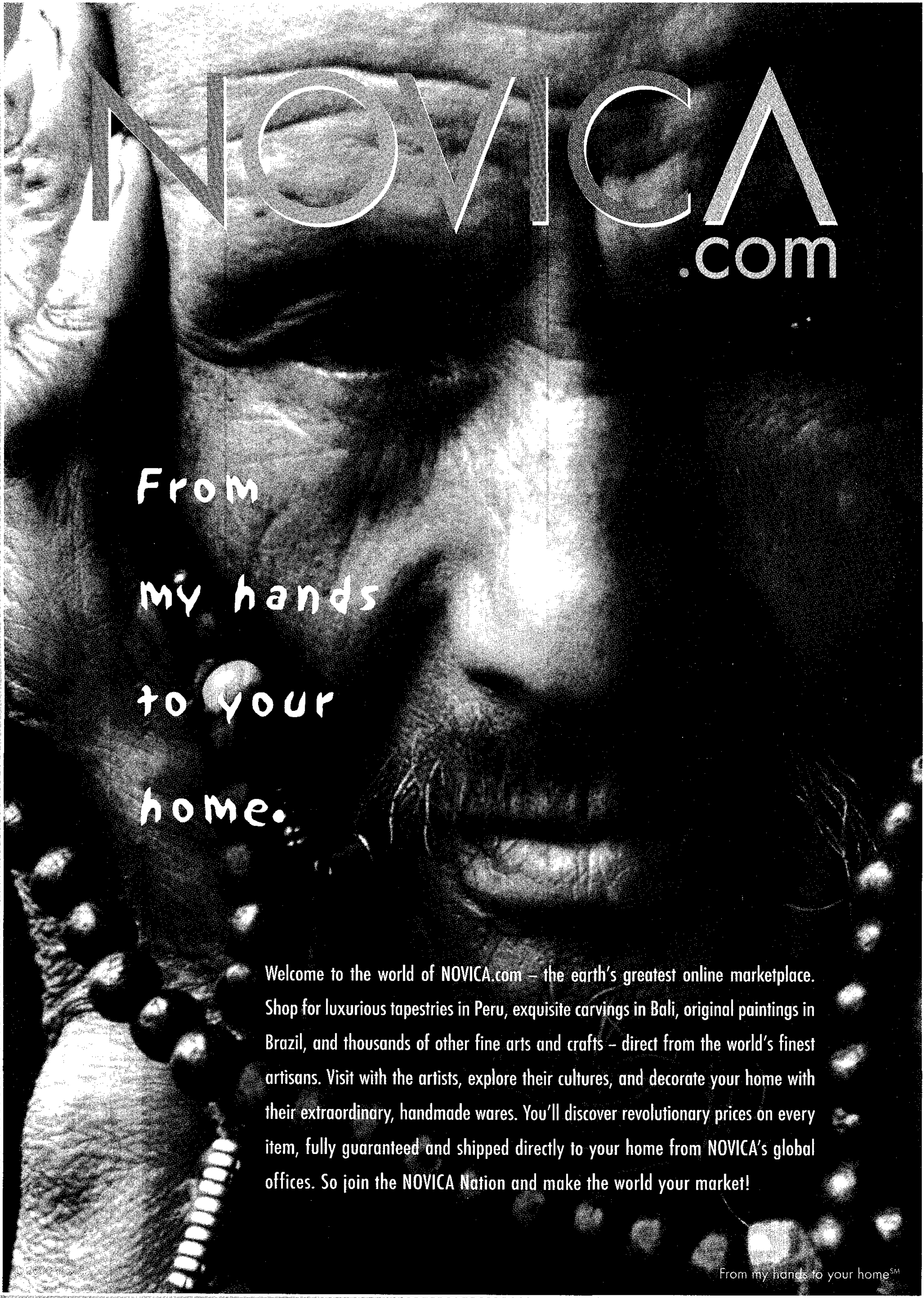
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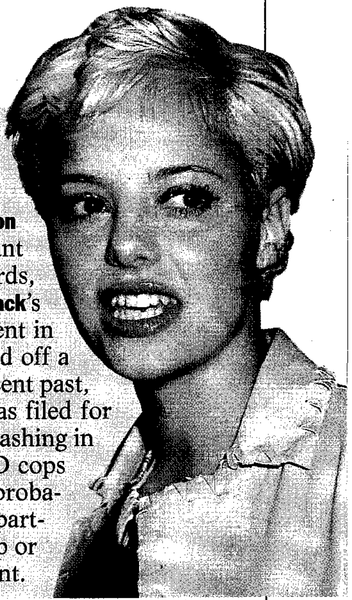
BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL WITH IAN SPIEGELMAN

INTELLIGENCER

HILLARY MULLS MOSAIC MOVE

Is candidate **Hillary Clinton** backing away from attending an Arab group's charity fundraiser because she fears the loss of Jewish support in her Senate race? The First Lady agreed to be the "honorary chair" for next month's Washington, D.C., gala thrown by the wives of Arab ambassadors—but she still hasn't agreed to show up. The invitation is splashed with the names of numerous benefactors, including Kuwait Petroleum, Saudi Aramco, Texaco, and Chevron, and lists Mrs. **Nazek Rafic Hariri**, wife of the former Lebanese prime minister, as an "honorary patron." An event rep says Mrs. Clinton consented to chair the Mosaic Foundation soirée (which benefits Save the Children's Arab programs) "way before" announcing her Senate bid, prompting some to wonder if Hillary's hedging is the result of her politically disastrous smoochfest with **Suha Arafat** last year. One source says the Clinton camp fears alienating Jewish voters because "there's a perception that she's pro-Arab. Her people believe it's a distortion, but they don't want to feed into that." Clinton spokesperson **Lissa Muscatine** would say only that the busy candidate can't be everywhere: "She is honorary chairman of many events, most of which she doesn't go to, because she obviously couldn't go to all the events which bear her name." But a Mosaic coordinator remains hopeful: "We haven't been told no *yet*," she says.

BIJOU ON THE RUN FROM THE LAW



Working alongside repentant ex-cons **Robert Downey Jr.** and **Mike Tyson** didn't have such a positive effect on **Bijou Phillips**—there's a warrant out for her arrest. According to Los Angeles Municipal Court records, the barroom-brawling vixen, who's currently starring in **James Toback**'s *Black and White*, was ticketed last August for a hit-and-run accident in the Valley. When the 20-year-old Phillips, who has reportedly sliced off a stranger's fingertip with a cigar cutter and stabbed a friend in the recent past, failed to show up for her November 17 arraignment, a warrant was filed for her arrest with a $15,000 bail (which she could likely afford since cashing in on her svelte frame by posing in *Playboy* last month). While LAPD cops have every right to nab the wild child anytime they please, they'll probably wait until she's naughty again, sources say, because of the department's heavy volume of unsolved crimes. Whether Bijou will fess up or keep on ducking the law, we'll never know—she refused to comment.

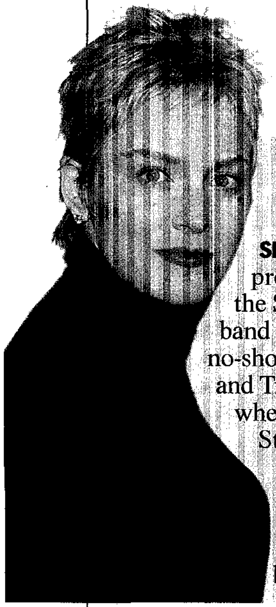
REAL SIMPLE'S COMPLEX WOES

Things have gotten pretty complicated for *Real Simple* editor **Susan Wyland**. The first issue of the personal-home-making magazine has gotten reviews as bad inside Time Inc. as outside, sources at the company say. **Ann Moore**, president of the People Magazine Group, is said to be particularly unhappy. "Ann Moore wants Wyland out, even though she hired her," says one source. Shortly after the magazine appeared, Wyland was spotted crying in Time Inc. editor-in-chief **Norman Pearlstine**'s office. And since *Life* magazine was killed, its editor, **Isolde Motley**, has been talked about as Wyland's probable successor. Through her *Life* spokesperson, Motley acknowledged the rumor ("it's come up more and more") but says "it's absolutely false" that she's taking the job. In the meantime, the creative director, **Robert Valentine**, who made the mag look real confusing, has been replaced. And Pearlstine, who sources say didn't have much to do with the first issue, is now working with Wyland closely. Pearlstine was traveling when *New York* called, as was Wyland. Moore defends Wyland: "My confidence in

SWEET DEAL SPLITS ALLEN, DOUMANIAN

A little movie about the blues caused quite a bit of gloom between **Woody Allen** and his longtime producer **Jean Doumanian**. According to a Hollywood insider, the seeds for the recent breakup of Allen and Doumanian were sown last year when Sony Classics offered a mere $2.5 million for domestic distribution rights to *Sweet and Lowdown*—a picture in which Doumanian's financier boyfriend, **Jaqui Safra**, had already invested $30 million. Although Safra did eventually make his money back, when he learned about the *Lowdown* deal, he decided that Woody's next film, *Small Time Crooks*, would be the last one that got his money—largely because Doumanian had already signed on to produce it. Doumanian did negotiate for another Allen project, the insider says, but Safra was now opposed to Allen's demands. "Woody wanted much, much more than Jaqui would ever pay," says the insider. As for Doumanian's post-Woody career, her production company has just struck up a deal with Sony Classics to distribute *Just Looking*, **Jason Alexander**'s new directorial effort. Doumanian's spokesman would say only that his client and Allen are still close friends—and Allen's rep said the same thing.

Photographs: top, Kelly Jordan/Globe Photos; bottom, David Allen/Corbis.



SHARON STONE LIES LOW WITH HUBBY

Sharon Stone has been keeping a low Hollywood profile since last month's controversial sale of the San Francisco *Examiner*—the newspaper husband **Phil Bronstein** works for. Stone was a surprise no-show at the Academy Awards ceremony this year, and Tinseltown sources say the turmoil at the paper, where Bronstein is executive editor, is the reason Stone's been toning down the glam life. Bronstein has no love for the new owner, local publisher **Ted Fang**, and like much of the *Examiner*'s staff, he's been looking to jump ship. Says Bronstein, "I think it's unlikely that I'll be working for the new owners of the *Examiner*." It couldn't have helped that Fang's free local newspaper has for months been hammering Bronstein with a mocking comic strip entitled "Mr. Sharon Stone." Insiders say the actress is staying close to her husband as he figures out his next career move, which some expect to be a jump to the competing *Chronicle*, owned by the Hearst Corporation, former owner of the *Examiner*. But Hearst may not welcome Bronstein with open arms: His boardroom brawl with a former mayoral candidate ended up costing the former owners a reported $1 million to settle. Stone's publicist denies that she ditched the Oscars to hibernate with hubby: "There was no reason for her to go this year," the rep insists, pointing out Stone's lack of nominations.

Susan's abilities has never been in question," she says. "I've seen Susan's second issue. It's even better than the first." In any case, Wyland's defenders note that first issues are always difficult: "Look at *Entertainment Weekly*'s first issue," says one. But *EW*'s founding editor was pushed out shortly thereafter. "Whoops, that's a bad example," says the source.

DISNEY SHY ON BULLOCK FLICK

If you didn't even notice that **Sandra Bullock** and **Liam Neeson** were starring together in *Gun Shy* just two months ago, their co-star **Oliver Platt** thinks he knows why. "Disney flushed it," he told Intelligencer wearily at the premiere party for *Joe Gould's Secret* at Gallagher's Steak House recently. "They never really released it." Asked why Disney wouldn't get behind the comedy about a DEA agent (Neeson) who attends group therapy and the nurse (Bullock) who falls in love with him when she gives him an enema, Platt shrugged. "They just didn't *get* it." The *Sopranos*-esque flick did get a good review in the New York *Times*, so Platt remains hopeful, predicting, "It will find an audience on video." Disney reps declined to comment.

CYBER DE NIRO; GUMBLE'S SNARLS

BOBBY HOPS ONLINE: **Robert De Niro** is taking his love of all things urban to cyberspace. The actor has just joined the board of advisers at a hip-hop site called Onelevel.com. The dot-com is already affiliated with rappers such as **Heavy D** and **Q-Tip**, but a spokesman for the site says De Niro will "help develop contacts in the film industry," adding, "Who has better contacts?" Also onboard is **Steve Stoute**, the Interscope Records honcho last seen taking a beating from **Sean "Puffy" Combs**. But what interest could the venerable De Niro have in an Internet venture for twentysomethings? "He thinks hip-hop is the next big thing," explains the rep. We heard that somewhere, too.

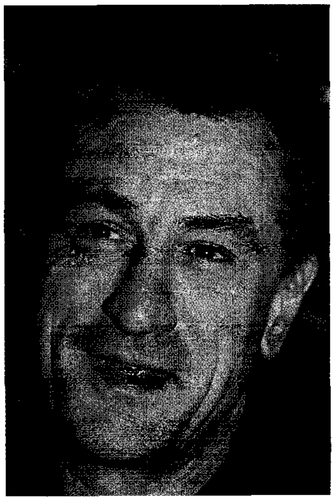
BRYANT GRUMBLE: Is the writing on the wall for **Bryant Gumbel**'s CBS morning show? That's the impression given by a story in the upcoming issue of *Brill's Content*, which quotes top CBS affiliates griping about the grumpy golfer's fast-tanking numbers. "It is not like a golf game," says one, "when you *want* your score to go down."

Additional reporting by Carl Swanson, David Amsden, and Suny Sehgal.

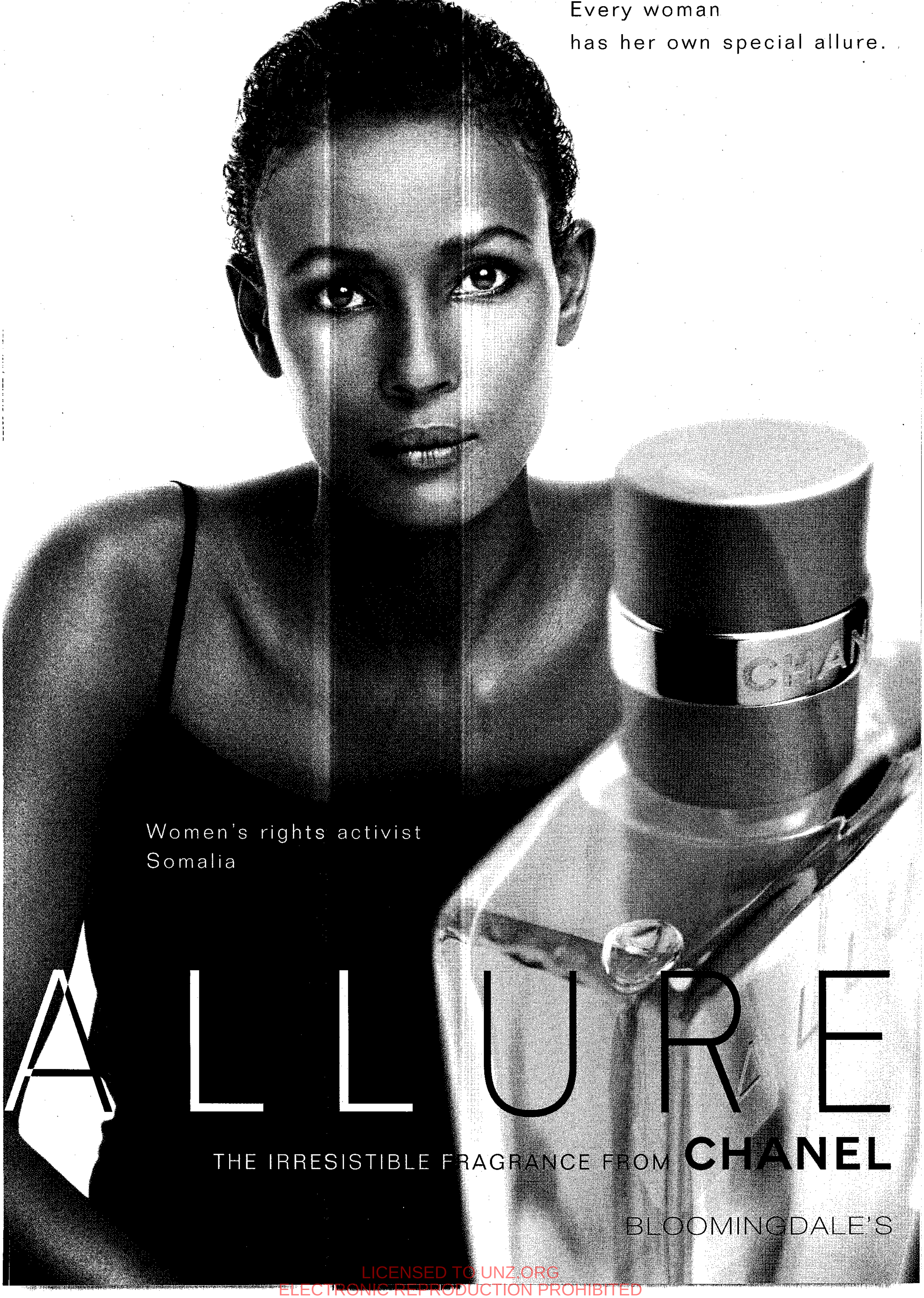
PLAZA HOTEL: A ROOM WITH P.U.?

The Plaza hotel stinks, say its neighbors. Residents at 21 West 58th Street say it's bad enough living next door to a hotel's garbage-pickup site, but that the Plaza's refuse has the added benefit of being "cooked." The problem, according to the ad hoc "Stinky Plaza Committee," is that when sanitation workers carry hotel garbage to their truck, much of it falls through a grate in the sidewalk and into a superhot Con Edison electrical-transformer vault that gets things putrefying in a jiffy. "As soon as the weather gets warm, it becomes unbearable," says building resident **Beverly Stowe**. "This scent wafts through our lobby and you literally have to hold your nose." The problem, residents say, began a few years ago when the Plaza moved its disposal area to a loading dock behind the vent. Resident **Kenny Schaffer** says he has complained to hotel management ad nauseam, to no avail: "They promise big changes, but they won't even sweep up the trash." The Plaza's general manager, **Gary Schweikert**, places the blame squarely on the faceless minions of Con Ed: "Despite our best effort to be a good neighbor, we are not allowed access to that area and must rely on the local utility to clean it up. The question is really Con Ed's response time." A Con Ed spokeswoman says the company's "open to working with the Plaza to find solutions." A safer bet for residents might be to purchase a gas mask.

Robert De Niro: Discovering hip-hop



Photographs: top, Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; bottom, Sonia Moskowitz/Globe Photos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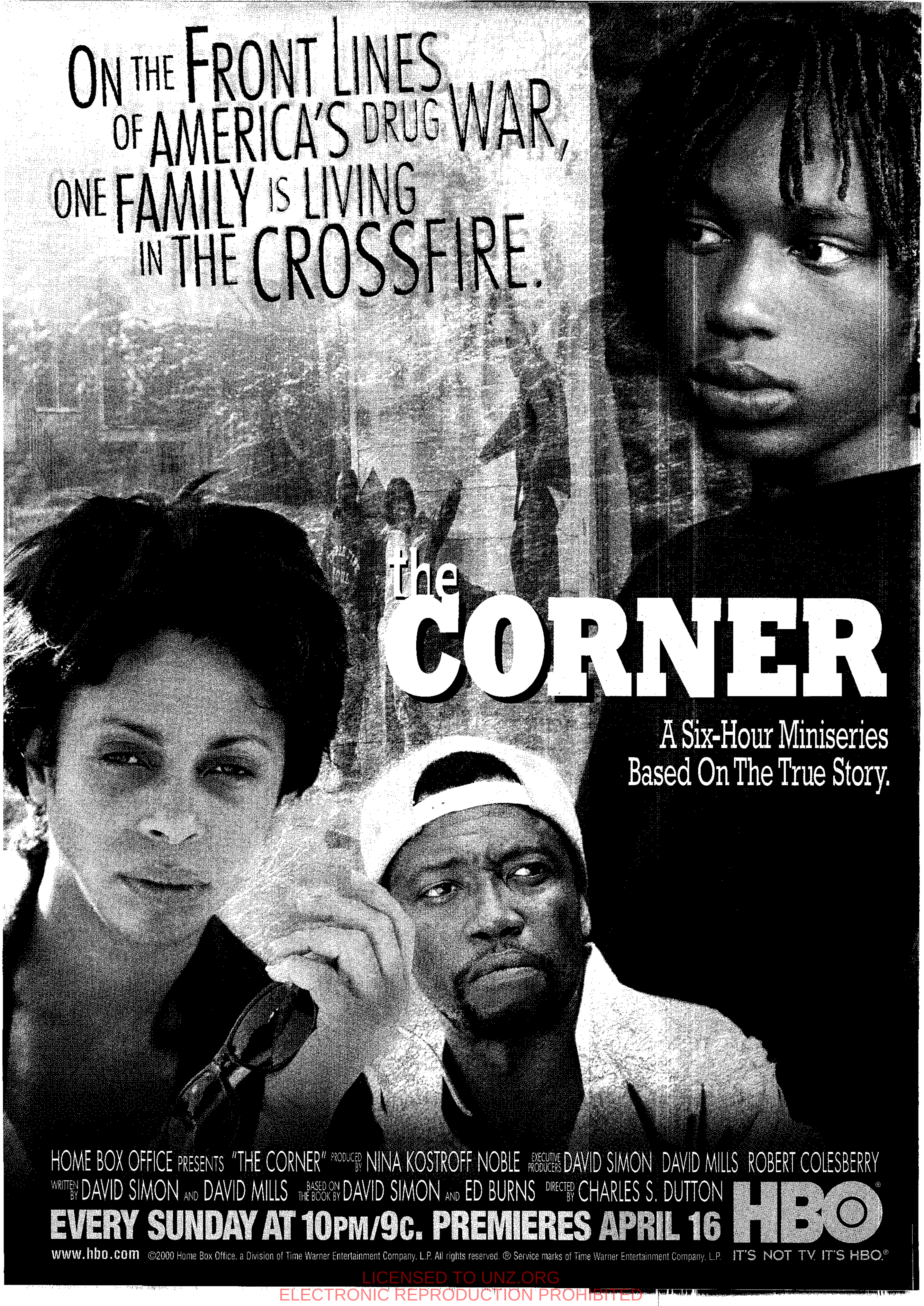
has her own special allure.
Women's rights activist
Somalia
ALLURE
THE IRRESISTIBLE FRAGRANCE FROM CHANEL
BLOOMINGDALE'S



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German Shepherd

Gallerist Michael Werner moves his flock of big-ticket artists into Leo Castelli's old digs.

IN THE SIXTIES AND SEVENTIES, a trip to Leo Castelli's townhouse gallery on tree-lined East 77th Street was a regular pilgrimage for the art-world cognoscenti. But by the early eighties, uptown had lost most of its best dealers, Castelli included, to SoHo, and since then, the art market has moved to West Chelsea and the meatpacking district. Now, however, Castelli's old space is getting a new tenant.

On April 13, Michael Werner, the country's—if not the world's—foremost dealer of German contemporary art, is moving his gallery from East 67th Street. Art-world old-timers climbing the stairs to the second floor may recognize the ratty red carpet that runs right up to the ceiling, installed in Castelli's day to protect the walls from being battered by big paintings.

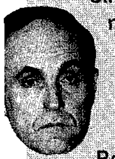
The first artist on view at the Michael Werner Gallery is Francis Picabia, who, it turns out, Castelli also chose for his own inaugural show in 1957. But that's an unintentional coincidence. Werner considered doing a tribute to Castelli but dismissed the idea as being "a little bit phony." Like Castelli's, Werner's instincts are thoroughly modern—and unsentimental. And like Castelli's, those instincts have led him to some of the great artists of his generation: Baselitz, Kiefer, and Polke were all cultivated by Werner at his other gallery in Cologne.

Werner, now 60, is tall and gracious, hiding a dry wit behind his slightly stiff demeanor. He is so well mannered that he still dines every Sunday, when he's in town, with his high-profile art-dealing ex-wife, Mary Boone. Their union in the eighties, which made them the most commercially powerful couple on the international art circuit, was characterized by some as more merger than marriage. "We're on the very best of terms," Boone says.

Moving farther uptown just when everyone else has decamped for Chelsea is consistent with Werner's perverse refusal to follow the herd. He says he doesn't enjoy going to museums because there's nothing for sale—though he has also been known *not* to sell to someone he doesn't like. "He can remember every inch of every painting he's seen for the last 30 years, but he can't remember the name of the collector who bought a million dollars' worth of art from him two weeks ago," says Gordon VeneKlasen, director of his New York gallery.

"Werner's also different than an American dealer," says artist Eric Fischl, "in that he doesn't hesitate to tell an artist what he thinks in blunt terms. He'll tell you you're making a mistake, that this is the best, this isn't any good." "One of the greatest things that can happen to you as an artist is to have him as a dealer," concurs *Interview* editor-in-chief and former *Artforum* editor-in-chief Ingrid Sischy. "Because this guy never, never gives up—even way after you're dead." NINA TEICHOLZ

POLITICS Campaign-Trail Traffic Report



Straight Talk Jr. meets the LIE! Rudy and Johnny Mac, just a couple of mild-mannered dudes, take Lawn Guy Land. Good hit—about 130 more commercials like that, and Rudy may become likable. ●

Resign! No—make that *repent!* Rudy has heart-to-heart with the Rev. Michel Faulkner. Post-meeting, the reverend felt shunned by the Rudester, but he's used to that kind of treatment—he used to play for the Jets. ○

Hill zooms back ahead in three polls out of four, gaining crucial ground in 'burbs and among white women. Did we hear her screaming "They like me!" or was that the new Sally Field commercial for Schwab? ●

Not always known for courage, HRC at least refuses to do a Gore- (and, for that matter, Rudy-) style Elián pander. Also comes out against flag-burning amendment. Remember biology class, when lower orders developed backbones? ●

Photographs: top, Melanie Dunea/CPi; bottom left, Frances M. Roberts; right, Richard B. Levine. Illustration by Ingo Fast.

NET SET

Sili City

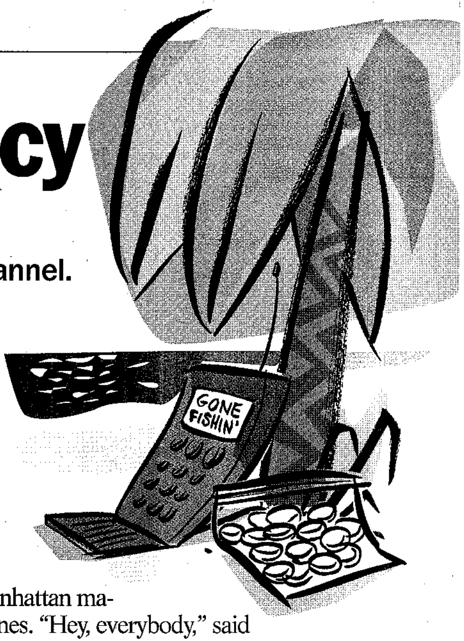
New York's Net sites get new domain names.

BACK IN THE MID-NINETIES, "SILICON Alley" meant something—loft buildings on lower Broadway and in the Flatiron District where twentysomethings slept under their desks. But as the Net became a mall, the neighborhood became a moniker. And now that those downtown warehouse spaces rent for increasingly lofty prices, the mayor wants to make the Alley run all the way from the Bronx to the Battery and beyond. His solution? "Digital NYC: Wired to the World," a clumsily named initiative aimed at drawing digital dollars to catchily named neighborhoods. The city plans to dole out $2.5 million to landlords, ISPs, and community nonprofits to lure start-up tenants to wired buildings in "Broadband Brooklyn" (around Red Hook and DUMBO), "SI Hub" (St. George, Staten Island), "BronxSmart" (the South Bronx), "HI Way 125" (125th Street in Harlem), and the not-yet-nicknamed Long Island City High Technology District. But while the plan—the next generation of the city's "Plug 'n' Go" program, which leased more than 550,000 square feet of lower-Manhattan office space to Net companies—is certainly auspicious, it's drawing some error messages from New York's digerati. Now that "Silicon Alley" is as much a part of the vernacular as "Wall Street" or "Madison Avenue," will ambitious entrepreneurs want to set up shop in BronxSmart—complete with its inevitable B.S. initials—even for rents of $10 to $18 a square foot? "I commend the mayor's office for trying to broaden the boundaries of Silicon Alley," says Omar Wasow, executive director of the African-American community site blackplanet.com, "but I think there are some very difficult challenges they'll face that having catchy neighborhood names isn't going to solve." For example? "People don't want to come to Brooklyn for a meeting." HILLARY ROSNER

NIGHTLIFE

E-Mergency

The agony! There's no ecstasy! A Florida convention shuts down New York's e-channel.



ECSTASY IS EVERYWHERE THESE DAYS, FROM Sammy "the Bull" Gravano's arrested Arizona posse to the Borough Park yeshiva boys scolded by a Brooklyn judge for smuggling the euphoria-inducing drug. Everywhere, that is, except, recently, in Manhattan. The cause of the drought wasn't Operation Condor, the NYPD's controversial illegal-narcotics initiative, but this year's Miami Winter Music Conference, held at the end of March. The annual event attracts the world's top D.J.'s and everyone else connected to the dance-music industry—including ecstasy dealers. All week long, local clubbers complained about the sudden scarcity, especially since two of the dance-music scene's most bliss-inducing European D.J.'s, Paul Oakenfold and Paul van Dyk, had squeezed in New York gigs during their trip to the States for the conference. Some were forced to turn to other drugs. "We had to buy a whole bunch of coke for the weekend," grumbled one nightcrawler. "It's so expensive. Plus, it puts you in the worst mood for the rest of the week." Jet-setting dealers were unsympathetic, offering little more than "gone fishin' " messages on their Manhattan machines. "Hey, everybody," said one's cheerful voice mail, "I'll be back from Miami on April 2, so please give me a callback then." Another dealer, reached on her cell phone in Miami, was downright dismissive: "I can't do nothing for you right now, honey," she said as house music pounded in the background. "Call me back next week." Dealers returning to the city faced overloaded answering machines—and angry messages. "I get back to the city completely dazed from Miami," griped one purveyor, "and before I can even unpack, I've got to hear people pissed off about E." So much for good vibes. ETHAN BROWN

FASHION

Swede Smell of Success

WHILE MANY NEW YORKERS SPENT LAST WEEK OBSESSING over their tech stocks, another segment of the fiscally minded populace felt a different compulsion—to ceaselessly comb the racks of Swedish superstore H&M for as many $19 knit boleros, $21 drawstring pants, and $3.50 halter tops as possible.

Every day since its opening last week, upwards of 6,000 seasoned city shoppers have inexplicably mutated into mild-mannered Midwesterners, lining up on 51st Street all the way to Radio City to suffer the humiliation of being stuck behind a velvet rope—at noon. "The girl in front of me had a pierced tongue and was looking for club clothes," reports a book publicist. "There were Centro Fly–type girls, Long Island girls. *Everyone* was there. I told my office, and the next day half of them went." Ricky Martin and Sylvester Stallone were spotted ransacking the racks. Even fashion's demimonde made the scene to score cheap knockoffs like tube tops seemingly crafted out of Hermès scarves or blouses in Kors-esque zebra. And the $3.50 sunglasses? "They're just like Cutler & Gross," gushes a fashion editor who plans to buy ten $4.50 white bikinis, one for each weekend of the summer.

Stock is replenished up to twelve times a day, causing crafty patrons to make repeat trips. "One woman I met went three times in one day, with her friend, then her sister, then her husband," says a lawyer who scored two shirts ($17 and $21) and a backpack. "I got the last one. People were circling me. My friend picked up a shirt, and a guy started circling *him*!" One woman was reprimanded when she stripped to her bra rather than wait on another line for a dressing room. An editor insists the wait is worth it: "I look thinner in those mirrors."

Is H&M too good to be true? "All along, I felt there had to be a catch," confesses a mid-week customer. "And there was. When I tried on my pants, I found that there was not an appropriate amount of space for my crotch. And I'm no John Holmes." He left with a jacket and three shirts instead. SARAH BERNARD

Illustration by Tom Bachtell. Photograph by Michael Sofronski

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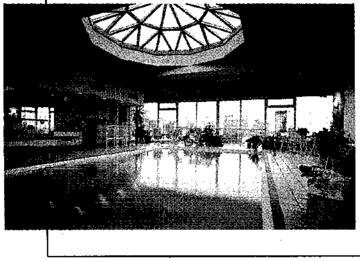
REALTY BITES

All Wet

Apartment-pool buyers take a bath.

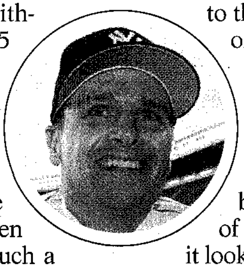
MAYBE YOU SHOULDN'T PUT A swimming pool in your apartment after all. The chlorine smells, your building will sue you if it leaks, and it doesn't do much for the resale value. Only three of Manhattan's high-rise apartments have private pools, and the two sales this year went less than swimmingly. Arms dealer Adnan Khashoggi spent seven years finding a buyer for his pool-in-a-duplex in the Olympic Tower (641 Fifth Avenue), and it's going for $11 million, though he wanted $32 million. The pool "reminds me of a Holiday Inn," says one broker. And it can be tough to find a pool guy you can trust around the trophy wife. "I think some people weren't interested in keeping it up," says Corcoran's Nicole Hatoun, who sold the apartment. The 4,400-square-foot penthouse of the Excelsior (303 East 57th Street, pictured below) just sold for only $3 million after three years on the market. "It's a movie-star-type apartment," says Andrea Wohl Lucas of Douglas Elliman, who found a buyer with an ad in *Variety*. Built in groovier times (1967) as a playpen for the tower's developer, it's a two-bedroom—with 5,000 square feet of terraces and an $8,500-a-month maintenance. "It's a small apartment with a big pool," says one broker. "It looks like it's the pool for the building," Lucas says. The third? It's 8,000 square feet on top of the Galleria (117 East 57th Street) that had gone unsold for seventeen years until David Copperfield bought it in 1997 for $7.4 million. Now he's fighting with the building over expansion plans to make it more swimmable. CARL SWANSON



GOTHAM REALESTATE

The House That Chuck Bought

The Bombers' leadoff hitter starts the season in new digs.



APPARENTLY, YANKEES SECOND-BASEMAN Chuck Knoblauch isn't expecting to be traded, his much-talked-about mental lapses on the field notwithstanding. He just paid $1.45 million for a thirty-second-floor penthouse in Morgan Court, a sliver building at 211 Madison Avenue in Murray Hill, on the site of J. P. Morgan's carriage house. Surprising for a pro athlete to buy in the city (most stick to the 'burbs); even more surprising that he'd choose such a quiet area. The seller had put the place on the market because he was expecting a transfer out of state. When it didn't happen, he looked at what he could get for the place—having paid only $825,000 in 1997—and decided to sell anyway. (He moved to Brooklyn.) According to the seller's broker, Hideko Horiguchi of American Real Estate Group, Knoblauch "took one look and fell in love" with the 2,400-square-foot space and topped three other bidders, Steinbrenner-style, paying $50,000 over the asking price. The buyer was represented by Nikki Field of Sotheby's International Realty. And it looks like the neighbors want to hobnob with Knoblauch: The building's other penthouse, listed at $1.2 million, was just taken off the market. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS

NOTABLE SALES

Upper East Side

15 East 69th Street

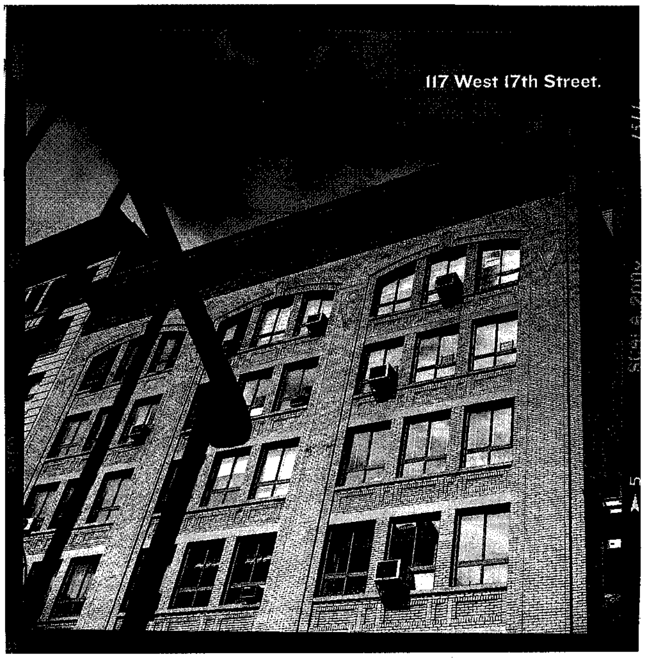
Four-bedroom, four-and-a-half-bath, 3,025-square-foot condo. Asking: $4.5 million. Selling: $4.4 million. Charges and taxes: $4,400. Time on market: two weeks.

MAKE BIG $$$ FROM HOME—without even living there. "They bought it a year ago from floor plans," says William B. May's Joanne Greene of the original buyers of this apartment in the Westbury Hotel, now reformatted as condos. They closed in January for $3.6 million. But while it was being constructed, their minds wandered, they put it up for sale, and "within two weeks we had a contract for $4.4 million," says Greene. Other buyers did the same thing: "Three apartments came on at the same time and went for almost a million more than what they sold for a week before," she says. The buyer is moving from a rental. The sellers took their $800,000 and moved to a big house.

Chelsea

117 West 17th Street

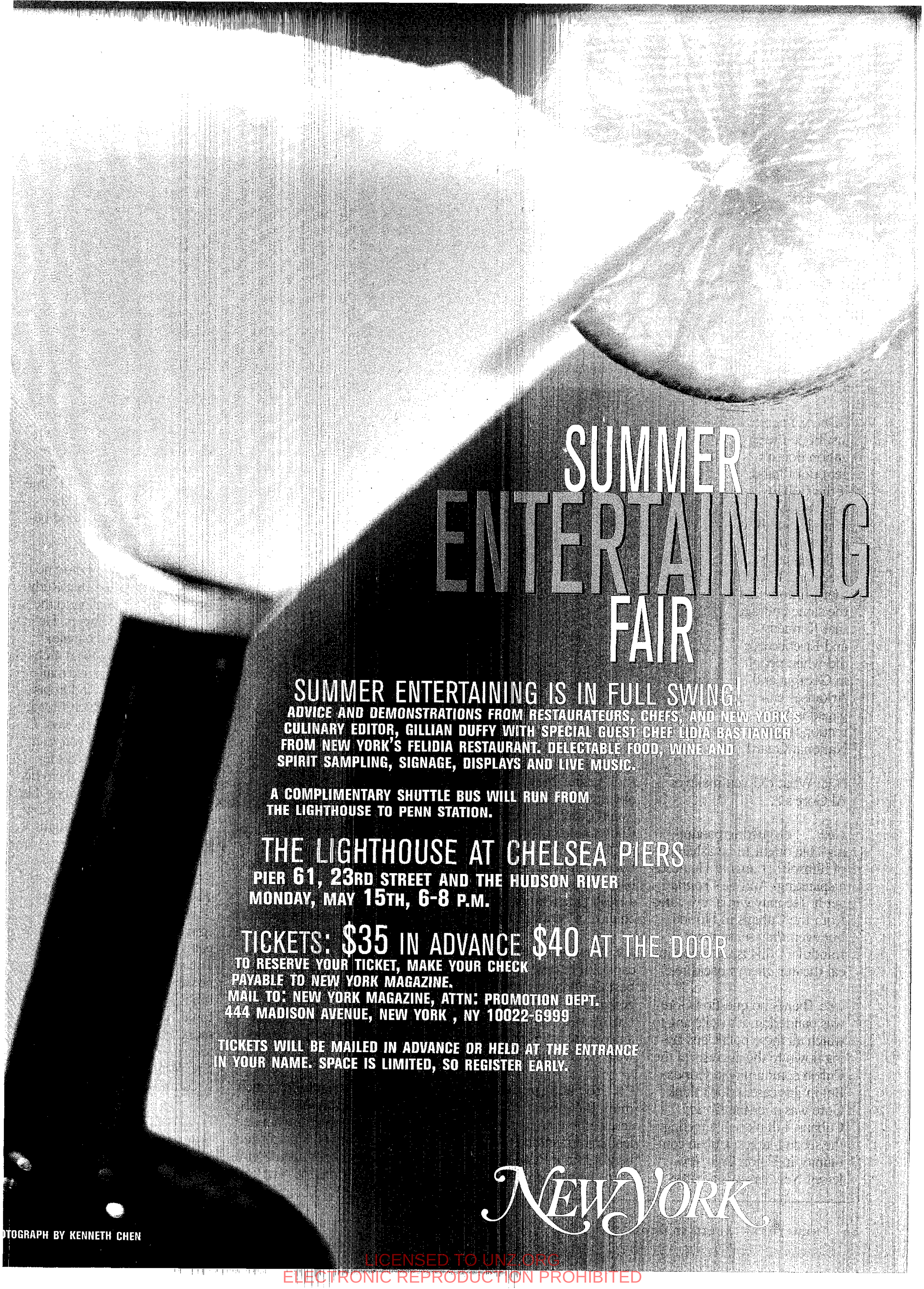
Three-bedroom, two-bath, 1,600-square-foot prewar condo. Asking: $1.055 million. Selling: $1.027 million. Charges and taxes: $1,146. Time on market: eight months.



117 West 17th Street.

BROOKS VAN HORN WAS A COSTUMING company that made everything from those cool fruit suits used in the Fruit of the Loom commercials to the Nazi uniforms for *The Sound of Music*. But in 1982, it moved its Santa suits—and two acres of other costumes—out of this 1898 building and sold it to the condoization elves. This penthouse has eleven-foot ceilings, a fireplace, and a 500-square-foot terrace but no central A/C. An engaged investment banker and model—how's that for genes?—got it from a family who bought it in 1993 for $440,000 and renovated it themselves. Now they've moved to Greenwich Village. "They did fine," says their broker, Corcoran's Arlyne Blitz. The new owners plan to renovate professionally. C.S.

Photographs: clockwise from top, AP/Wide World; Matthew Salacuse; courtesy of Douglas Elliman.



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NEW YORK

OTOGRAPH BY KENNETH CHEN

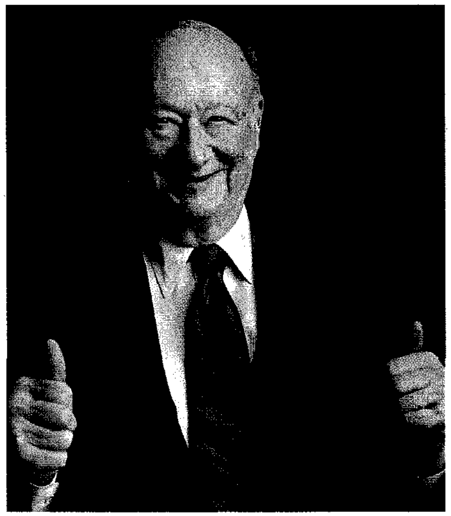
ED KOCH VS. AL D'AMATO

I'M RIGHT, YOU'RE WRONG

New York's dynamic duo duel over Elián González, Rick Lazio, and, inevitably . . . Hillary and Rudy.

Maer Roshan: So Elián González's father has arrived to claim him. How will this all play out?

Al D'Amato: Look, the question always was whether the father was being manipulated by Castro. So we said, *Let the father come here.* Well, he's here now, and he has the right to take his son home.



Ed Koch: I agree. I just hope the situation doesn't get out of hand. If the Cuban population in Miami decides to withhold the child from his father, then I hope that Clinton has the same courage that Kennedy and Eisenhower did when people in Georgia and Arkansas engaged in insurrection. He should send in the National Guard.

M.R.: What did you make of Al Gore's . . .

A.D.: . . . disgusting pandering? He ought to be ashamed of himself! [*Laughs*] He needs a spanking. And he's *gonna* get it. He may win a few votes from the Cubans in Florida, but even *they* sense how fraudulent this is. Rank political theater *always* backfires.

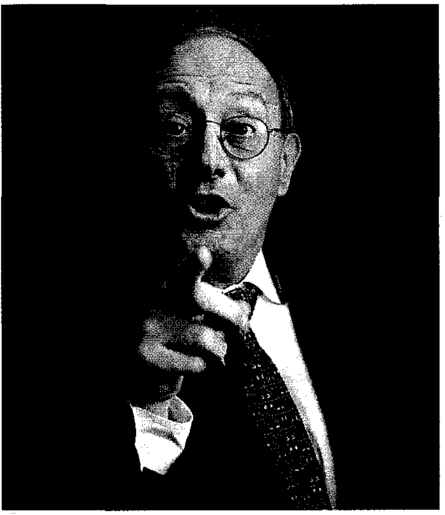
E.K.: There's no question Gore was pandering. It's sickening to watch all these politicians laying down to the jingoists of the Cuban community in Florida. But in this case, I don't think Gore was after the *Florida* Cubans. I think he's targeting the second-largest Cuban community, in Union City, New Jersey. New Jersey is a battlefield. Florida's already lost . . .

A.D.: No way! Florida's dead even. In the end, this race centers around eight key states: Florida, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Missouri, Michigan, and maybe New Jersey. It's a pick-'em race, and the person who makes the most mistakes will lose.

M.R.: Speaking of mistakes, how about the on-again-off-again Senate candidacy of Rick Lazio? Now, there is obviously no love lost between Governor Pataki and Rudy Giuliani. *You've* had problems with Rudy, too, Al. Even the public is starting to bail on him. Why not go with a fresh face who has a better chance of beating Hillary?

A.D.: Rank-and-file Republicans still believe *Rudy* is the best candidate. They're not going to switch now. Besides, Lazio's not serious. He's being a provocateur. He doesn't want to get into a primary.

E.K.: You hope not. Anyway, *I* think Rick Lazio has been screwed by the Republican leadership, and he's angry. If he got into a Republican primary, he would clean Giuliani's clock. Look how foolish Giuliani is: The other day, instead of trying to placate Lazio, he makes fun of him. Typical. He may yet push Lazio to the point where he'll run just to show Giuliani up.



A.D.: You know, at the start of this campaign, Pataki, myself, and others didn't endorse Rudy because Lazio told us *he* was considering a run. But rank-and-file Republicans wanted Rudy; they thought he could beat Hillary. So we endorsed him. No one made an effort to stop *Lazio*. He missed the boat. He wanted assurances that everyone was going to get behind him. That's not how it works. When I first ran in 1980, *nobody* was for me. If he continues this, Lazio will seem like a crybaby. Anyway, Giuliani is still stronger. His record, in general, has been excellent!

E.K.: Then why can't he get his approval rating over 50 percent?

M.R.: Hillary's not faring much better, Ed. Given that Rudy is, in your estimation, a wounded candidate, and Hillary *still* can't beat him, why not open up the Democratic primaries and elect somebody who could? Let Nita Lowey have a shot.

E.K.: Listen. Nita Lowey is a friend of mine. If she ran instead of Hillary, she would have gotten my vote. But I believe, as most Democrats do, that Hillary Clinton is the best person to articulate our agenda. She's electrifying.

A.D.: She's a great performer, just like her husband. What an actress! Now the Clintons have a *new* act: "Rudy is the candidate of the Right-Wing Conspiracy." Come on. Haven't they sung that song before?

E.K.: Al, there's no question that Rudy is appealing to the right-wingers. He sent out a major mailing to an arch-conservative mailing list. And in his letter, which I read, he basically says, *I appeal to you as a conservative.* He doesn't tell them his *liberal* positions. He just lets them know if they're looking for Genghis Khan, they've got him.

A.D.: Nonsense, Ed! Next they'll be morphing him into Newt Gingrich. They can't compete on the issues, so they paint him as a right-winger. The *real* reason for these desperate attacks is that Bill Clinton is bored. And Hillary Clinton is having trouble raising money. She's panicking.

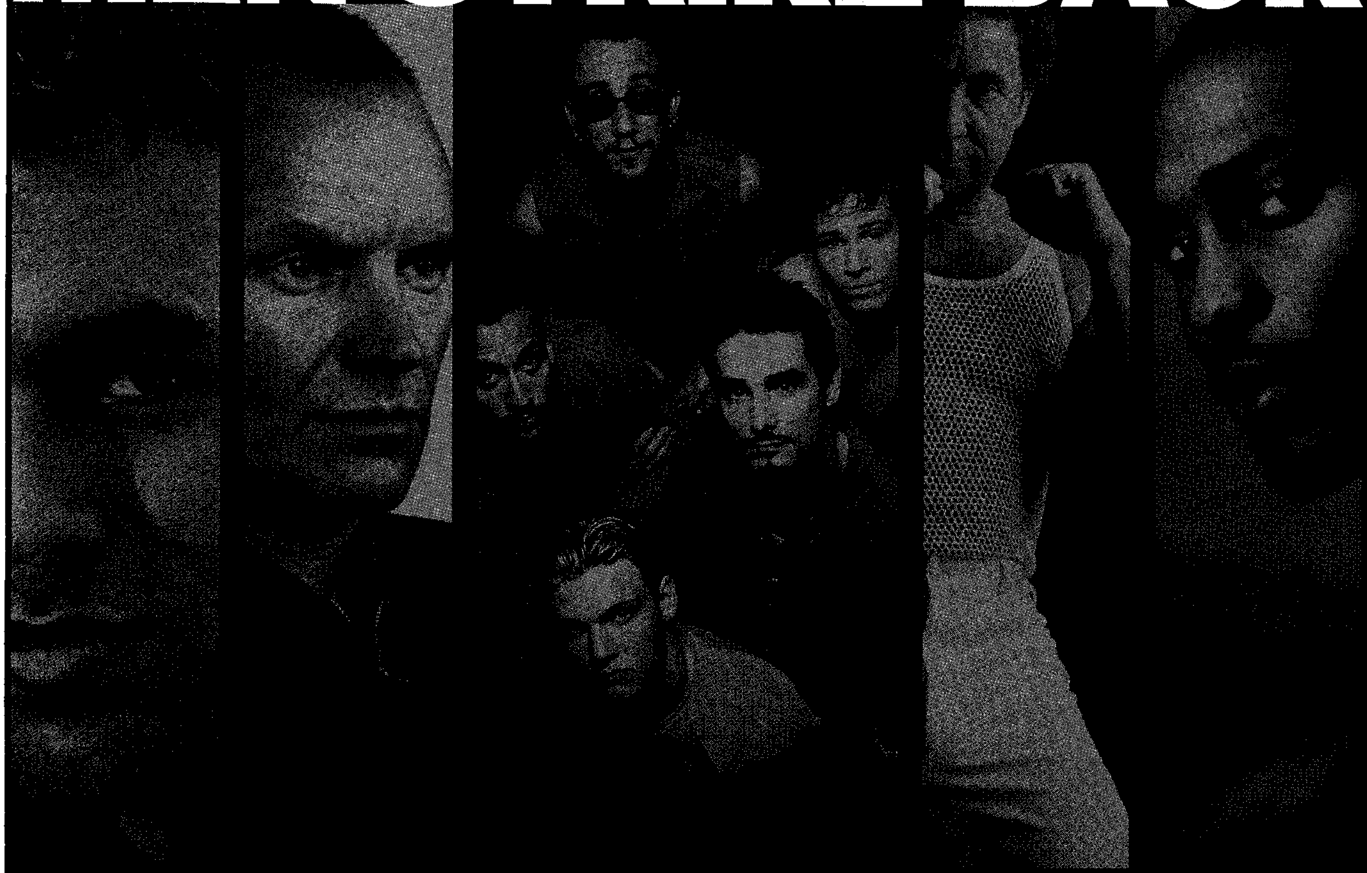
E.K.: Well, Hillary can certainly count on $2,000 from me.

A.D.: Yeah? [*Laughs.*] Well, in that case Rudy can certainly count on *another* $1,000 from me! ▬

Photographed by Melanie Dunea/CPI

ENOUGH DIVAS **ALREADY!**

MEN STRIKE BACK



BACKSTREET BOYS D'ANGELO
STING TOM JONES ENRIQUE IGLESIAS

TUESDAY APRIL 18, 9PM/8C

A CONCERT TO BENEFIT VH1 SAVE THE MUSIC

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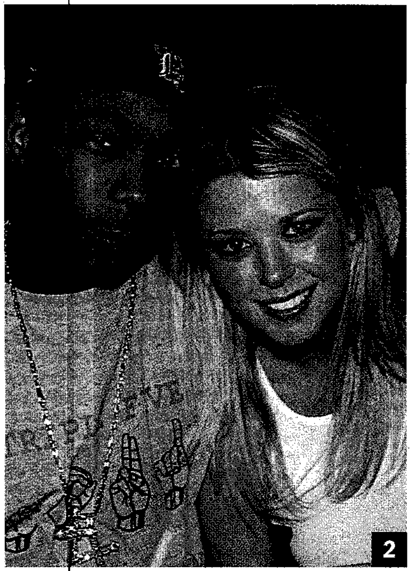
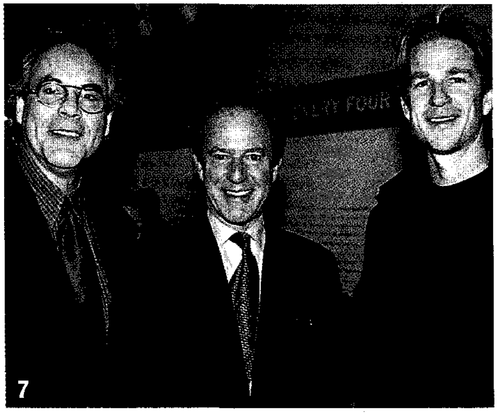
Love-In

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

'FREE ROBERT DOWNEY JR.!" SCREAMED PICKETERS, BRANdishing pictures of the absentee co-star outside the Union Square movie theater where James Toback's *Black and White* premiered on April 4. Later, guests laid siege to Lot 61, where the crowd in front of the velvet ropes protested the bouncers' iron-fisted door policy. But inside, the mood was more amorous than aggressive. A lollipop-sucking nymphet caught the eye of photographer Sante D'Orazio; Shalom Harlow's expanse of exposed flesh (courtesy of a backless apron-shirt) compelled an enamored companion to work his fingers into the waist of her tight jeans while chatting on his cell phone. Red Hot Chili Pepper Anthony Kiedis had his own hands full, escorting two seemingly identical platinum blondes through the crowd. A more famous blonde, Claudia Schiffer (who plays a grad student in the film), smiled for photographers between smooches with fiancé Tim Jeffries. Tara Reid performed a slinky dance for new beau Carson Daly. "They're just trying to prove that Carson's not gay," whispered one unimpressed observer. Only Bijou Phillips, whose eyebrow-raising interracial three-way opens the film, shied away from affectionate antics. After arriving fashionably late in a floor-length white gown, she danced in the corner—all alone. LUISA COLON



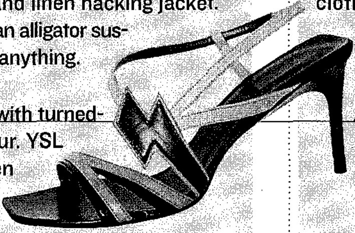


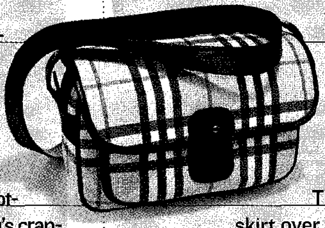
1. Brooke Shields at the *Black and White* premiere party at Lot 61. 2. Jah Rule and Tara Reid at the opening of Commune restaurant. 3. Le Bernardin's Eric Ripert and Nina Griscom at *Food and Wine*'s "Best New Chefs in America" awards ceremony at Guastavino's. 4. Anne and Brian McNally at the Ziegfield Theatre screening of *Gladiator* sponsored by *Talk*. 5. Dermot Mulroney, Linda Fiorentino, and Paul Newman at the premiere party for *Where the Money Is* at Cipriani 42nd Street. 6. Hunter Tylo at a L'eggs luncheon at the Rainbow Room. 7. Robert Klein, Mort Zuckerman, and Matthew Modine at the Newseum for the screening of *U.S. News & World Report*'s television program, *World at Large*. 8. Diane Sawyer at the GLAAD (Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation) awards at the New York Hilton. 9. Kevon Edmonds and Peter Max at the launch of the National Visual Art Search at BMG Entertainment headquarters.

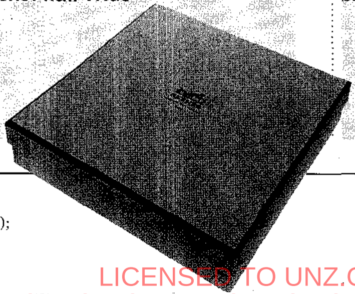
GOTHAMSTYLE

Playing the Market

Shopping for a spring wardrobe can be as risky as betting on Internet IPOs: Is that airbrushed halter top or bejeweled baguette a wise addition to your portfolio? We asked some of the nattiest New Yorkers for their investment advice. Gentlemen, lose the *Matrix* look: Abandon the aviators, nix the nylon track pants. Ladies, head for the heels—as well as Chloé's ready-to-wear collection. And don't even think of buying into that slip-skirt-over-skinny-trousers look. It's been sinking faster than last week's NASDAQ. MAURA EGAN







TRADERS	BLUE-CHIP BUYS	SELLING SHORT
LYSA COOPER stylist	Henry Duarte custom-made jeans and jackets. Crocheted bags and shell necklaces by Cottage Industry in Brooklyn. I'm a hooker for heels like Christian Dior, Sergio Rossi, Pierre Hardy, and Manolos, of course.	Miu Miu, Prada, Gucci. Turned-up jeans. Aviator glasses. Black female celebrities dressing up like hookers. Diamonds on black people—the diamond mines are what enslaved us back in Africa.
JARED PAUL STERN New York *Post* columnist	Ralph Lauren's Purple Label single-breasted peak-lapel suits. J.M. Weston spectator shoes. Holland & Holland linen hacking jacket. Bergdorf Goodman alligator suspenders. Hermès anything.	*Faux* anything. Pants that fit like a cheap hotel—no ballroom. "Legible" clothing—if I don't want to hear from you, I certainly don't want to hear from your shirt.
BAY GARNETT editor of *Cheap Date* magazine	Vintage Kenzo red ruffled shirt with turned-up orange sleeves. Old Fendi fur. YSL polka-dot blouse. Ralph Lauren white patent-and-leather pumps.	Animal prints and Fendi baguettes. The whole logo thing, although I wouldn't kick a Gucci bag out of bed. Prada's lip-print skirt.
AMY SACCO owner of Lot 61	Sergio Rossi's whole collection: lavender leather knee-high boots, purple python mules, and black patent-leather mules. Gucci's iridescent green jeweled dress. Chloé's gold rope earrings. Badgley Mischka beaded evening bags.	Name necklaces and rock-concert tees.
JANE MAYLE designer and boutique owner	Mella's turquoise python-print flip-flops. Twinkle Bottom's string bikini made out of vintage sarongs.	Anything with flaming lips or purple hearts on it. Wedge heels.
THERESA DUNCAN *Oxygen* and *VH1* television writer and producer	Chloé's Playboy skull T-shirt and ivory bootcut trousers with frayed edges. Miu Miu's cranberry-and-pink lightning-bolt heels. Katayone Adeli's lavender chiffon disco dress. Jade Jagger's peacock-patterned halter in silver sequins.	That NoLIta trend of wearing a skirt over a pair of pants—the "Honey, you got it *all* on today" look.
ROBERT VERDI interior designer and Metro-channel style reporter	Any designers that end in a vowel: Gucci, Prada, Versace. Paul Smith red-and-white batik shirt. L.L. Bean penny loafers. Brooks Brothers cotton shirts in "happy" colors like chartreuse and pink. Gucci's logo bucket hat. Burberry camera bag.	Nylon track pants. Fendi bags—they're not well made, and H&M has $10 knockoffs. The Gap and Banana Republic dictatorial culture of khakis and jeans.
JAMES KING model-actress	Little silk scarves to tie around the neck. Gucci's logo bucket hat. Wide headbands.	Beaded mesh slippers. Prayer-bead bracelets.

otographs: clockwise from top right, Nina Roberts; Michael Kraus(3);
bin Platzer/Twin Images; Patrick McMullan(2).

Bullet Train

E-books were a slow train coming until Stephen King put some propulsion behind them. Will clubby, head-in-the-sand publishers catch this ride or tumble from the caboose?

I BEGAN MY DISCUSSIONS ABOUT THE coming transformation of the book industry with Jack Romanos, who runs Simon & Schuster, the presumptive publisher of the Stephen King e-novella *Riding the Bullet* (presumptive because S&S didn't actually print or distribute the book). Simon & Schuster is also my publisher.

As such, I was sitting on Romanos's couch with the normal author emotions of helplessness and fury toward publishers starting to surface, and it was not long before I began to feel like a rebellious high-school-newspaper editor interviewing the remote and patronizing principal (Romanos is in fact an affable, down-to-earth guy—although famous in the book business for never making eye contact).

Once upon a time...
MH

"Well, what do you think is going to happen?" Romanos asked, after I indicated that I thought his version of the future—i.e., everything pretty much goes on as before, except some books are published electronically—was a pipe dream.

"You're done for," I said, feeling the power. "You don't have technology skills; you bring no particular distribution advantages to the electronic marketplace; and from a capital standpoint you won't be able to compete with pure-play Internet companies with big market caps. It's possible you can still truck books to bookstores, but that's going to be just a small part of the new book market."

Now this could have been for him just another dreaded interaction with a difficult author. But it was also likely that he was reading the same writing on the wall that I was. "I hope you're wrong," he said—but weakly.

Indeed, this whole Stephen King thing was having a strange effect on everyone. "Who knew?" is the way bookish people are reacting to the more than half a million people willing and able to download a book. Even Romanos, who has some reason to be pleased—he can credibly argue he's leading the charge into this new world, not to mention making money from something that costs nothing to make—has more reason to be rattled. If people are truly ready to read books that are not books, the future function of Simon & Schuster and the other book publishers (all six, at last count) becomes extraordinarily uncertain. What's more, because the King book has now proved the market, Wall Street will surely be eager to finance upstart companies that can aggressively exploit it.

"I do think we bring added value in the form of traditional publishing skills." He sighed. "We edit books . . ."

It is possible, I suppose, that Romanos, coming from the business side, might actually believe that the people he pays who are called editors actually edit.

". . . and we market them. What did we do for Michael's book?" He turned to one of the marketing people sitting with us. "Didn't we put up a Website?"

They did. Although they did not seem to know that part of putting up a Website is getting people to come to the Website, which they did not do (S&S, even more adamantly than other publishers, no longer believes in advertising). But I was not going to renew the please-please-promote-my-book anguish. The book-industry business model is very clear: A publisher acquits its promotional responsibility as cheaply as possible (thereby protecting its downside) and hopes an author has an appetite for self-promotion, his or her own network to leverage, and media favors to call in.

As it happens, this is a less-than-perfect model for selling printed books (where, no matter how little you promote, or because of how little you promote, you're stuck with the cost of printing the books you don't sell). But it's a perfect model for electronic books. With no cost of goods, if a book doesn't sell it costs you nothing, and if it does sell it's almost pure profit.

THE BOOK BUSINESS IN NEW YORK is a very small business. In many ways, its insularity defines it. Everybody knows everybody; everybody has worked with everybody.

Its other defining trait is that it is almost economically impossible to succeed in the book business. Book companies offer a smaller return on investment than other media enterprises; book professionals are paid much less than their counterparts in other media businesses; book talent, in all but a special few cases, has to work a day job. And most ruinously, there is almost no real growth in the industry itself.

Still, we do it. In part we do it—and, no doubt, in part the industry suffers for it—because we have self-selected ourselves on the basis of our lack of business acumen, even our distaste for business skills, which explains not only the industry's penury and inefficiencies but its snobbishness.

SO I SUGGESTED TO RICHARD TAM, THE founder of iUniverse.com, one of several technology-focused publishing start-ups, that we meet for lunch at Michael's on

Illustration by Marcellus Hall.

West 55th Street, a major book-industry hangout. I thought that was a good joke. (At the table next to us, Alice Mayhew, Simon & Schuster's legendary editor, acknowledging the various other bookish notables at Michael's, was blind to Tam.)

It is hard to get as far from the book business as Tam and still be in books. He grew up in Hong Kong, won a scholarship to Brigham Young University, went to Stanford, became an engineer, and in short order was starting technology companies, where he made a pile. A few years ago, looking around for his next business opportunity—and obviously mindful of the relative ease with which Amazon grabbed the advantage in the book trade—Tam focused on the technology of book production. With new technologies and properly applied production systems, he found he could produce a few books at the same unit economics as S&S, for instance, produced thousands of books—i.e., Simon & Schuster would spend $10,000 to produce 10,000 books and, equally, $10,000 if it only wanted to produce one book. Whereas Tam's one book costs one dollar. ("But what do they look like?" sniff New York book people. Actually, they look just like regular books.)

Tam called New York publishers.

They didn't return his calls. (Book people have never regarded returning calls as a necessary part of the business equation.)

Since then, iUniverse.com's three employees have grown to more than 300, Barnes & Noble has made a significant investment in the company, and it is getting ready for a public offering. Tam's plan is to be doing a million or so titles a year, from self-published books to academic works, business plans, business research, screenplays, and the vast reserve of out-of-print titles. (B&N now circulates bookmarks saying SUBMIT YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO WWW.IUNIVERSE.COM.) Whereas iUniverse had been snobbishly dismissed as vanity publishing (which is a fifties literary notion, and, in the age of the Web, a truly out-of-it conceit), Tam's method merely makes many, many more books commercially viable. He has, in other words, discovered a more economically efficient way to distribute intellectual property. And that is a profound discovery.

Tam, of course, is still largely talking about book books. Whereas a good part of the discussion about the future of the book business makes the book—the "unit"—an iffy proposition. My friend Peter Rutten was in town, coincident with Stephen King Week, to talk to New York publishers (of note, virtually no one in the new book world is in New York) about his new company, a kind of intellectual-property superstore. Called Vox.com, and backed by Cybergold, the company that pays you to look at online ads, the idea is to sell almost anything that can be downloaded: images, music, words, video. In other words, Vox is looking at books, or words, as part and parcel of the larger content-media business. I invited him to Michael's, too.

We gossiped about his meetings with New York publishers.

Intransigence in the book business is balanced by a profound sense of insecurity and trendiness—and a frantic determination to do what everyone else is doing. Instead of the normal difficulties in discussing technology, pricing, format, business models (pardon me, but you have no idea how stubbornly ignorant book people can be), Peter reported a post-King desperation to be a part of this, to be out there, to be, well, digital.

"Here's what I think will happen: Twenty-four months from now, the stock market willing, **there will be a new kind of publisher.** *With no production costs, no sales staff or sales commission, no warehouse."*

Indeed, by the end of Stephen King Week, Random House was announcing the formation of a venture group and making its first investment—in Xlibris, an iUniverse.com competitor.

EVERYBODY, OF COURSE, SAYS THERE'S ROOM for everybody else.

But a subplot to Stephen King Week was Simon & Schuster's tiff with Fatbrain.com, an online bookseller now peddling electronic books through its MightyWords.com site and commissioning original content to sell electronically (the premise is that there is a length between magazine article and full book that is ideal for electronic distribution). In one of the childish outbursts the book business is noted for, S&S declared that it wasn't going to do business with Fatbrain if Fatbrain approached S&S authors (actually, S&S has no authors per se, just the right to distribute specific books by specific authors). And MightyWords.com, to its chagrin, was precluded from selling the King book (S&S now says this is because it is unhappy with MightyWords.com's copy-protection security system).

Indeed, publishers believe that rights, rather than publishing skills, or market acumen, or technological capabilities, are their real ticket to the book future. (As I interview Romanos, he broaches the subject of the electronic rights to my own book. The deal S&S is offering treats electronic publishing as though it is the same as paper publishing—so I keep turning the deal down.)

In the early nineties, book publishers comically committed themselves to an electronic revolution based on CD-ROMs, and demanded all manner of rights that had almost nothing to do with what they need today. "We fought and fought for these electronic rights, only to find out they are worthless," harrumphed Random House's former chief Alberto Vitale.

It's a not-getting-it deal. It's picking the wrong fights, being scared of the wrong things, obsessing over totally irrelevant details.

There is just no reason to believe that these people, many of whom are my dear friends, will be able to deal with the technological issues and marketing complexities that are shortly going to arise. My friends are going to be marginalized (they already have been, really).

They're in a fox-henhouse, cat-canary world.

HERE'S WHAT I THINK WILL HAPPEN: TWENTY-four months from now, the stock market willing, there will be a new kind of publisher. With no production costs, no sales staff or sales commission, no warehouse, his or her job becomes wholly to select and then artfully to promote the book (perhaps we need a new word) across multiple platforms and through various outlets—Web, handheld, laptop, mass-market retail, custom edition, digital slice-and-dice, audio files, streaming author video. The pervasive book. This new kind of publisher becomes sort of an old-time publisher. Very impresario-ish. Publisher-agent-manager in one. Liveright-Weidenfeld-Cerf (and I'm thinking a bit of Malcolm McLaren). You have to have a certain appetite for disruption—and take a certain mean-spirited joy in sticking it to a certain set of people.

Just tell me where to sign.

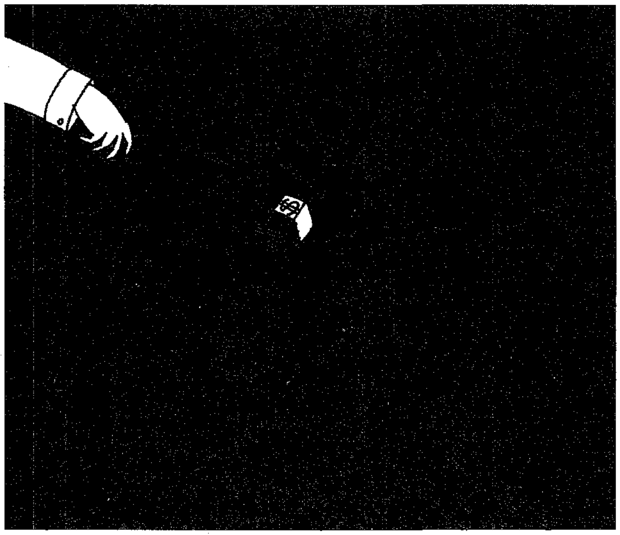
E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

THE BOTTOM LINE JAMES J. CRAMER

The Volcano Lover

On those rare and terrifying days like the one we had last Tuesday, when the stock market really starts to erupt, there's only one way to save yourself: Jump in!

FOR WEEKS, I HAD BEEN TELLING anybody and everybody to take something off the table, that this market didn't feel right, too much margin, too much craziness, too many players, *too many sellers.* And we had practiced what I preached at Cramer Berkowitz, our $360 million hedge fund, steadily reducing our exposure to a market that seemed to be racing through NASDAQ millennium marks as if they were meaningless base camps on the way to a light lunch atop Everest. Ho hum, Base Camp 5,000. Hmmm, nice day. Air's not even thin yet. Not a cloud in the sky.



So when Tuesday's storm struck, we thought we were ready. We had our core positions—the ones that we vow never to get rid of—and quietly began adding to them on the way down. Just like the textbooks advise. We were sharp, ice water in our veins, as we made our first tranche of buys when the market was down about 100 points. But by 10:30, we could tell this was no garden-variety sell-off, where they take them down a hundred, hold 'em, then walk them back up again as the mid-morning mutual-fund contributions in the day's mail get put to work.

Our screens were bathed in red. Only some hapless gold contract and a couple of down-and-out silver-mining and gypsum companies flickered green. My right terminal, earmarked only for quotes of high fliers, was pumping red like a ripped jugular. I searched for a stock that wasn't down double digits, but as most of these companies had somehow run up to the 100s, even the most mellow of declines were teenage, as we call them.

No matter. We were in automaton buy mode—my cerebral research partner, Jeff Berkowitz, and my head trader, Todd-o Harrison, all of us schooled in the panics of the past dozen years. We knew not to flinch. Let others panic. We had raised the cash. We had taken money off the table. Now it was time to put that money to work, unemotionally.

By 11 A.M., the market was dropping faster than Skylab. We got off the trading desk—meaning we went into Jeff's office, which is twice the size of mine, because, like all traders, I never go to mine unless someone's about to lose his job—and took stock. We had put a ton of money to work in the first hour and a half, and nothing was holding. We were routinely down three points on every stock we purchased by the time we got the report back. And as swashbuckling hedge-fund managers, we get our reports back instantaneously!

We approached the developing decline precisely and levelheadedly, quietly running down our 36 positions one at a time and trying to figure out if it was time to buy "another round of 5s," meaning another 5,000 of each stock. Normally, we like to buy 5,000 shares down every point or two when we are accumulating a position. But on a day like Tuesday, we "widen the scales," and leave more space between buys. No sooner had I said "Buy 5,000 Nokia at $200 and stick a $195 bid in beneath" than Todd would shout that we had bought 10,000 shares at $192. Nokia had plummeted to levels *lower* than I was willing to pay. In a matter of seconds.

No sooner had we finished our droning cadence from "America Online, $64, buy 5,000," to "Yahoo!, $161, buy 5,000," than we had to start back at the top of the alphabet and work our way down again because AOL was now at $62 and Yahoo! would soon be at $151. We were clocking this sell-off at 25 NASDAQ points a minute on the velocity meter, the fastest I've ever seen. In the background, on CNBC, I heard the word *crash.* We don't break out that term lightly. I had traded through 1987, and I know that a lot of moves down *look* like a crash, but this thing was only down 4 or 5 percent so far. That's no crash.

After a couple of bad salads on the trading desk (I haven't taken a lunch in eighteen years—no money's made at lunch), we retreated to Jeff's office to go over it again. An 11:30 A.M. rally had just failed. We had come into the day with an existing call option position that allowed us to "play the upside" for the Nazzdog, trader argot for the NASDAQ, and we had quietly begun to lose millions of dollars in the position. Our scale purchases had not anticipated a 5 percent decline on top of a 5 percent decline, but the ice-water-in-the-veins mentality kept us buying.

Now the Nazzdogs were down 7 percent for the day, and our purchases continued by rote. Off the desk, we talked about how we had seen it all and we weren't going to puke this one out at the bottom, and that the market would soon have to turn, because, well, it just had to, always did. We tried to reassure ourselves. We had been the ones calling to take money off the table. We had done

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Illustration by Bill Bragg.

so. We weren't going to be scared out of what could be the greatest trade of our lives when this market turned. "We were put on earth for this moment!" I said with determination. But at noon, with the Nazzdogs in free fall, we got off the desk again. Nobody looked like a Master of the Universe at *that* meeting. I knew that Todd-o had been furiously Instant Messaging Jeff at his trading turret, and I could tell we were thinking big now. "Ten percent decline, wasn't that time to double down?" our trader asked. I made a few faces, and we agreed: Time to take a big chunk of that cash we had so jealously hoarded and put it to work. Because, as my wife and former seven-year trading partner, Karen Cramer, always said, "You've gotta buy them when you can, not when you have to."

And so we did. Coolly, calmly, professionally. Like the late Tom Landry at his legendary unemotional best, sending in some precision 55-yard touchdown-pass play with a quick dipping of his hat.

Forty minutes later, we were back in the war room. The market hadn't held. Our lunches hadn't held. Our bet had fizzled faster than anyone could imagine. Nobody spoke. CNBC droned on in the background. No more crash denial. We used the word freely.

I finally blurted: "I have a problem with this Nazzdog position. It's choking me, it is right here, going here"—I drew a line from my gut to my throat—"it's just *killing* me. We gotta do something. We can't take these losses. *It's too big.* It's the giant steaming elephant turd in the room, man." Todd looked at the floor. Jeff knew what was coming. All our rationality hadn't made us a dime. All our cool capital commitment and tungstenlike grit hadn't called the bottom. We had not respected the bear enough. We had not given him his due.

It was time—as it was in every serious sell-off I have crawled through—to make a sacrifice to the Trading Gods. It was time to take a loss. To admit, in some small way, that we were wrong about this market. No matter our strict scales and our levels and our precision. This sucker wasn't stopping. Not here, not now, not down 12 percent. Not unless we blinked. Not unless we took action. *Not unless we threw a maiden into the volcano.*

Todd-o knew I was right, but he didn't want to admit it. Jeff, Wharton and Columbia Business School scholar that he is, just looked away. No matter how many times this happens, Jeff refuses to bow to superstition, but he never fights us. He knows how bottoms get formed.

"Take some Nazzdogs and sacrifice them," I said.

"But Jim, this is it, down 12 percent, down 24 in a matter of days, this is what it looks like at the bottom," Todd said. "You *know* that." As he spoke I glanced at the TV: NASDAQ and the Dow were down 500 points each, the worst moment of the day so far. Of course I knew it. "But how are we going to get this goddamned market going the other way," I asked him, "unless we capitulate?!"

We went back to the desk, and at 1:15 P.M., tails between our legs, we made the sacrifice, selling 1,000 contracts, a sizable chunk of our buydown bet, which we had begun at $19 the day before. Take a look at where we sold those nasty Nazzdogs. Take a look at the time: 1:23. Take a look at the price we got: $6. Oh my, six bucks, six little nothing bucks (multiplied by 100,000, of course). They reflected the maximum moment of decline in the NASDAQ, the maximum low for Intel and Sun and Microsoft and Cisco during this whole downturn. The bottom. *The turn.*

The moment we got the report, they lifted. Take a look at the price two minutes later: $7. Ten minutes later: $8. An hour later: almost double, as NASDAQ rose inexorably from down 3,600, where we had sold the calls on the index, to 4,100, the largest one-day move up off the bottom ever. That's an amazing comeback, triggered by our sacrifice to the Trading Gods.

Yes, the market bottomed *when we made that sale.* I can't come up with any other explanation. There certainly wasn't one on my screens or on TV or in the papers the next day. Nothing done by Greenspan or Summers or Clinton or Rubin or Buffett or Abby Joseph Cohen.

Markets bottom only when the gods of humility are appeased with offerings of arrogant strategies by steely-eyed traders designed to withstand the stress and strain of the worst markets. They bottom when guys like me can't take it anymore.

And that's why we rallied Tuesday. Fortunately, this time, we only had to throw the maiden in. One day, maybe it will have to be the whole tribe. ▬

James J. Cramer is manager of a hedge fund and co-founder of TheStreet.com. At time of publication, his fund had positions in Nokia, America Online, Cisco, Intel, Sun Microsystems, Microsoft, and Yahoo! His fund often buys and sells securities that are the subject of his columns, both before and after the columns are published, and the positions that his fund takes may change at any time. Under no circumstances does the information in this column represent a recommendation to buy or sell stocks. Cramer's writings provide insights into the dynamics of money management and are not a solicitation for transactions. While he cannot provide investment advice or recommendations, he invites comments at jjcletters@thestreet.com.

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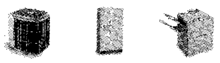

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Washed up at 35

Haven't made it yet? Feeling paranoid about the hyperambitious 23-year-old planning his IPO in the next office? Don't worry—too much. Welcome to the new midlife crisis.

By Alex Williams

EARLY ONE MORNING, A SHARPLY DRESSED LAWYER DUCKED DISCREETLY into the *faux*-Oriental Park Avenue offices of Dr. Bruce Nadler, who advertises himself in the Yellow Pages as an anti-aging specialist. The young attorney was a successful, well-paid senior associate at a prominent New York firm. But he had a problem. He was 34 and feeling a little old. • "The guy told me he was going for partner," Nadler says, "but was afraid if he couldn't maintain the appearance of youth, he might not make it." • Not to worry. Two hours and $5,000 later, this old-feeling lawyer was feeling a whole lot younger. After a weeklong "vacation," he would return to his firm sporting a set of spanking-new twentysomething eyelids and a jaunty spring in his Bally-toed step. • He's not alone. "I've seen younger and younger people coming in, and more men lately," Nadler says, "and it's because of work-related reasons more than social reasons, which were the typical reasons people used to have plastic surgery. • "I see people from all professions, people in the mid-range of the hierarchy who want to move higher. Someone who's maybe 33 and wants to better his position at work might get his eyelids done. He might get some chin work, to firm up the jawline. Liposuction is very common. They're all worried about growing old. They say that companies now demand a very youthful image, and if they can't fit it, they're not going

Photographed by Matt Mahurin

to get the promotion. They might not even keep their job. We're even talking people in their late twenties," he adds.

TURNS OUT YOU'RE NOT ALONE IF “OLD” IS suddenly starting to seem a whole lot younger. At the dawn of the Net-and-NASDAQ-intoxicated new millennium, youth has become an increasingly valuable commodity. From Wall Street to Madison Avenue, the Manhattan career landscape has become noticeably younger—there's a whole generation of hyperambitious overachievers propelled by manic energy, technological savvy, and an almost scary sense of entitlement.

As a generation, these bright young things have never known cold war, diminished expectations, or cloudy horizons. And as they have risen, they have blithely swept away decades-old career assumptions—biding your time, waiting your turn, dressing for success have become as quaint as the Apple IIc. The Instant Score is the new theology. Like Peter Pan, the kids know that all you have to do is believe.

IF YOU'RE OLD ENOUGH TO REMEMBER music on vinyl and teenagers in jeans that fit, but not so old that you remember, say, Maxwell Smart in prime time, then all of this is a bit eerie: In its flashier, more careeristic quarters, at least, the city has started to feel a little like the seventies sci-fi film *Logan's Run,* about a futuristic civilization in which citizens, even those as comely as Farrah Fawcett, are sent for “renewal”—that is, execution—upon turning 30. For the generation that came of age during George Bush's recession, it's as if the rules got changed in the middle of the game. Who *wouldn't* feel a little paranoid?

“When I graduated from college, I didn't think I was going to get a job,” says one downtown advertising executive, 31. “Everyone was always saying we were going to be the first generation in America to live worse than our parents. We were spoon-fed that all through college. But now I've got two younger brothers, and they're like, ‘I think I'll get my first job at 60 grand.’ I'm like, ‘What?’ It's a harsh reality for me. But they turn around and do it. They're like, ‘Yeah, I just got a job at an Internet company, and I've got 30,000 shares of stock options. I'm just going, ‘What? I'm four years older than you.’ What did I do wrong?”.

“It's a race,” explains John McDonald, 31. “Things are moving ten times faster than they used to. You think, *I gotta do it now.* It's a very short window.”

It's one thing to know that you weren't going to do as well as Mom and Dad. But no one ever mentioned that you were also going to do worse than your little brother.

TURNING 35, OF COURSE, HAS NEVER been without its complications. Halfway to 70, we're nearly halfway to death, at least in terms of America's mean life expectancy of 76. But now grafted onto the traditional anxieties are a whole set of new ones—immediate, cultural, economic.

“The basic issues around this age are still the same,” says Gail Sheehy, author of the seminal midlife-crisis guidebook *Passages.* “By 35, you've paid your dues, you've proven you're competent, but you become dissatisfied by the confines of your life. It's natural to feel restless. But now this restlessness is exaggerated. It comes from thinking, ‘My God, if I don't become a Web zillionaire in a year or two, the kids are going to come and take it all away from me.’ ”

The strange thing is that these anxieties are percolating at precisely the moment that there appears to be little reason for them: Even after its recent cool-off, the stock market is still plenty warm, the job market is historically tight, and few are actually put out to pasture at 36. Still, when you talk to people in their thirties, you get a sense of vague, growing panic.

When are you *going to pop?*

Today? Tomorrow? Never?

The questions hang heavily in the air, in Silicon Alley, on Wall Street, seemingly everywhere. The clock is ticking. Thanks to the IPO-options bonanza, the economy has started to resemble a vast Ponzi scheme. And anybody knows that in a pyramid game, you'd best cash out early. Even if you're only 30, it's not hard to feel that you have only a few short years to score.

“IT'S ALL ABOUT MAXIMIZING,” explains an artfully unshaven John McDonald, looking groovily polyester in his candy-striped Paul Smith shirt and trim blue Sansabelt-ish slacks. Surrounded by leggy models and bulbous, Kubrickian orange chairs that constitute the major design trope of his new SoHo restaurant, Canteen, McDonald is explaining his theories on life, or at least business, and the need for the eighteen-hour workday.

McDonald opened the moody, model-filled Merc Bar when he was 24, just a couple of years out of Columbia. He followed it with a Merc Bar in Phoenix and two fashion-oriented glossy magazines, *CITY NY* and *CITY AZ.* Just this year, he made the jump into the McNally Leagues, opening the superhot—and, at 5,000 square feet, ambitiously vast—boîte Canteen on Mercer Street. He is 31 years old. “I only have three years left,” he wails, just a little ironically. “Three years before I'm burned out!”

Given his breakneck schedule, that might be a hopeful assessment. “It's a race,” he explains. “Things are moving five, ten times faster than they used to. So you think, *I gotta do it now,* because every day you pick up the newspaper and so many people are doing so much, they're creating and winning. Everyone's jockeying to position themselves. That's the goal. But you have this very short window, if you are going to brand yourself.”

HARRY'S AT HANOVER SQUARE IS A WALL Street institution, a clubby, mahogany-paneled Gilded Age haunt where smug self-satisfaction has long permeated the place like cigar smoke. But not long after trading hours on a chilly Tuesday, the mood is a bit somber, even at a corner table where five young, rich, white people are sipping at light beers.

One is a 30-year-old trading-floor supervisor, a nattily dressed man with a meaty, middle-linebacker build and a hefty income. Five years ago, he would have been considered a budding master of the universe. But in the age of the Internet, he feels like just another six-figure wage slave. “The twentysomethings on the Street, they swing for the fences,” he observes, sounding slightly envious. “I'm an older investor. I don't need the dot-coms. I don't need that kind of risk. There's a difference between us and guys out of B-school. They think they should just have it given to them. It's an entitlement. I had to work hard to get where I am. When I graduated, I was just damn happy to have a job. The kids—they'd be bored to death with what I do.”

Across the table, a petite blonde woman drags deeply on a needle-thin cigarette and nods sympathetically. She's a sales-

Under 35

No, they're not all on the Net, and "Page Six" mentions didn't really factor in. (Sorry, Monica!) But a Who's Who of the city's Working Class turns up 35 who are anything but washed up—yet.

1 Brian Brater and Jarrett Myer, record-label executives. The 27-year-old CEOs of Rawkus Records produce vital hip-hop bands; original third partner was Rupert Murdoch's son James—so *there's* the secret to the cash flow.

2 Sam Mendes, director. As if helming the *Cabaret* revival and engineering *The Blue Room* (bonus: Nicole Kidman nude) weren't enough, this 34-year-old swept the Oscars with *American Beauty.*

3 Howard Wolfson, press secretary. So what if the Yonkers-born 32-year-old in charge of Hillary's campaign has been dubbed "The Pantywaist" by Letterman?

4 Miguel Adrover, fashion designer. At 34, the deconstructionist darling may dine at Anna's townhouse, but he still lives in a $600-per-month basement in the East Village.

5 Josh Isay, lobbyist. The 30-year-old chief of staff for Schumer in his victory run for Senate is now making bank as head lobbyist for DoubleClick, Silicon Alley's richest Internet firm.

6 Daniel Peres, editor. The 28-year-old former Paris bureau chief for Fairchild was called Stateside last week to head up the newly fabulous (no, we didn't say gay) *Details.*

7 Ari Tepper, theater producer. *Freak* was this 27-year-old Dalton grad's maiden producing effort, closely followed by *The Dead* and Sandra Bernhard's *I'm Still Here . . . Dammit.*

8 Michael Dell, fifth richest man in America. The hardware giant is only 35; he just reportedly bid more than $20 million for a duplex on Fifth Avenue (no biggie when you're worth $21.5 *billion*).

9 Seth Goldstein, venture capitalist. This "entrepreneur-in-residence" at Flatiron Partners parlayed his B.A. in literature into a role as Silicon Alley's VC-to-know at the age of 29.

10 M. Night Shyamalan, film director. This 29-year-old's as-yet-unmade screenplay sold for $5 million; his two features, *The Sixth Sense* and *Stuart Little,* were box-office hits.

11 Fernando Espuelas, CEO. The 33-year-old's internet portal, Starmedia, IPO'ed at $105 million last spring; the Hispanic interactive market is his to win.

12 David Stone, producer. The 33-year-old who brought you *Fully Committed* and *The Diary of Anne Frank* also cast Alanis Morissette in *The Vagina Monologues.*

13 Xana Antunes, editor. The new New York *Post* editor-in-chief is a formidable Fleet Street reporter and, at 35, the paper's youngest editor ever. *That* explains the 'N Sync cover.

14 Dave Sirulnick, producer. The 35-year-old executive VP of production at MTV is now in charge of half of the station's daily programming; without him, no *Total Request Live.*

15 Jason Binn, publisher. This 32-year-old Friend of Donald remade Miami's *Ocean Drive* and *Palm Beach,* tarted up Randy Schindler's *Hamptons,* and now has his sights set on New York.

16 Daymond John, design impresario. The 30-year-old entrepeneur from Hollis, Queens, built up his own $350 million urban clothing line, FUBU.

17 Andrew Kreps, gallerist. This 26-year-old way–West Chelsea gallery owner works with emergent talent like Ricci Albena and Julian Laverdier; opened his first SoHo space at 21.

18 Matthew Kenney, chef. The 35-year-old pretty-boy cook co-owns hot spots Canteen and Matthew's; his newest place, Commune, opened this week.

19 Tina Bennett, literary agent. The 32-year-old Marshall scholar at Janklow & Nesbit secured a $1 million advance for Malcolm Gladwell's *The Tipping Point.*

20 Robert Safian, editor. The 35-year-old *Money* managing editor started his magazine career as executive editor of *The American Lawyer*—at the tender age of 26.

21 Andrew Stenzler, food guru. At 31, the CEO of Xando Cosi oversees the city's hippest and most profitable snackeries.

22 Steve Stout, record executive. This 28-year-old president of urban music at Interscope/Geffen/A&M produces hip-hop, "Spanglish," and R&B, when not getting beaten up by Puffy.

23 Craig Kanarick and Jeff Dachis, Web Moguls. These 33-year-old partners in the interactive agency Razorfish also run an online 'zine RSUB and have a stake in the Orchard Street lounge the Slipper Room.

24 Matthew Warchus, director. The 32-year-old engineered Broadway's spring hit about brothers who hate each other, *True West.*

25 Desiree Gruber, manager. A 32-year-old bi-coastal manager and publicist with major accounts (Victoria's Secret, Miramax, Naomi Campbell) whose company, Full Picture, is now shopping a sitcom about a 32-year-old bi-coastal publicist with major accounts.

26 Alexei Hay, photographer. At 26, he is showcasing his acidly realistic photographs in *Bazaar* and in edgy fashion mags worldwide.

27 Nicholas Butterworth, CEO. At 33, the former head of Rock the Vote and original partner in SonicNet is now heading up MTVi, the music site to end all music sites—literally.

28 Geoff Kloske, editor. At 30, Simon and Schuster's rising star in the humor-plus-pathos market discovered David Sedaris and cultivated Dave Eggers and Sarah Vowell.

29 The brothers Ziff, tycoons. The 28-, 34-, and 35-year-old heirs to the Ziff-Davis fortune sold off Daddy's publishing business and still managed to stay on the Forbes 400 list.

30 Eric and Justin Stangel, comedy writers. The 28- and 30-year-old sibling team renowned for those hilarious remote spots with Dave's mom signed on this month as head writers for *Late Show.*

31 Marci Klein, TV strategist. The well-connected 33-year-old daughter of Calvin has booked for *Saturday Night Live* for twelve years and is now head of prime-time development and marketing for *SNL.* Once kidnapped.

32 Rocco DiSpirito, chef. The buzzed-about 33-year-old Union Pacific chef graduated from the Culinary Institute of America—at *16.*

33 Kyle Shannon, Web master. The 33-year-old has a $245 million stake in agency.com, the 850-employee firm that's expanding internationally.

34 Aerin Lauder Zinterhofer, society princess. The 29-year-old picks pretty lipsticks for great-grandmom Estee's cosmetics line; also the youngest socialite ever to chair the Met's Costume Institute Ball.

35 Jon Meacham, editor. Rumour has it the just-turned-30 *Newsweek* managing editor is in line for the top job. VANESSA GRIGORIADIS

Photographs: clockwise from top right, Barry King/Liaison; Gregory Pace/Sygma; Darryl Estrine/Corbis Outline; Alec Michael/Globe Photos; Chris Casaburi/Liaison.

woman—corporate bonds—at a prominent investment house. She's 29.

"Absolutely, there's a generation gap," she says. "Look at the kids who come in to interview from Ivy League schools. The first question they ask is 'Do you dress down every day?' It's almost offensive, even though we do dress down. It's like, *Is that all they're worried about?* When I was their age, all I wanted to do was get onto the trading floor. I just wanted to get to the show. But," she adds with a shrug, "I'm *old*. I'm in the 30-year-old range."

Next to her sits a steely-eyed young man in a pale-green poplin suit, a tech-focused instructor for new recruits at one of the country's leading investment banks.

"There is definitely a premium on youth on Wall Street," he says thoughtfully. "It's because so much of finance is suddenly based on high tech, and high tech is all based on skills. And today's skill set is only taught *now;* it wasn't taught three years ago. In the old economy, the assumption used to be: Twenty, 30 years would give you the experience you need to do this job. But technology is an industry where you learn what you need to know in school. Experience doesn't mean anything. It just means your *skills* are old. In high tech, even at 25, four years out of school, your skills are four years old. You're still programming HTML, but we're not HTML—we're VRML, and we're pushing past VRML to C++ and beyond. If you're 25 years old in Silicon Valley, you'd better have made your money, because you're done. I'm 27, and I've been in this business seven years. I'm a *dinosaur.*"

The first trader cuts in: "Technology is so new that *no one's* an expert," he says. These kids on the way up think, *My idea is as good as the one from the guy who's been around for 30 years.*" "Nobody ever wants to pay you for what happened yesterday," the green-suited man interjects. "You gotta tell me what's going to happen tomorrow. If you don't know that, we might as well get rid of you."

It is, of course, the dot-com explosion that is most responsible for the concentric circles of age anxiety spinning out across the cultural landscape. "People definitely try to exploit youth. I don't know if it's the most important factor when a client is trying to choose a firm to do Web work for them, but it *is* a factor," claims Jeremy Donelson, 27, the founder of the Web design firm moonrover.com. "You have to make sure you look young so people will believe you understand the newest technology. You see older people—not *old,* by any means—but older people who dye their hair and get nose rings. They'll be in their mid-thirties with bright-blue hair and really, really measured ‘casual’ clothes. They’re trying to look young because that’s the image that sells.”

Just ask Chip Hall, the 29-year-old chief executive officer of Fluid, Inc., a burgeoning San Francisco–based Web company that’s just opened an office in New York. “In the Net world, energy is essential,” he says. “But as I approach 30, my energy levels are dropping. I can’t put in the same kind of hours I used to,” he says. “The fact is, if you’re really going to go balls-to-the-wall, you have to be willing to give up your life. You can’t be married. You can’t have kids. When you’re out of school, or in your twenties, you’re willing to do that. Your company is your passion. When you talk about selling youth as a commodity, *that’s* what gets sold. And what gets recruited.”

IN TIME, THE OUTSIDE-THE-BOX ETHOS of the Net infected even the stodgiest corners of Wall Street. The move toward Casual Every Day was instituted by Goldman Sachs, J.P. Morgan, and others largely to keep even more brokers from defecting to Silicon Alley. A business that long used its Brooks Brothers conservatism as a selling point now increasingly heaps rewards on the cowboys, the ones who take on the biggest risks. “People who are younger don’t have the baggage of the seventies, when the market was bad, and they don’t have 1987 Crash baggage,” says hedge-fund manager, TheStreet.com founder, and new *New York* “Bottom Line” columnist James Cramer. “Now, let me be very clear: That may turn out to be tragic, but in the interim, they’ve made a *ton* of money. History has not made you a lot of money in this market. Irony has not made you a lot of money.”

New technologies are even starting to eat away at the once-rigid hierarchies on the Street. “Wall Street has always given young people lots of responsibility, but it’s going even younger now,” says a 29-year-old trader at a top investment bank. “The plain-vanilla business we do is being commoditized. The way the Street will make money in the future is to handle more structured transactions, more complex derivative transactions, many of which have been developed only in the last few years.

“No one’s going to pay a guy a million bucks to sell bonds anymore, because the job he’s doing can partly be done by a computer and partly by someone just out of B-school making $150,000 a year. My generation—guys who came in with me—have been in business five to seven years. *We* saw the technology boom coming and knew where things were going. It’s the people a few years beyond us, guys around 35, who feel the pressure.”

The ripples of the youthquake are now being felt even in some of the fustiest domains of midtown—white-shoe law firms, which, like everybody else, are racing to get a piece of the Internet action. “In general in law firms, partners are responsible for bringing in business, and the associates just take care of it,” says June Raegner of June Raegner Legal Search, a top legal headhunter. “Even two years ago, a lot of partners didn’t even know how to read *e-mail.* It was the really, really junior associates who knew the Internet, who understood the Internet, and had connections to people in the Internet. They were the ones who could call their friends from high school or college who were now working at Internet firms. There’s much more rainmaking by very young attorneys. *They’re* the ones who actually know the Internet billionaires. And they’re all 25 years old.”

BUT ULTIMATELY, THE E-REVOLUTION is just one factor in the marginalization of the Tabitha Soren generation. Just as significant is a demographic revolution—one that can best be explained in terms of numbers. The baby boom exploded between 1946 and 1964 and numbered 76.8 million. So-called Generation X, born between 1965 and 1978, accounted for 52.4 million. The unimaginatively monikered “Generation Y,” however, began arriving in 1979 and is still rolling, having already added 77.6 million ’N Sync fans to the American landscape.

This vast, increasingly affluent sea of kids has increasingly become *the* target market for pop culture, and it’s started to radically transform the various culture-related industries—magazines, advertising, movies, television, P.R.—that are a cornerstone of the city’s economy. Just as the Internet revolution rewarded people who could understand the new technology, the demographic shift has persuaded the culture industry to seek out employees who can best speak to and, more important, *sell* to the kids. Not surprisingly, they have tended to be pretty young themselves. “The baby-boomers have defined everything over the last four decades because we had the critical mass,” says Donny Deutsch, chairman of the downtown ad agency Deutsch Inc. “The reason Generation X wasn’t able to push us out of the way—they didn’t even have a name, they were called ‘X’—was that they didn’t have the numbers. But now you have this entire group coming up that *does.* Generation Y has all the buying power.”

Times advertising columnist Stuart Elliot agrees. “In the past, pop culture, magazines, newspapers, and networks went after the Establishment, the people with the money, the economic clout, the connections, and they usually happened to be over 40. These days, everything is topsy-turvy. Now 22-year-olds are the new Establishment. And everyone’s falling over themselves to court them.”

Trapped between the two baby booms, Xers are already being shoved farther offstage. “Even though advertisers claim to target the 18–49 demographic, the real target is people in the 18–35 range,” says CBS’s chief audience researcher, David Poltrack. “And now you see a whole new focus on the younger half of that age group, more like 18 to 25. The WB phenomenon is directly related to the size and buying power of the baby boomlet.”

Advertisers, Poltrack says, are fixated on either the Viagra-popping boomers or the Clearasil-dabbing kids. Gen X? Forget them. “They just don’t have the numbers,” Poltrack says.

“You *really* feel the pressure when you’re working for a guy who’s like 25 and has like ten good commercials on his reel,” says one top copywriter, 28, at a major advertising agency. “That’s where you’re like, ‘Oh, fuck, man. I’ve spent my life dreaming about accomplishing that, and this kid’s already done it. That’s what makes you nuts. They probably make from $15,000 to $25,000 a shoot day, and that’s for young new directors, 25 and younger.

“But it’s not all bad news,” he says, suddenly brightening. “It’s like, if you’re doing a consumer-electronics campaign, maybe you want young people for that job. But you’re still going to use older

“You’re still going to use older people to sell airlines and soap,” says a 27-year-old adman. “I mean, *someone* has to write the tampon ads.”

people to sell airlines and soap. I mean, *somebody's* got to write the tampon ads."

THE DEMOGRAPHIC PULL OF THE Y generation is particularly noticeable in publishing, where in the past few years dozens of new magazines have been specifically targeted to emerging readers. A whole sorority of *Tiger Beats* is crowding into the territory: *TeenStyle, TeenPeople, CosmoGirl, Vogue Girl,* and, simply, *Girl.* The youth magazine *New Moon* has an editorial board of girls ages 8 to 14.

Even more mature titles are feeling the tremors. "When I first got hired, I was 27, and that was *so young,*" says an editor at a major glossy. "People made fun of me. They were always saying, 'Jackie O., do you know who *that* is?' Now I feel like an underachiever because I'm not an editor-in-chief by the time I'm 32."

And why not? The new editor of the New York *Post,* Xana Antunes, is, at 35, its youngest ever. Jon Meacham, the managing editor of *Newsweek,* just turned 30. The new *Details* editor, Dan Peres, is just 28. Compared with him, Kate Betts seems like a veteran. Last year, at 35, she was appointed editor of *Harper's Bazaar,* the most august and traditionalist of fashion books, replacing Liz Tilberis, who died of ovarian cancer at age 51. Betts wasted no time scrapping the magazine's 132-year-old logo, remaking the magazine in her own image. Last month, *Bazaar* unveiled an entire issue devoted to the Net. "My mandate was to shake things up," she admits. "To reach out to younger readers." But even Betts is sometimes surprised by the changing climate. One day, she was talking to a well-known designer in his fifties when the discussion turned to one of Betts's hires for a top editorial position. "I said, 'You know, this person is only 30 years old,' " Betts recalls. "The designer turned to me and said, 'Well, Kate, 30 is *not* that young anymore.' "

ONE NIGHT, STRUGGLING TO BE HEARD OVER the commotion at B Bar, a trim fashion editor at another major glossy, 31, leans over her frosty, delicate gimlet glass and confides: "I always feel like my boss would sell my seat in a second if (a) the famous young daughter of some New York billionaire wanted to work here or (b) some 24-year-old trend monster applied for it. It's the sickest atmosphere. There have been more than a few firings of older people, and by 'older,' I literally mean people over 35; they've been replaced with youngsters. It's like all these editrixes are trying to surround themselves with youth in order to stay sexy in the eyes of the people who control the purse strings." She shakes her head.

"The problem is, these youthful little things come in and can't write or edit worth a shit, and we old folks have to clean up their mess. But am I *bitter*? Not me." She smiles. "The worst thing is that youngsters today are *so* presumptuous," she says. "They expect big titles and big salaries, fresh off the boat. I'm always shocked about how soon after they're hired as an assistant they'll ask for a huge new title and raise. And the thing is, they *get* it!"

Even the relatively tweedy book-publishing industry has become a world where hard-charging prodigies like Rob Weisbach can be handed their own imprint at 30, only to see it vanish before they're 34. "It's brutal," complains a 34-year-old former book editor at a major publishing house. "Everyone says, 'Look around—you don't see any editors in their forties, do you?' More and more people are being fired in their early or mid-forties."

Thanks to the IPO bonanza, the econom

Ponzi scheme. And everyone knows that in a pyramid gam

"In part, it's because what editors do is so unimportant these days. It used to be the editor was the person who did line editing and shaping. No one edits books anymore, so young people without experience fill the role just fine. Right now, all they're paid for is enthusiasm. The people who are running around, going out to the parties, sucking up to everyone in sight, signing new authors, are the kids. They think whatever they're working on is the greatest stuff ever. They're cheerleaders. This," he sighs, sadly, "is why I'm an *ex*–book editor."

NOT EVERYONE BEMOANS THE change. Lizzie Grubman, 29, has built up her million-dollar P.R. firm largely because of her success in reaching this budding junior elite. "All the editors, the journalists, all the people that I work with—they're *my* age, whereas when I first got into the business, they were twenty years older, at least," she says. "I freak out all the time now. I'm like, 'I just turned 29!' I used to *always* be the youngest. Now all of a sudden there are kids younger than me who are doing really well. Jake Spitz at Network P.R. is 25 or 26. Now *I'm* middle-aged," she titters.

Grubman, the daughter of music-industry lawyer Allen Grubman, wasn't even in business four years ago; now her clients include everyone from AOL to Britney Spears. Last month, she announced a merger with one of P.R.'s most potent figures, the fiftysomething Peggy Siegal, who's been in the business for 25 years. In the P.R. world, the merger was the equivalent of AOL's buying Time Warner. But speculation about who held the upper hand was quickly quelled when the women unveiled their company's new name. The firm is now called Lizzie Grubman Public Relations/Peggy Siegal Company.

VARIETY EDITOR PETER BART SAYS THE SUDden commodification of youth is particularly evident in the new Hollywood. "The age anxieties you see in Hollywood are exacerbated by the fact that the bright young guys are being offered jobs by the Internet start-ups, which causes inevitable tension with their elders, who *don't* tend to be offered those jobs," he says. Bart also points out that fewer and fewer projects are getting green-lighted, and many of the ones that do are squarely aimed at the *Scream 3* demographic.

"The William Morris office recently laid off two or three of their brightest senior agents in New York," Bart says. "They're replacing them with very young people. The young guys are cheaper, and the agency wants the young clients. Older agents tend to represent older clients."

"I've been going to Sundance for years, but this year was different," wails a 32-year-old film-industry executive in New York. "It was like a big frat party. Kids everywhere, moving in packs from condo to condo, and leaving lots of vomit in the snow outside."

It's true that the directors who are suddenly becoming the most influential, stylistically, in Hollywood, tend to be in their late twenties and early thirties. Spike Jonze (*Being John Malkovich*) is 30; Wes Anderson (*Rushmore*) is 31. Ben Younger (*Boiler Room*), whose name itself is almost a taunt to older would-be auteurs, is 27. "There is a definite ageism in Hollywood," Younger says. "Especially if you're pitching an idea. That's where age plays a big role. If you're pitching a high-school story, a youth-oriented movie, they're just naturally going to believe that a 21-year-old can pull it off better than a 51-year-old, even if a 51-year-old can do it better. Because you're not really talking about substance. It's about the sell. It's about getting studio executives excited.”

Younger himself is hardly immune to watching, from the corner of his eye, the sand pour through the hourglass. “I gave myself a number, an age that I'd get my movie made by. I said 26,” says Younger. “So I actually came in a little late.”

“It's like this,” says Stephen Chbosky, 30, a novelist and screenwriter who lives in Brooklyn and wrote eight episodes for the WB Network teen show *Brutally Normal,* which debuted last year. “We've had fashion magazines, and a culture, that has made us very aware of how fat we are. Now billions have been made by making people really unhappy with the fact that they're five pounds overweight. Now it's the same thing with youth. But you can lose five pounds. You can't get younger. It's this vicious, weird merry-go-round.”

> as begun to resemble a vast
> ou’d best cash out early.

KATE WENDLETON IS CLOSE ENOUGH to the carousel to hear the calliope. Wendleton is the president of the Five O'Clock Club, a career-counseling-cum-networking organization that meets in midtown three nights a week. Lurking beneath the frenzied e-commerce jargon and the laser-surgery analyses of résumés of lawyers, brokers, salesmen, and publicists, many in their thirties, there's a nicely therapeutic vibe at the meetings, which can function a little like a twelve-step program for the midlife-crisis set. And these days, to survey the Five O'Clock Club landscape, the bar is getting lowered as to just who is allowed to have a little midlife career crisis.

“The competition is fast and furious, and it's people in their thirties who are feeling left behind,” Wendleton says. She herself is in her early fifties and a veteran of more than a few boom-and-bust cycles. She's a little mystified by the panic: “Everybody's scurrying around, and these days it's the young people who are doing most of the scurrying, as if they don't have a whole life in front of them.”

A clear-eyed look at the employment market tells her a very different story, however. The city, through Wendleton's prism, is full of opportunity right now. *Too much* opportunity, perhaps. Enough to make people greedy. Enough to make them drunk. “One guy we had in recently had made $3 million in the last three months, and he *still* felt like he was being left behind,” she says, shaking her head. “He came in for counseling, asking, ‘Should I leave my job?’ I just told him how sick he was.” Wendleton laughs.

The good news, she adds, is that plenty of thirtysomethings—to say nothing of fortysomethings and fiftysomethings—are seeking “renewal” in an encouragingly un–*Logan's Run* sense. The Internet may be a big part of the problem. But increasingly, it's becoming part of the solution. Every week, Wendleton sees lawyers, brokers, and writers turn Silicon Alley into less a symbol of their own obsolescence than a symbol of rebirth.

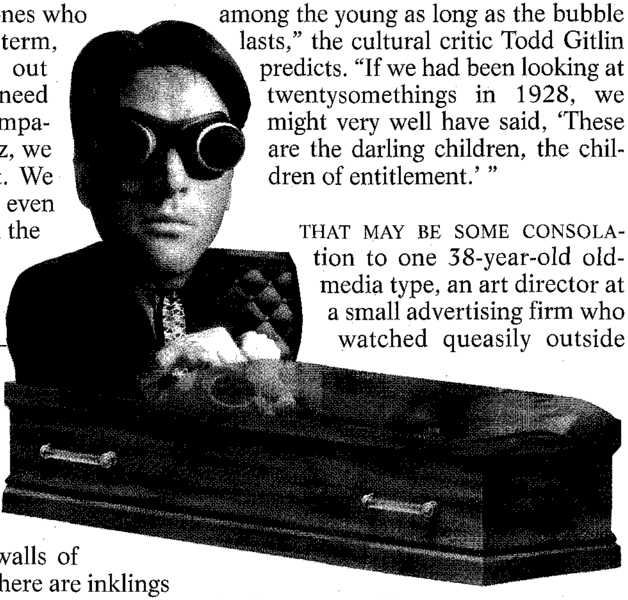
“We're seeing people in their early thirties who want to get in on the Internet action, wondering if it's too late,” Wendleton says. “But these Internet companies, at least the ones who are in it for the long term, can't have kids going out calling on GTE. They need *adults* for that. These companies are also saying, ‘Jeez, we need some management. We need experience.’ You're even seeing the same thing on the ‘content’ side. There are *many* opportunities for older people now.” Even outside the cozy walls of the Five O'Clock Club, there are inklings of a backlash, an emergent countertrend that is gaining steam, ironically, in Silicon Alley.

Indeed, Silicon Alley firms—at least the ones that are little more than a pipe dream and an IPO—are starting to find out what Corporate America, as well as a few B-school surveys, spent the past five years learning the hard way: Seasoned workers *are* better than Bright Young Things in a number of crucial areas.

One dot-com editor, 33, concurs: “I think the new story in Silicon Alley could almost be called the Shock of the Old. I mean, look what happened to the guys at theglobe.com.” Two months ago, Silicon Alley legends Stephan Paternot, 25, and Todd Krizelman, 26, stepped down as co-CEOs from the Web company they founded just a few years ago in a Cornell dorm room. They saw a 606 percent runup in share value the day of their IPO in late 1998, and have seen that value slide precipitously ever since.

“They were just out of school,” says the editor. “They weren't ready to run a company. Even dot-coms are starting to realize that they need graybeards.”

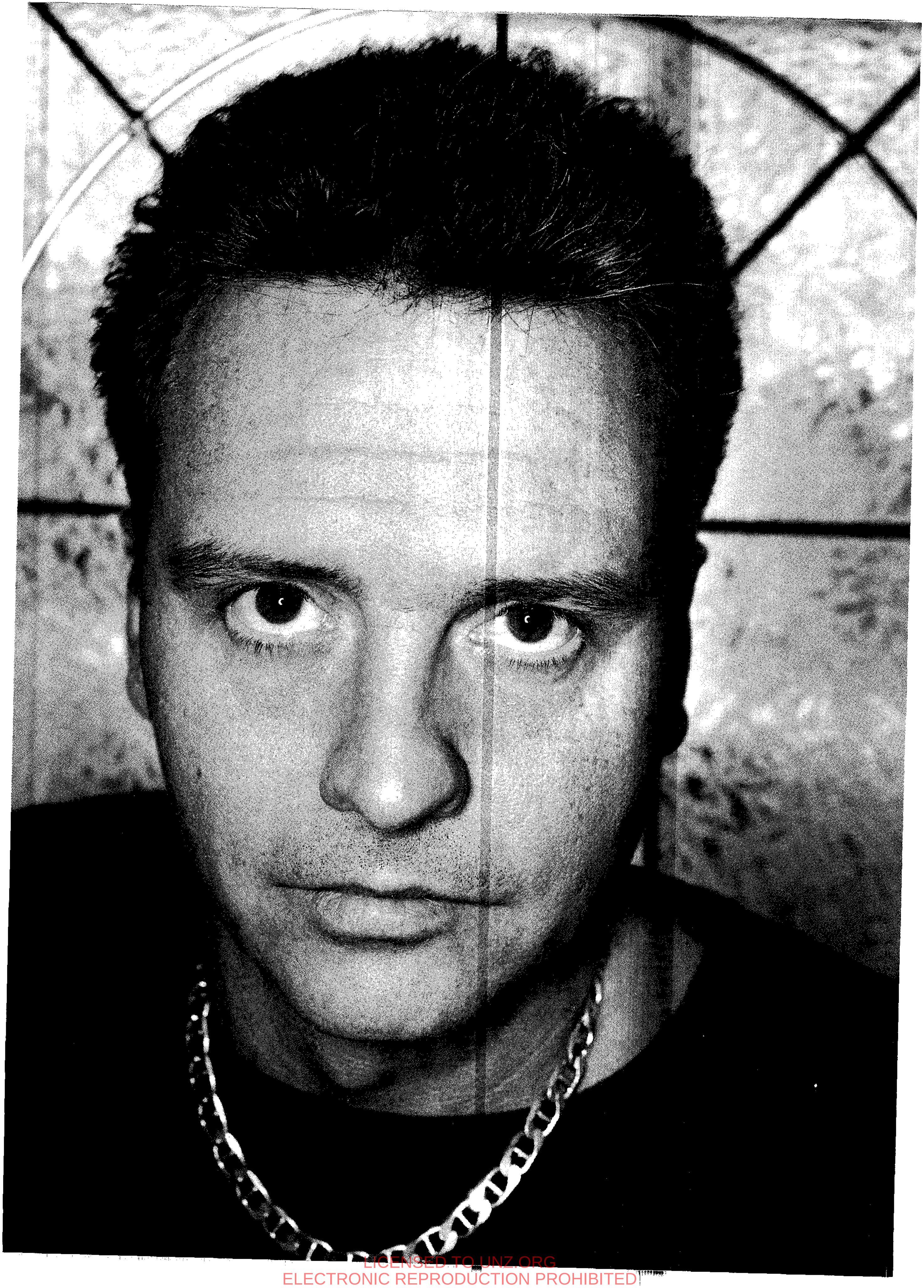
AS THE RECENT NASDAQ NOSEDIVE make clear, the circumstances that have made new York a virtual playground for postpubescent powerhouses will not last forever. One needle to the tender skin of the bubble, and *bang,* the whole subgeneration of battle-tested 37-year-olds might actually learn to appreciate the psychic scar tissue acquired from all those recessions and dimmed horizons. Think of it as a Darwinian advantage. If you've never known anything but *up,* that is, going down can seem like one hell of a long fall. As Sheehy says, “It's very important to fail early on in your life.”



“There will be a sense of entitlement among the young as long as the bubble lasts,” the cultural critic Todd Gitlin predicts. “If we had been looking at twentysomethings in 1928, we might very well have said, ‘These are the darling children, the children of entitlement.’ ”

THAT MAY BE SOME CONSOLAtion to one 38-year-old old-media type, an art director at a small advertising firm who watched queasily outside John McDonald's Canteen one recent evening as a half-dozen cell-phone-toting 20-year-olds disembarked from a champagne-colored Mercedes and made their way to a table inside.

“I was standing out there, desperately trying to find a cab back to my studio apartment, thinking I had to get up early the next day and go to my lousy job, and they were all chattering away about stock tips and options and their upcoming trip to St. Barts. Suddenly I couldn't breathe. I couldn't find a cab, either. So I ended up walking the twenty blocks home and thinking about what I had done wrong to end up like this. It was kind of sick, this sick envy, this complete panic, this feeling that I was just completely washed up. Finally, I thought, *You can't beat up on yourself like this.* I looked up in the sky and prayed. I thought, *God, if you love me, just bring on the recession.*” ■



THE COP AND THE STALKER

When Vinny Davis married Diane Pelatti, he got her ex-boyfriend, too—a vicious young wiseguy who harassed the couple for fourteen years. Finally, Davis struck back—and now he's the one on trial.

By Craig Horowitz

Photographed by Len Irish

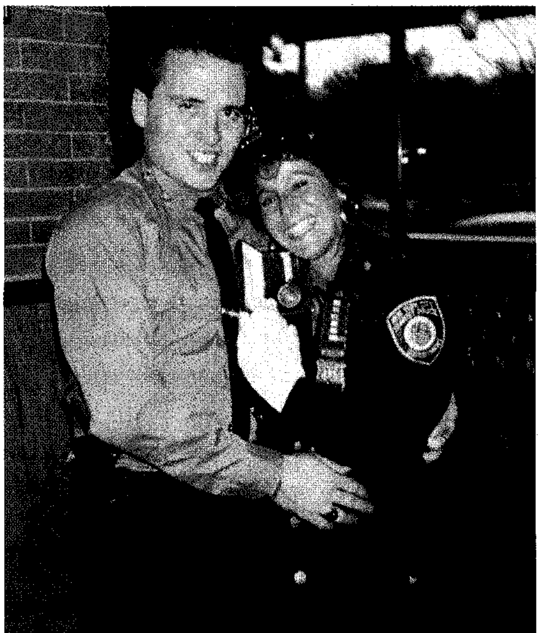
Vincent Davis will never forget the day Diane Pelatti changed his life. It was June 28, 1980, just a few weeks after his graduation from Roosevelt High School in Yonkers, and it was going to be a summer to remember, shaped by exuberance and the kind of unspoiled view of the world only an 18-year-old can have. He was working as a lifeguard at Glen Island Park in New Rochelle when a girl in a red-and-white bikini came walking down the beach. She was five feet tall, maybe 100 pounds, deeply tanned, with bright hazel eyes, blonde highlights, and an irresistible smile. A Yonkers boy's dream. "I'd known her when I was like 12 or 13. So I went over and said, 'Hey, good-lookin'. Remember me?' " ◆ "Take off your sunglasses," she replied coolly. Then she smiled. "Vinny Davis." ◆ "I said yeah, and that was it. Bang! I was love-struck. I thought she was absolutely beautiful. We just hit it off. It seemed like we'd known one another all our lives." ◆ The two teens quickly became inseparable. There were trips to Great Adventure and Action Park and the old Playboy Club in Vernon, New

Jersey, but mostly it was a summer spent becoming part of each other's family. He was at her house. She was at his house. And there was always a picnic or a barbecue or a christening to go to.

By September, their summer fling had blossomed into a full-fledged romance, and Davis and Pelatti began to talk about the life they were going to make together. He went to work for an electronics company in Tuckahoe, and, trying to save money so he and Pelatti could get their own place, he also put in a couple of nights a week waiting tables at a Pizza & Brew in Scarsdale. But his dream, ever since he was a little boy, was to be a cop. His father was a sergeant in the NYPD, and Davis wanted to follow in his footsteps. He took the test, passed, and was on the waiting list to get into the academy.

And on October 30, 1981, a little more than a year after he and Pelatti met on the beach, he went to the Howard Johnson's restaurant where she worked several nights a week as a waitress (she was a dental assistant during the day) and surprised her.

Clutching flowers and a bottle of champagne, he got down on his knees and proposed, with a restaurant full of patrons watching. They chose April 17, 1983, as their wedding date. They'd have a traditional service at Mt. Carmel Church in Mount Vernon, followed by a reception at Marina del Rey, a catering hall with thick-pile carpets and big chandeliers in Throgs Neck. "Life was good," Davis recalls.



BEFORE THE BLUES
Davis with Diane Pelatti at a department party, November 3, 1988. Opposite, an early mug shot of Richie Sabol.

"HE TOLD HER AWFUL THINGS, LIKE 'I'LL THROW ACID I

BUT IF IN ONE SENSE THEIR ROMANCE was charmed, a luminous fairy tale of young love, in another it was cursed. Cursed, specifically, by a likable but vicious punk named Richie Sabol, a wiseguy-in-training who'd been Pelatti's boyfriend in high school. Sabol was in jail when Davis and Pelatti started dating, one year into a three-year sentence for attempted robbery at the Fishkill Correctional Facility. But Sabol still had plenty of friends around Yonkers, and they told him what his former girlfriend was up to.

"Toward the end of that first summer," Davis says, "I started getting phone calls from Sabol threatening to kill me, to kill my family, if I didn't break up with Diane."

That wasn't the worst of it, however; Sabol had also begun to threaten Pelatti. "He was calling and telling her all kinds of awful things," Davis remembers. "Like 'If I can't have you, nobody will. I'll cut off your fingers. I'll fuck your sister and make you watch. I'll throw acid in your face and make you so ugly nobody'll want you.'

"This guy was really demented. She was literally petrified. She knew what he was like better than anyone. When they were dating, he showed up at her house one day with a bloody brick in his hand and said he killed somebody."

Davis told his father and the Yonkers police what was happening, and the phone calls stopped for a time. But a few months before the wedding, Davis was supposed to meet his fiancée at her parents' house one evening and she showed up over two hours late. When she came in, she was hysterical. Pelatti said Sabol had been waiting for her outside of work with a shotgun, forced her into his car, verbally abused her, and warned her yet one more time that he would kill her if she married someone else.

"Being young and stupid," says Davis, "I went crazy. I was like, 'I'm gonna fuckin' kill this guy. I'll rip his fuckin' head off. Just let me get a piece of him.' So I put the word out on the street in Yonkers that I wanted to talk to him. But he disappeared, at least for a while."

This pattern was to repeat itself over and over during the next fourteen years. Sabol was in and out of jail, popping up in different cities, but he always seemed to find time, wherever he was, to torment Davis and Pelatti. "It was like magic," Davis says. "Every time I turned around, he was back out on the street. And I couldn't understand it. He was the epitome of why I wanted to be a cop. But he manipulated and manipulated, and he kept beating the system. And I think that's why I became obsessed with him."

Over the years, Davis's obsession grew to such Ahab-like proportions that he completely lost his bearings. In 1994, in his never-ending quest to get Sabol out of his life—and to get even with him—Davis stumbled into one of the government's most potentially productive attempts to infiltrate the New York–New Jersey mob in years.

The government's point man in the clandestine operation was Richie Sabol.

By the time the passion play reached its final act, Davis had been fired from his job as a New York City cop, forfeited his pension, split up with Pelatti after eleven years of marriage, and gone heavily into debt. He'd lost nearly all of his belongings in an apartment fire that he believed Sabol was somehow responsible for—even though Sabol was in prison at the time.

Most devastating of all, Davis—who'd been a decorated police officer—was convicted in federal court on eleven counts of obstruction of justice, witness tampering, and conspiracy. He was sentenced to 45 months of hard federal time in Lewisburg for his crimes, and he actually served sixteen months before nine of the eleven convictions were overturned on appeal.

But the government wasn't satisfied. Davis was retried at the beginning of this year on two remaining counts of witness tampering. The trial ended in a hung jury. Even then the government, as obsessed, seemingly, with Davis as Davis was with Sabol, wasn't through with him. The U.S. Attorney's office is now in the midst of its third prosecution of Davis. The trial began last week in federal court in Newark.

TO UNDERSTAND THE BIZARRE RELATIONSHIP that developed between Davis, Sabol and Pelatti, it helps to understand the kind of neighborhood they grew up in. Their corner of Yonkers was populated by Italian, Irish, and Jewish families, quite a few of whom had moved up from the Bronx or Brooklyn. And while the neighborhood was greener, the houses bigger, and the schools nicer, their neighbors, at least socioeconomically, remained the same. Which is to say that just like back in the boroughs, they were mostly cops and firemen and guys who owned small businesses like gas stations and pizza places.

"Because we were all recent expatriates from the boroughs," says Tom Cascione, a lawyer and lifelong Davis friend, "the kids tended to be tougher than your usual suburbanites. Sprinkled throughout the neighborhood were established wiseguys who moved up there to raise their kids. So we all grew up with the sons and daughters of the mob, real second-generation wiseguys."

Guys who come out of this kind of mix often end up in the criminal-justice system, either as cops, lawyers, or felons. And those who become cops, like Davis, are usually as tough as the guys who go the other way. When I first met him, he was wearing a black leather blazer, a fitted black V-neck, tight black jeans, and black cowboy boots with silver heel trim—signaling, even in his dress, that he's not someone to be trifled with. Nor is he someone who would have been intimidated by a character like Sabol.

At the beginning of 1985, Davis was finally sworn into the police academy. "I felt like my dream was coming true," he says. But though he graduated in the top 10 percent of his class, he learned, to his bitter disappointment, that he'd been picked for the transit police. Assigned to District 11 near Yankee Stadium, Davis rode the trains from eight at night till six in the morning: back and forth from Woodlawn Road to Grand Central, or from 241st Street and White Plains Road to Times Square, or on the No. 6 up and back from the stadium.

In those days, before the merger with the NYPD, transit cops felt like second-class citizens. "I hated it," Davis says. "Everyone down there had a gun and you're riding by yourself and these big, heavy transit radios didn't work. We could put a guy on the moon, but we couldn't give a cop in the subway a radio that worked. If you needed to call for help, you had to hope the motorman or the token-booth clerk saw it, otherwise you weren't gettin' any. You were really by yourself and you had to walk pretty tall because between eight at night and six in the morning, every creature in the world is down there," he says, suddenly starting to smile.

"You wanna know what it's like to be a transit cop? Pick the hottest day of the summer, go out in your garage, pee in a corner, and stand in it for eight hours. Get the picture? That's what I did for a living."

Davis was often in trouble with his bosses—though he was rarely written up formally—for helping the NYPD or responding to NYPD calls that he heard on his radio. It was almost as if he couldn't stop himself. He was impulsive, a quality that usually served him well as a cop but would eventually do irreparable damage in his war with Richie Sabol.

Davis and Pelatti had moved into an apartment in a two-family house in the Baychester section of the Bronx, and lived what seemed like the sweet, typical life of a young married couple: new furniture, beach vacations to Acapulco and Aruba, the occasional evening out in the city. But Sabol, however sporadically, continued to shadow them. Though he wasn't camped out on their doorstep day in and day out, he'd make his presence felt intermittently, unexpectedly, either showing up at Pelatti's dental office or calling the house.

"Diane would come home absolutely terrified after seeing him," Davis says. "And before too long, like in our third year of marriage, she started having panic attacks. She had the first one when we were shopping in Scarsdale. She simply froze by a clothing rack, unable to move or catch her breath. Shortly after this, she started seeing a psychiatrist and taking antidepressants. She also started drinking a lot of wine, because it calmed her."

Davis, meanwhile, made sure he used his contacts in the streets and bars of Yonkers, as well as his resources as a cop, to try to keep Sabol on his radar screen. He also talked to his supervisors at work about the problems he was having with Sabol, looking for ways the department might help.

Though Sabol was small and wiry—five feet seven, perhaps 145 pounds—and didn't look like much of a physical threat, his reputation for unbridled fury was huge. On one occasion, he threatened to beat a witness with a baseball bat; the case was dismissed when the witness left the country. His own brother testified against him and was so frightened he went into the witness-protection program.

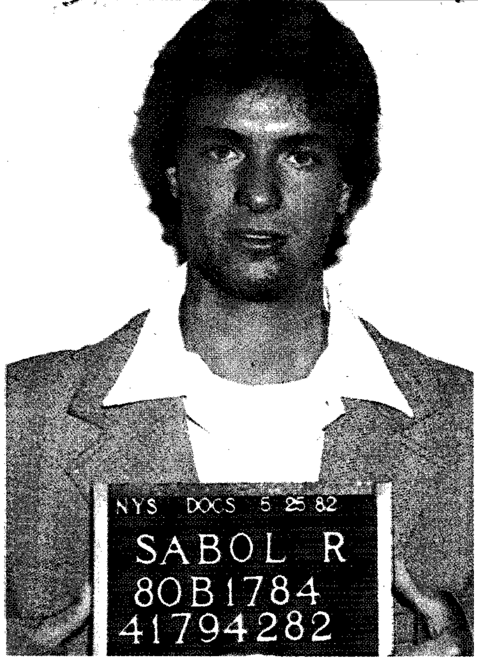
"The whole Pelatti relationship was a sort of hobby for Sabol," says Cascione. "He didn't invest a lot of time in it. But he was capable of so much mischief. When he was sitting in jail with nothing better to do and Vinny was courting her, it was a big deal to him. But when he got out, it was only a passing interest. So he'd stop by and rile things up once in a while. You know, make a threat. Sabol didn't obsess about Vinny. But Vinny certainly obsessed about Sabol."

Finally, when Sabol was busted for running a credit-card scam in 1985, Davis, who'd been tracking him in his self-appointed role as a kind of Inspector Javert, got the word. He heard about the arrest from people in the neighborhood, and he made sure to follow the progress of the trial. He managed to stay away until the sentencing. But after six years of harassment from Sabol, he wanted not only to see what he looked like (they'd never actually met) but to see him get put away.

"Here's a guy saying he's gonna cut off my wife's fingers and throw acid in her face. I wanted to see him get his due. I was gonna feel good about it," says an unrepentant Davis.

So he put on a pair of dark glasses and went to the courthouse in White Plains. Before he sat down in the back of the courtroom, he picked up a copy of the presentencing report. If Davis had any remaining doubts at all about just how brazen Sabol was, they were erased that afternoon. He learned, for example, that Sabol's girlfriend around the time he was busted—a woman he'd allegedly beaten and thrown down a flight of stairs—was so afraid of him she had adopted a new identity in another state.

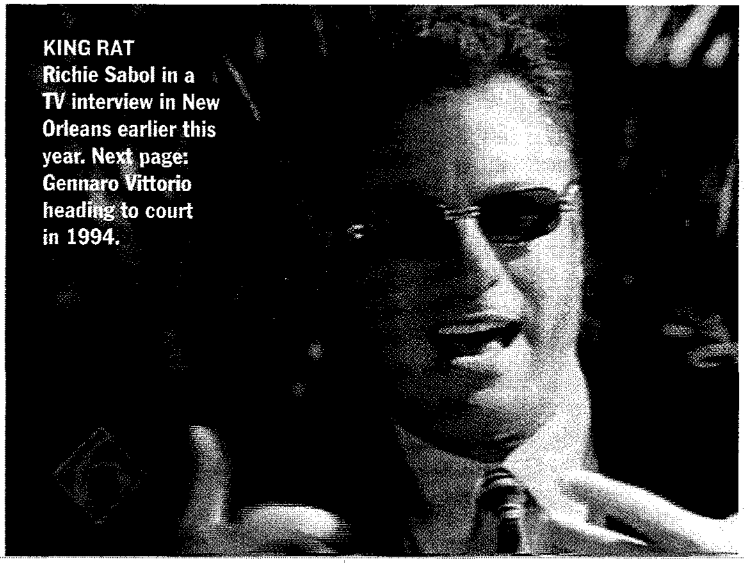
UR FACE AND MAKE YOU SO UGLY NOBODY'LL WANT YOU.'"



He also learned that at his bail hearing, Sabol had turned to the four FBI agents sitting in the gallery, one of whom played a key role in his arrest, and said, "I'm gonna get you. I'm gonna get you. I'm gonna get you."

But the fact that Sabol got twelve years was reason to celebrate. Davis left the courthouse and picked up his wife, whose office was close by, and took her to lunch.

"After that, he made occasional phone calls from jail, mostly to my wife's office. He said he heard I was in court and he thought I had something to do with his arrest. He told her he didn't care if I was a cop; he was gonna kill me and my family anyway. But at least I knew he was gone now for a long time."



KING RAT Richie Sabol in a TV interview in New Orleans earlier this year. Next page: Gennaro Vittorio heading to court in 1994.

"MAYBE THE AVERAGE PERSON WOULD HAVE GIVEN MORE GROUN

SABOL ENDED UP SERVING less than six years, and was back in Yonkers by March 1991. He made a few visits to Pelatti's office and a few phone calls to the house. Davis told his captain and his sergeant that Sabol was on the loose again, and he asked for nights and weekends off so his schedule would match his wife's. That way, at least he'd be around when she was.

But his bosses at the precinct were beginning to lose their patience. They believed Davis was so obsessed with Sabol that he was creating this fiction, an elaborate paranoid fantasy, that the guy was after him. "My sergeant began to think I was either a nut or a liar or both. It got so that whenever I opened my mouth about this, the whole damned department looked at me like I needed psychological service," Davis says, sounding exasperated even now.

"Vinny was essentially powerless within the law to do anything," says Cascione, who represented Davis at his first trial. "Maybe the average person would've given more ground or even made some effort to run away somewhere," Cascione speculates. "You know, to move or something. But Vinny's too macho to run, and besides, he was a cop. I suppose there's also a real possibility Sabol would've just gotten bored and gone away if Vinny hadn't taken the bait so wholeheartedly."

Eight months after he'd been paroled on the credit-card conviction, Sabol was arrested again. This time it was on November 5, 1991, at an Atlanta Days Inn, for buying two kilos of cocaine for $38,000 from an undercover DEA agent. Quickly convicted on the drug charge and facing more than twenty years, Sabol was backed into a corner. But rather than spend a couple of decades in federal prison, he decided to try to use his criminal contacts and varied skills as a con man to help the government.

His first hope was Ron Geer, the Atlanta DEA agent who busted him. But Geer declined Sabol's offer. "It became very apparent," he says, "that Richie Sabol would be a very, very difficult individual to control."

Undeterred, Sabol began to work the phones from prison, shopping himself around to various government agencies and their field offices: the DEA in New York, Cincinnati, Tampa, and Savannah; the organized-crime task force in New York; and the U.S. Customs office in Newark.

Initially, his only taker was the Savannah DEA office, but within weeks, Sabol proved that while he was pretty much a loser as a thug—at 32, he'd already spent nearly half his life in jail—he was a marquee-value rat. The authorities placed him in the cell of a pathological crack boss named Ricky Jivens, who, among his many other crimes, was believed, as head of a local drug crew, to have ordered as many as 30 murders.

Not only was Sabol able to get close enough to Jivens to get him to identify the shooter on most of the hits, but he extracted the name of a crooked cop—who just happened to be a high-ranking drug-enforcement officer and who eventually got life in prison. He also provided the government with information that enabled them to scuttle a plot to kill the mother of the assistant U.S. Attorney who was prosecuting Jivens.

In exchange for his extraordinary work as an informant, Sabol was given what's known as Rule 35 consideration, a reduction in sentence based on cooperation—his sentence was scaled back from twenty years to six.

Then, using his work in Savannah as a selling tool, a kind of rat's résumé, he once again began to work the phones. This time, the U.S. Customs office in Newark—not exactly a high-glam crime-fighting agency in a sexy location—decided to use Sabol as an informant after Sabol boasted that he could get inside the Lucchese crime family.

AS SABOL'S RELATIONSHIP with the government was solidifying, Davis was shocked to find that his marriage was falling apart.

"I don't know if I was spending too much time on the job," he says, "or if I just wasn't paying attention, but I didn't see it coming. But by 1991, things really began to get bad.

"Diane was having trouble getting pregnant," says Davis. "We were going to fertility doctors, she was going to a psychiatrist, and the stress just finally became too much. She began to have a nervous breakdown. She was staying out drinking. She was really just a mess."

Davis was spiraling downward, too. He and Pelatti separated at the beginning of 1993. Working the day shift now, he was off duty by four. By 4:30, he'd be in a bar somewhere, and by 8:30, he'd usually be passed out drunk on his couch with a half-eaten plate of takeout Chinese food on the coffee table. That May, he lost nearly everything in an apartment fire—of course, he suspected Sabol had a hand in setting it—and had to move back into his family's house in Yonkers.

At the family dinner on Christmas Day, Davis was drunk and depressed. Around the table were his parents, his two brothers and their girlfriends, and his sister and her husband, Michael Lanteri. Davis wasn't paying attention to the conversation, but suddenly

Lanteri began to talk to him directly.

“Hey, Vinny, didn’t you tell me that guy Sabol’s in jail for twenty years?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, guess what? He’s out.”

“What’re you talking about? He’s doing twenty on a federal drug rap.”

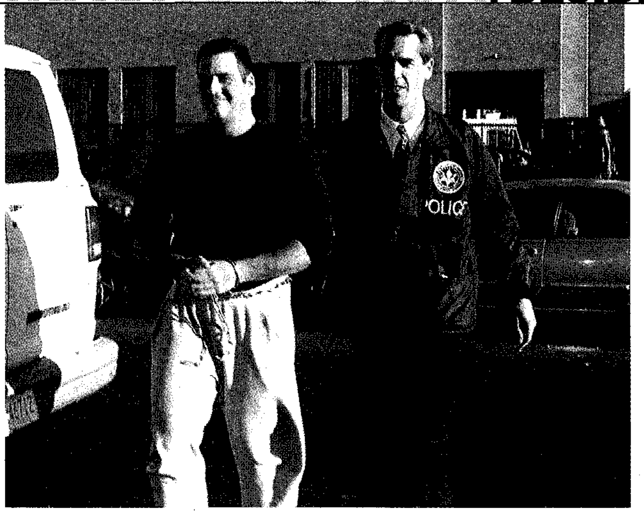
“He’s out and he’s hanging with Gerry,” Lanteri said, referring to his best friend, a wiseguy named Gennaro Vittorio.

But this was not just any wiseguy. Gennaro Vittorio, a.k.a. Gerry Giampa, was the stepson of Joseph Giampa, a capo in the Lucchese family who supervised a crew of ten soldiers, or “made members” of the mob, and dozens of associates—“worker bees” in mobspeak.

Davis was able to collect himself long enough to figure out what he thought was going on. He told Lanteri that if Sabol was out so soon, it meant he must’ve rolled on somebody. “Tell your friend Gerry to stay away from Sabol, because I’m going after him and I’m gonna take him down. I’m gonna find out what he’s up to and send him back to prison.”

Six days later, the house was filled with people for a New Year’s Eve party. At five minutes to midnight, Davis, who’d consumed an entire bottle of Johnnie Walker Black, went upstairs to his bedroom. The ball was about to drop in Times Square, and he couldn’t bear to be in the midst of everyone celebrating. It was the first New Year’s since 1980 he’d spent without Diane Pelatti. He sat on the edge of the bed sobbing.

IT VINNY’S TOO MACHO TO RUN. BESIDES, HE WAS A COP.”



Photograph by Richard Rosenberg/*The Star Ledger.*

He’d always wanted to be just like his father. He wanted to be a cop, and now he was on shaky ground at work because of his personal problems. He wanted to get married young and have a family the way his dad did. But his wife couldn’t have children, they’d split up, and now she was strung out.

He took his gun out and was holding it in his hands when his brother and a friend came into the room.

“What’re you doing?” his brother asked.

“Nothing.”

“What’s with the gun?”

Looking back, Davis says he’s not even sure he realized he had it in his hand. His brother Michael walked over slowly and carefully took the gun away.

“Life made no sense to me,” Davis says. “And everything was compounded by the fact that Sabol was back on the street. I felt there was no justice in the world and nothing worth living for.”

SABOL, MEANWHILE, WAS WHEELING AND dealing, courtesy of the U.S. Customs office in Newark. He’d been set up in a specially equipped two-story condo in North Bergen that was wired for sound and video. There were two cameras in the living room and a converted closet on the second floor that had been soundproofed and turned into a viewing room with monitors, VCRs, and headsets. Sabol had no trouble luring his prey to the apartment.

By September 1993, Sabol was off and running as an aspiring member of the Lucchese family. There were meetings at places like the Villa Barone restaurant in the Bronx and the Queen Elizabeth Diner in New Jersey. And always Sabol came bearing goodies: 156 cases of stolen liquor; luggage, sweatsuits, and backpacks; 247 counterfeit Cartier, Rolex, and Gucci watches; Chanel handbags. Like giving toys to children, providing stolen merchandise to the wiseguys was enough to win their affection.

At one meeting in December, Sabol arranged to buy a 9-mm. Mac-10 submachine gun with a silencer. He told Vittorio he was going to use it to rob and kill a drug dealer. He also bought an ounce of heroin for $5,000 supplied by two Lucchese soldiers, James McManus and Guy Fatato. And over time, there were deals involving $1 million worth of furs stolen from Filene’s; illegal gambling machines; counterfeit money; machine guns; more drugs; and an even wider assortment of stolen merchandise.

The centerpiece of the elaborate sting was to be a warehouse in Cliffside Park, New Jersey. Sabol sold Vittorio on the idea that they could use it as a kind of central distribution center, a regional headquarters for stolen cars, drugs, weapons, gambling machines, and all manner of stolen merchandise. Mobsters, the government hoped, wouldn’t be able to stay away. To get the plan moving, Sabol and Vittorio got a $10,000 loan from Joseph Giampa—at extortionary rates, of course.

FOUR WEEKS AFTER CHRISTMAS, ON JANUARY 25, Davis was at a neighborhood Irish bar on Lake Avenue in Yonkers called Morley’s. It was early evening when a mope from the neighborhood said almost in passing that Sabol had been around and was running his mouth about getting even with Davis. The guy at the bar also said Sabol was hooked up with Gennaro Vittorio and they had machine guns and they were making five grand a week apiece doing all kinds of things and Davis was going to end up dead.

The moment the guy finished talking, Davis was on a pay phone in the back of the bar yelling at his brother-in-law, Michael Lanteri.

“Did you tell Gerry to stay away from Sabol?”

“Yeah.”

“Well, he’s not. Get that asshole on the phone and tell him to come over to my house right now, ’cause I wanna talk to that moron. I’ve had it with this crap.”

Davis maintains that he didn’t exactly know Vittorio was a mob guy. He says he knew the six-foot-two, 285-pound, steroid-enhanced tough guy worked as a bouncer, and that he’d beaten people; shot a couple of guys; and went to topless bars without paying. But he thought of Vittorio simply as his brother-in-law’s best friend and a guy who pretty much did whatever he wanted.

“I didn’t pay much attention to that other stuff. You know, you can’t go two blocks in Yonkers without someone saying that’s the home of capo so-and-so,” says Davis. “I grew up there, so I’ve heard this stuff all my life, and you take it with a grain of salt.”

And so, at ten o’clock on a snowy January night, Vittorio gets the call from Lanteri. “It’s bad,” he tells him. “You gotta come down here right now. It’s about you.”

“They come over,” says Davis, who’d left the bar and gone home. “And I’m pie-eyed drunk. I’ve got a glass of Scotch in my hand, my shirt was off, and I’m babbling. I had my beer muscles on, and I'm yelling at this huge fucking mobster that he's an idiot and he's dealing with an informant.

"I'm trying to get him to understand that Sabol got pinched in a coke deal by an undercover DEA guy and was sentenced to like twenty years. Well, now Vittorio's starting to get crazy because he's finally beginning to get the picture. He starts saying he's gonna kill that fuck. I said, 'Oh, now I have your attention, schmuck?' "

This meeting, along with a subsequent one on March 2 that was almost identical in form and content, represents the heart of the government's case against Vinny Davis. The prosecution contends Davis told Vittorio that Sabol was an informant because he wanted him to hurt Sabol or perhaps even kill him. Vittorio testified at the first two trials that Davis said, "Either you kill him, or get me a gun and I'll do it."

The defense contends Davis was so drunk at both meetings that there was no way he could have formed intent, which is required for a witness-tampering conviction. "I don't remember telling Vittorio to get me a gun and I'll kill him," Davis says. "But I might've said I'd kill him. I was totally juiced and I was rip-roaring mad."

Gerald Saluti, one of the two baby-faced lawyers who have been fighting for Davis since 1997, admits that his client didn't make the best choices. "Did Vinny do something stupid? I think the answer is he absolutely did," says Saluti, a former assistant prosecutor. "But it wasn't criminal."

Anthony Iacullo, Davis's other Montclair-based lawyer, also a former prosecutor, agrees: "Vinny let his emotions take over. He made decisions that were a product of his overuse of alcohol and a view of the situation distorted by his feelings for his wife. But keep in mind that the pressures in his life were due in large part to the government releasing people like Sabol who should have been locked up for a long time."

"HE'S NUTS," SABOL TOLD THE MOBSTER. "CALL HIS EX-WI

AFTER THE JANUARY 25 MEETING WITH Davis, Vittorio was crazed. He knew he'd screwed up big-time. Not only did he believe he would be arrested at any moment, but he felt responsible for putting eight of his associates at risk as well. Worst, however, was the fact that Vittorio knew he'd made his father vulnerable. He had brought Sabol around, vouched for him. Now he'd have to take care of it. He'd have to kill Sabol.

He called his associates the day after the meeting and gave them the bad news. Vittorio, who'd shot several people in his career, including a couple of guys at the China Club in 1992, had come up with two plans to take out Sabol. Either he'd arrange to meet him at a restaurant and shoot him from a distance when he was on the way in, using a rifle with a high-powered scope, or he'd have someone pose as a waiter and stab him in the back of the neck with an ice pick or a knife and then walk out the side door into a waiting car.

But he couldn't do anything without his father's okay. The two men met on January 27 at the Jovial Boys Club on 3rd Street in the Bronx. "When I told him my plan," says Vittorio, "he looked at me like I had twenty heads. He said, 'Are you crazy? There is probably twenty agents around him all the time. You'll just get everybody pinched.' I would have killed Sabol dead if I could have. The only reason I didn't was my father."

Sabol realized he had a problem when, literally overnight, everyone stopped taking his calls.

But the informer's skills as an actor and a schmoozer were so prodigious that even after Davis told Vittorio he was an informant, Sabol very nearly convinced him he wasn't. Vittorio started to question what Davis had said for two key reasons: He hadn't been arrested, and he'd found out Davis had a history with Sabol that might've motivated him to make the whole thing up.

The turnaround almost came on February 18, when Sabol was finally able to pry a name out of Vittorio. Initially, when he pushed Vittorio to tell him who accused him of being a rat, the mobster said it was a crooked FBI agent just to shut him up. This was picked up on the wiretaps and resulted in a furious internal FBI investigation to find out if there was a leak. But now Vittorio was thinking maybe he'd been had—this time by Davis—and his resolve began to weaken.

He told Sabol he couldn't give up the name but he could give him a hint. "It rhymes with Skinny Avis," the mobster said.

"I never met this kid Vinny Davis face-to-face in his life," Sabol is recorded as saying on one of the government wiretaps, "but he hates me. I wanna grab this cocksucker. This fuck. He's nuts. Call his ex-wife up right now and she'll tell you how much he hates me."

Not only does Sabol mention during this phone call the specific date that the Davis-Pelatti divorce is supposed to go through, but wiretaps show that on the day of this conversation, he called Pelatti three times. During one of the calls, he asked her to dinner and told her that very shortly, courtesy of the government, he was going to be able to relocate anywhere in the world. He then asked her to go with him.

Though Davis didn't find out until years later, Pelatti and Sabol began not long after to have an affair. As bizarre and perhaps as awful as this was for all the obvious reasons, it was even more bizarre and more awful because Davis and Pelatti were not really through with each other. Even after they separated, and after the divorce was final, they continued to see each other and even to occasionally sleep together.

"It sounds strange," says Cascione, who handled the divorce, "but Vinny and Diane never really cooled off to one another. They knew they had to split up, but neither one really wanted to be done with the other. She was as obsessed as he was."

THROUGHOUT THE SPRING OF 1994, Davis says, he was never worried, not even a little, that he'd get in trouble for what he did. "I just didn't think I'd done anything wrong. I mean, I said what I said to Vittorio, but I was annihilated. I was just shootin' the shit, drunk out of my mind and guessing at best. It was a good guess, but that's all it was," he says.

At 6 A.M. on a hot and sticky August day that summer, Davis parked his car at the Getty station on Central Avenue, as he did every morning on his way to work, and went inside to get coffee. The newspapers were stacked up by the counter where they usually were, and a headline about the Mafia caught his eye. He started reading the story, and the farther into it he got, the more his heart started to race.

Everybody was in it. Gennaro Vittorio, Joseph Giampa, and, of course, Richie Sabol. The very last sentence of the story was, "The investigation was thwarted when an unidentified New York City police officer tipped off the mob."

"I dropped the paper, I dropped my coffee, and I said, 'Holy shit, that's me,' " Davis says.

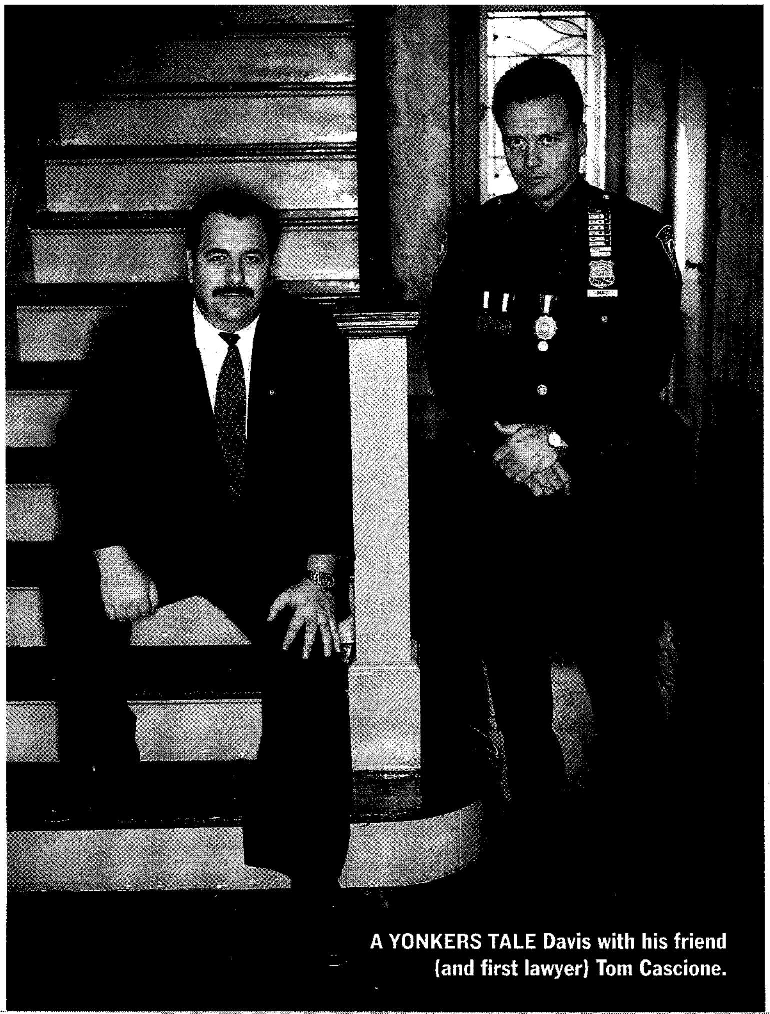
In June of the following year, Vittorio and friends went on trial. Even with Davis's interference, Sabol had still managed to get prosecutors enough evidence to convict eight mobsters from two separate branches of the Lucchese family on 62 counts of racketeering, gambling, counterfeiting, selling stolen merchandise, loan-sharking, trafficking in guns, and dealing drugs. A ninth wiseguy, Louie

ND SHE'LL TELL YOU HOW MUCH HE HATES ME."

Dorval, had to be dropped from the case when he was found floating in the ocean off Fire Island, stuffed in a toolbox with a bullet in his head.

Gennaro Vittorio, who spent three months fleeing the authorities, was eventually arrested while sitting on a stoop and eating a bowl of pasta on Rosedale Avenue in the Bronx. He got thirteen years.

After the sentencing, Cascione told Davis the one thing he might've had to worry about—an obstruction charge—had pretty much been eliminated now that all the mob guys got put away.



A YONKERS TALE Davis with his friend (and first lawyer) Tom Cascione.

Nevertheless, in February 1997, two and a half years after he'd read about the indictments in the paper, Davis was officially dismissed from the police force after a brief departmental trial. He went to work as a salesman for a casket company, and filed an appeal in New York Supreme Court to get his job back. "I still didn't believe I was gonna get in worse trouble," Davis says. "I figured they got their pound of flesh and that's it."

But one week before Christmas, Davis was parking his car outside the building where he worked. Just as he was closing the car door, he saw people running at him from different directions with guns drawn. "No one yells 'FBI' or anything," Davis says. "So for a moment I'm thinking, 'Oh, shit, it's a mob hit.' I'm throwing my coffee up in the air and covering my face with my arms. And then I hear the sirens and guys screaming 'FBI.' I was actually relieved."

THIS WEEK, DAVIS, THE DECORATED cop who began with the desire to do nothing more than protect his wife and family, is on trial again, facing as many as ten years in prison while two violent, hard-core criminals who together were supposed to do nearly 35 years are now free men; just as Sabol had done, Vittorio grabbed onto Rule 35 as a life preserver. He made a deal.

It was the perfect solution to a really bad situation—he broke no vow of loyalty by rolling over on a cop. Vittorio—who says he got his start in crime when he was 12 years old and defrauded his paper route—did, however, save himself more than nine of the thirteen years he was supposed to spend in prison by testifying against Vinny Davis.

As part of his deal, Vittorio has to stay out of trouble, which means he traded in the black leather jacket of his gun-toting, pipe-wielding mob days for the orange polyester of a Jersey Home Depot clerk.

Sabol disappeared into the witness-protection program right after Vittorio and his fellow Lucchese-family wiseguys were convicted. But he surfaced recently in New Orleans, where he'd been using the name Richie Coccia, running the Cafe Palermo in the French Quarter and working undercover for the government yet again.

In an interview with a New Orleans local TV reporter, Sabol, wearing a diamond-studded Rolex, a bulbous gold pinkie ring, and a gold bracelet, talked about his work as an informant and his twenty-year-old dispute with Vinny Davis.

"When I was a kid, Diane and I came out of some horror movie," he told the reporter when asked about the threats. "And I said to her, 'See what happens? If you ever do it to me, I'll throw acid in your face and cut off your fingers.'

"But everything got all blown outta proportion. Vinny Davis says I threatened him, I burned down his house. It *never* happened. These are all stories in this kid's mind. This guy, I don't know him, I never met him. There's always three sides to every story. His side, my side, and the truth."

Talking to the reporter, relaxed, smiling, his white teeth flashing, Richie Sabol seemed like what he is: a free man.

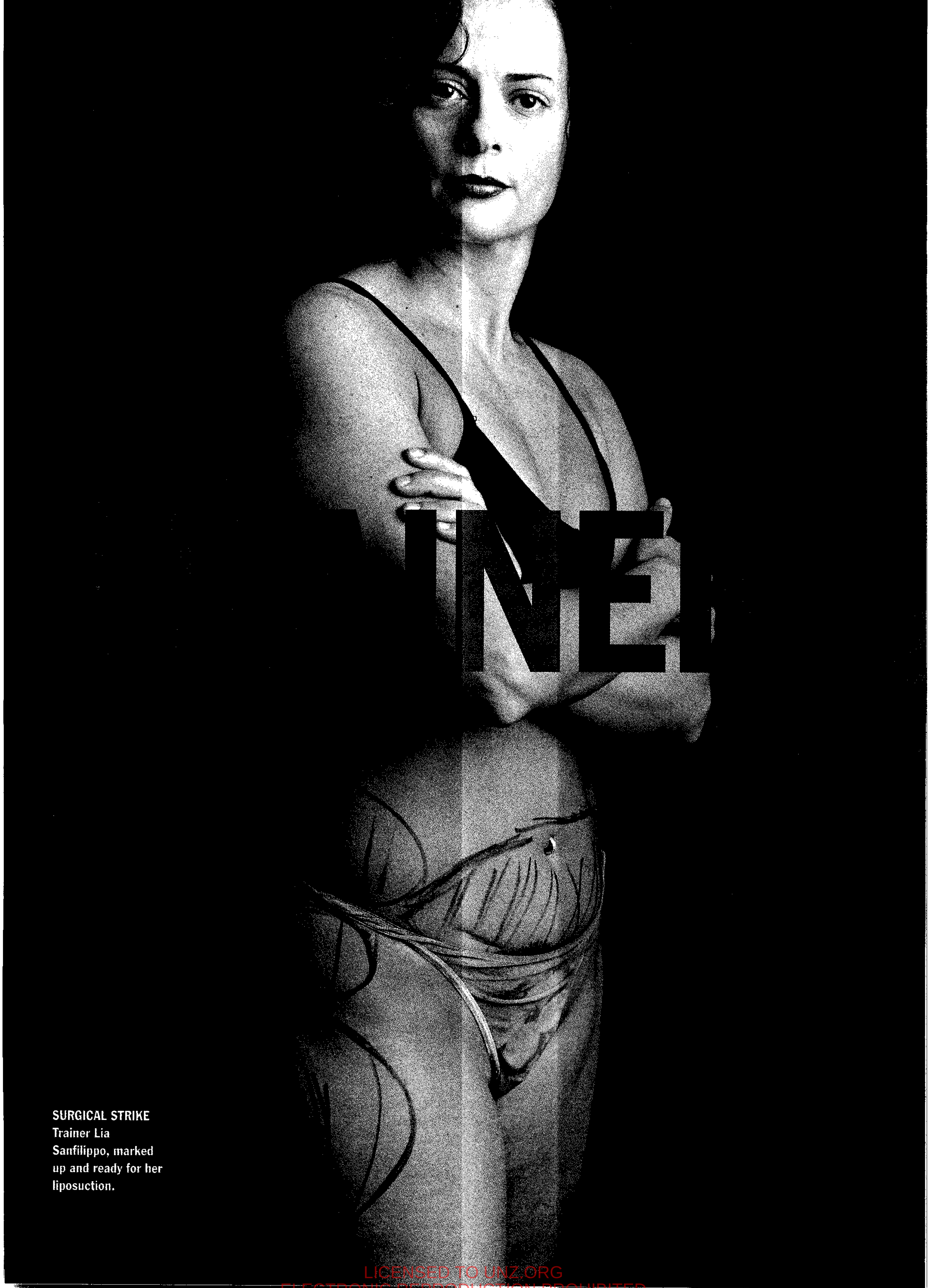
But the same can't be said for Vinny Davis. He has been involved with someone new for two years, a computer-support analyst who wants to get married and have children. They'd even picked a wedding date near the end of next month. But that was before the U.S. Attorney's office announced its decision to try him for the third time. Now all plans are on hold.

And Diane Pelatti is still not out of his life. As recently as six months ago, he had to have a restraining order issued to stop her from harassing him. Still in Yonkers and apparently living with her parents, she was, Davis claims, leaving messages on his answering machine threatening to shoot him unless he gave her money. Still, after everything that's happened, he says he feels no animosity toward her.

"Look, we had a lot of years together," Davis says wistfully. "And at one time, I loved her more than life itself. So it really hurts me to see her this way."

Now, both of them are a long, long way from that beach in New Rochelle. ▬

Photograph by Len Irish.



SURGICAL STRIKE Trainer Lia Sanfilippo, marked up and ready for her liposuction.

BY DAVID COLMAN

CRET

The flawless form you attributed to all those crunches may in fact be the work of a plastic surgeon. More and more fitness pros are turning to liposuction to lose those love handles. And only a fearless few are admitting it to clients. Shocked? Suck it up.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY NIGEL PARRY

GO FOR THE BURN? FAT CHANCE. THESE days, it's just as likely to be . . . go for the epidural.

Personal trainers, as a golden rule, have fearsomely perfect physiques and tend to reel off their minuscule body-fat percentages as eagerly as if they were peddling low-interest mortgages. After all, their bodies are their calling cards. So if, after you've spent several months pumping up and working out under their tutelage, your handles are still lovey and your thighs still have dimples, the thinking goes, you have only yourself to blame.

At least, I always thought so. Until the other day, when I was moaning to my trainer during my umpteenth set of crunches. Every time I sat up, I was treated to the sight of another trainer across the room inspecting/admiring his six-pack in the mirror. "Why can't I have abs like that?" I growled. My trainer looked around furtively, then made a sucking sound, as though taking a long sip from an imaginary straw.

"What's that?" I asked, slow on the uptake. "Some wonder steroid drink?"

He rolled his eyes at my naïveté, leaned forward conspiratorially, and murmured the magic word.

"Lipo."

LET'S ASSUME, THEN, THAT YOUR TRAINER HAS NO QUALMS about baring her supple thighs or his rippling stomach. That doesn't mean she or he isn't hiding something: a teeny, tiny liposuction scar.

You heard it here first. Prominent Manhattan plastic surgeons report that liposuction is regularly performed on personal trainers, aerobics instructors, and sundry other fitness pros, athletes, and bodybuilders. Official stats don't exist, but one surgeon, Dr. Helen Colen, says that such fit-for-life types make up nearly 20 percent of her business.

"I always thought great athletes had great bodies," recalls the ultracritical Colen. (Within minutes of meeting me, she told me that the only way I was getting rid of my love handles was lipo—and I had all my clothes on.) "But the truth is that you can be in extremely good physical shape, and still have all the fat in your body concentrated in your thighs and nowhere else.

"Trainers are people who are obsessed with their bodies," she adds. "Obsessed! So you better believe that they're going to want to have liposuction."

Dr. Todd Wider, another Manhattan plastic surgeon, whose near-perfect clientele includes a closely guarded list of models and actresses, also does a brisk business in personal trainers and fitness instructors. "Trainers have a hyperacute sense of their body image, which I guess is an occupational hazard," says Wider. "They make very interesting patients. They're appreciative but at the same time very demanding, because they're so concerned with their appearance, and they know what they want. It's a nice challenge."

SO IT WAS THREE WEEKS AGO THAT LIA SANFILIPPO, A PERsonal trainer at the Trainer's Place in Manhattan and a physical-education teacher in the New York City public-school system, went to the cushy Fifth Avenue offices of Dr. John Sherman and permitted him to draw all over her with a magic marker. Making himself a map, Sherman would soon go where no exercise regime or diet had gone before: into her saddlebags and love handles.

“I trained like crazy,” Sanfilippo said before the surgery. “I did everything—teaching classes, taking classes, dieting—and those areas never went away.”

Sherman was only too happy to help. In little more than an hour, he suctioned out two pounds of fat, fore and aft, on the trainer. And then all there was to do was wait. “It takes about a month for you to see the results, and about three months for everything to look really perfect,” says Sherman. (If you’re gearing up for the beach, in other words, you’re too late for this summer.)

DOCTORS SAY TRAINERS ARE AMONG the best candidates for liposuction—since usually they have good cardiovascular health, need the least fat extraction, and recover most quickly. And plastic surgeons love them as clients, since they’re the most likely to maintain their bodies. All too many clients, says Colen, come back to her in a year to complain. “They say, ‘Look where the fat went!,’ ” she says with a laugh. “I tell them, ‘The fat didn’t just *go* there—you have to eat it first.’ And you know, you take it personally if they ruin your work.”

But whether trainers are good candidates or not, the fact that more and more of them are indulging in liposuction underscores the dramatic shift that the procedure has undergone in the popular consciousness. Only five years ago it would have been sacrilege: Liposuction was seen as a cop-out for people who didn’t care about physical fitness. And in the workout world, the predominant thinking was that if you still have fat on your thighs or around your middle, well, you’re just not dancing fast enough.

But the Great American Athleticism has been tarnished by reports of widespread steroid, supplement, and drug use. And those proud athletes who once looked down on plastic surgery as the refuge for the cowardly now have to concede defeat: Not only can you not get perfect thighs in 30 days, but you can’t get them in 30 years either.

You can get them in 30 minutes, though. That plastic surgery should be the slimming method of choice for paragons of health like personal trainers and aerobics instructors must come as a delicious irony to plastic surgeons, who have been under continual fire for providing an easy way out for the vain, indolent, and wealthy.

There is even an argument being made that in some instances, lipo is the healthiest way to go. As Dr. Wider puts it, “Which is safer, dieting for years and depriving yourself of food or having liposuction?”

Good question. Dr. Barbara J. Moore, the president of Shape Up America!, the C. Everett Koop–founded education group that promotes fitness and nutrition, considers liposuction (and even love handles) an issue of cosmetics, not health, since you can be quite fit and still have some extra thigh insulation. But, she says, “if your strategy is one of restricting and restricting and restricting, that is not likely to be successful or healthy.”

This is not to say, however, that patients should be treating the OR as a Stairmaster surrogate—and neither should doctors, especially those without sufficient training in the operation. “Liposuction is not a trivial procedure, because it has the potential to kill otherwise healthy persons,” wrote three New York City doctors in *The New England Journal of Medicine* last year, reporting on the cases of five local patients who had died from complications of liposuction operations. “Deaths due to cosmetic surgery should be a matter for serious public concern.”

Plastic surgeons themselves, like Dr. Colen, chalk up the risk and accompanying bad press to underqualified doctors. “A lot of people who are doing it are not trained to do it, and as a result they’re not equipped to deal with shock or electrolyte changes,” Colen points out. “A doctor may under- or overhydrate a person—you can give someone heart failure. It seems simple—you go in and you get vacuum-cleaned—but it’s not. If you take too much fat, then you’ll throw the person into imbalance.

“But there’s nothing wrong with the procedure,” she continues. “It’s fine if it’s done on the right person for the right reason in the correct way. This is really not an operation for the overweight. It’s for bulges.”

In fact, recent advances like the introduction of a fluid process, called tumescent liposuction, and ultrasound equipment both make fat cells easier to suction out and reduce the extraction of nonfat tissue. “With ultrasound, it’s pure yellow fat,” says Colen, with her characteristic flair for the gory. And, she adds, “there are no lumps afterward, because the ultrasound breaks them down.” The cannula—the magic suction wand—is much smaller, so liposuction scars can now be no bigger than a bad mosquito bite.

These advances have meant good news for all liposuction patients: less trauma, faster recovery time, less risk of infections or complications, and so on. But they mean even better news for the super-body-conscious. “They care about every little blemish,” Colen says. “When the process became more dainty, they became more brave.”

‘IT’S THE BEST DECISION I’VE EVER made,” says Lisa Crisano, a personal trainer who went to Colen for liposuction on her thighs two years ago. Crisano began working out as a teenager and a few years ago did a bodybuilding show on a dare; she won both that one and the next one she did. “I did them without lipo,” she says, but it wasn’t a pleasant experience, because all too much of her prep work was focused not on her form but on keeping the fat in her thighs to the absolute minimum. “In order to get onto the stage,” she says, “I had to destroy myself with dieting.” Post-lipo, she eats and works out like a human being, albeit a very fit one, “instead of knocking my head against a wall.” She even weighs more than she did. In high school, she says, “I was five-five and 138 pounds. I was a chunker. Now I’m 142 and look thinner.”

Another trainer (who declined to be named) admits that the cachet of being a workout fanatic has lost some of its luster for trainers as well as for their clients. More and more people, she says, want to spend less time working out and more time on other pursuits—a mind-set that she believes is healthy. “I see these people who come into the gym twice a day now, and I

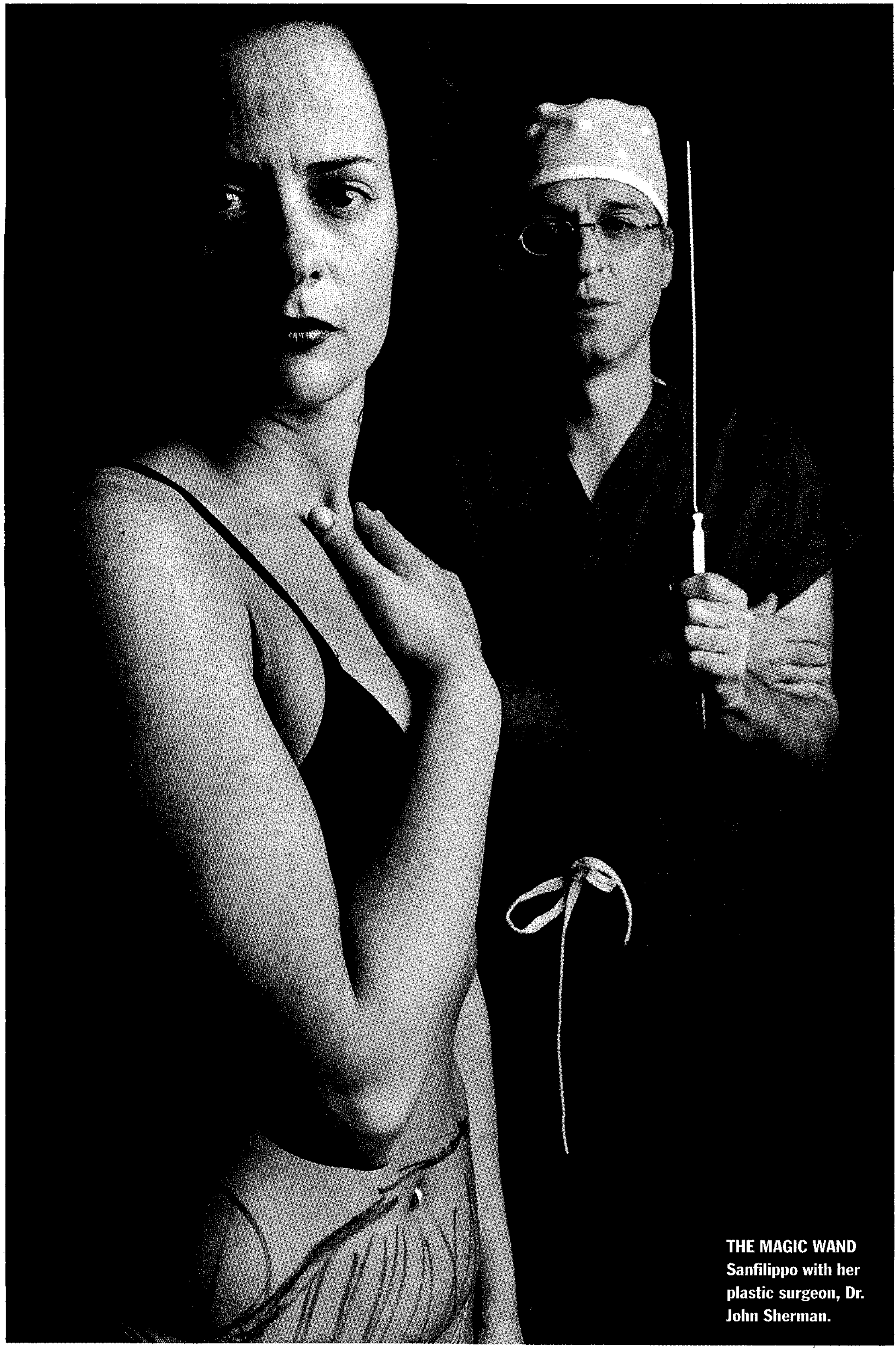
“You already see **dermatologists** who have offices in gyms,” says Dr. Wilder, predicting that in the **future, gyms** will have affiliations with plastic surgeons. “It’s hard to achieve society’s idea of **perfection** without **surgical intervention**—or airbrushing.”

think, *What do you do? How much of your life are you going to devote to this?"*

So perhaps this heralds a new synergy: a trainer and a surgeon who collaborate on perfecting your body. Dr. Wider, for one, believes that fine-tuning the athletic physique will be increasingly the province of doctors. "You already see dermatologists who have offices in gyms," he says, predicting that in the future, gyms will have affiliations with plastic surgeons. "Rock-hard abs might take you five years to achieve in a gym, and it can be done in an hour and a half through liposuction."

Wider's parting shot might also be his motto: "It's hard to achieve society's idea of perfection without surgical intervention—or airbrushing."

But trainers aren't about to be liposuction poster children, given how few of them are liable to own up to having it. "Most of them would never admit to getting liposuction," says Colen of her trainer patients. "They might get fired if they did. They're supposed to be promoting their club, not their doctor."



THE MAGIC WAND Sanfilippo with her plastic surgeon, Dr. John Sherman.

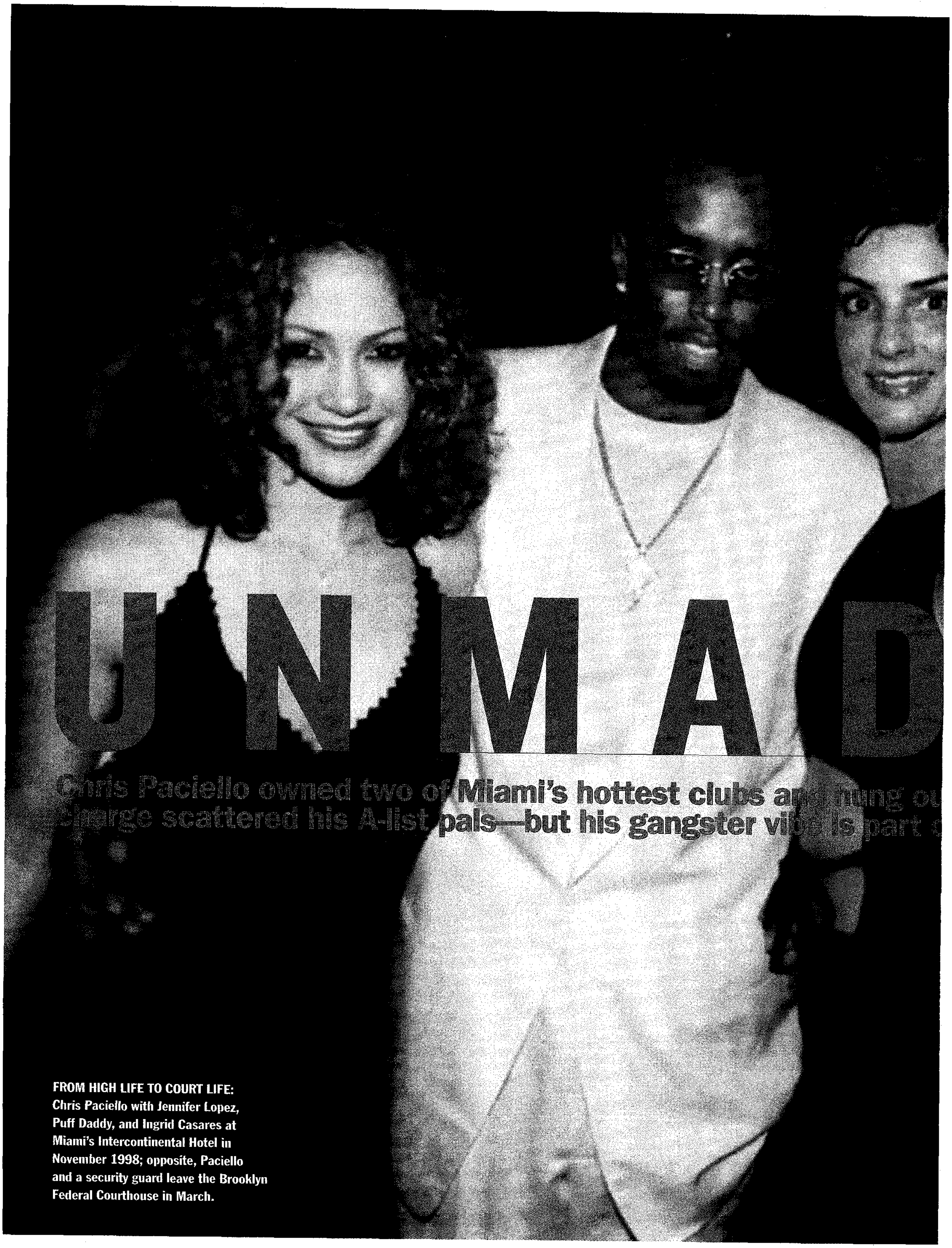
Case in point: another trainer in her early thirties who's a columnist for a prominent fitness magazine. She was ready to have liposuction on her legs and be interviewed for this article. Then her editor got wind of it. If she talked to me, or went through with the liposuction, the editor said, she would never write for the magazine again. That was the end of that. (Not the liposuction, necessarily. Just talking about it.)

Or take the trainer who gave a glowing account of her liposuction but declined to give her real name, and says she doesn't generally tell her clients she had it. "I don't gain from it—in fact, I could stand to lose a client," she says. But she doesn't feel as though she's being dishonest in keeping it secret. For her, liposuction was a last resort to get at a stubborn reserve, and she argues that it's in her clients' best interests that they not think of surgery as an option until they absolutely need—or want—to. That is, after they get fit and develop decent eating habits. "I like to get them to have a relationship with food, get the bad stuff out of their diet, and not be so obsessed with being skinny."

As of the three-week mark, Sanfilippo is reluctant to wholeheartedly endorse the surgery. "It's a high price for vanity," she says now. "I wasn't prepared for how much everything would hurt afterward." But, she says, "if those spots are gone, it will be worth it. I keep telling myself it's like being pregnant. When you finally get the results, suddenly you forget the pain."

And hey—as you've heard your trainer say so many times: No pain, no gain. ■

Previous spread: CPI. Grooming by Assumpta Clohessy/Susan Price.



UNMAD

Chris Paciello owned two of Miami's hottest clubs and hung ou
charge scattered his A-list pals—but his gangster vibe is part

FROM HIGH LIFE TO COURT LIFE: Chris Paciello with Jennifer Lopez, Puff Daddy, and Ingrid Casares at Miami's Intercontinental Hotel in November 1998; opposite, Paciello and a security guard leave the Brooklyn Federal Courthouse in March.

EMAN

vith Ingrid Casares, Jennifer Lopez, and Madonna. A murder
vhat drew them in the first place. **BY ROBERT KOLKER AND ETHAN BROWN**

O N HOT SUMMER DAYS, WHILE MOST OF MIAMI HAS RETREATED TO the air-conditioning of home, the city's beautiful people like to take their yachts out into the cool ocean breezes on Biscayne Bay. One day last August, a handful of the most beautiful people of all were enjoying those breezes in the company of Madonna, Ingrid Casares, and Chris Paciello.

The six-foot-one, 28-year-old owner of two of South Beach's most celebrated nightclubs, Paciello was known for rubbing elbows—and, rumor always seemed to have it, more than that—with Jennifer Lopez, model Niki Taylor, Spanish television star Sofia Vergara, and even Madonna herself. But his pretty-boy looks—pumped forearms, bedroom eyes, and expressive jet-black eyebrows—belied his business acumen. In 1995 his club Liquid helped put Miami on the nightlife map, partly because his partner, Ingrid Casares, was close with Madonna and almost every A-lister who flies south. In 1998 they invested in the cozy Ocean Drive restaurant Joia, in 1999 they opened the sleek lounge Bar Room, and in December they launched an outpost of Liquid in Palm Beach.

Paciello had come a long way from the rough Bensonhurst neighborhood he grew up in, where street fights were settled under the protective eye of the Mafia. He had seen as a teenager how much the nightclub

Photographs: left to right, Manny Hernandez; Diane Bondareff/AP Photo.

business could offer a tough guy who wasn't afraid to work hard, and he moved to Miami to go into business for himself when he was just 22. He took with him a reputation for getting into brawls—and winning them brutally—as well as the whiff of mob connections. But that only seemed to work in his favor in the Miami club scene. "Didn't most people see *GoodFellas* and think Ray Liotta was the sexiest thing in the world?" says Steven Lewis, a former top promoter at Life and Limelight who met Paciello in New York and later became a rival. "Chris has that gangster charm. You look at him and you think, *He knows people.*"

At some point that afternoon on the yacht, remembers another passenger, Paciello noticed they were being followed. Most of the revelers assumed they were being trailed by paparazzi. It wasn't until months later that another theory surfaced—that it was the FBI.

In November, a friend of Paciello's and Casares's told *New York,* Casares had a "nervous breakdown," terrified that the business she helped build would be ruined by the company she kept. Suddenly, Paciello started learning who his real friends were. "Madonna's whole attitude was, 'I never had any business dealings with him, so I don't care,' " the friend says. "But she made a general statement to Ingrid: 'You have to be careful of who you're with.' "

On December 1, as the culmination of an organized-crime investigation that stretched back at least to 1997, Chris Paciello surrendered to a U.S. Marshal a week after being indicted for a 1993 murder in Staten Island. Since then, prosecutors have claimed in court—but not yet formally charged—that Paciello burned down his first Miami club for the insurance money, permitted drug-dealing at Liquid, and tried to intimidate and sabotage three of his competitors. (*New York* has also learned that he still employs Robert Gordon, described during Limelight owner Peter Gatien's drug trial as a major ecstasy dealer in the early nineties.)

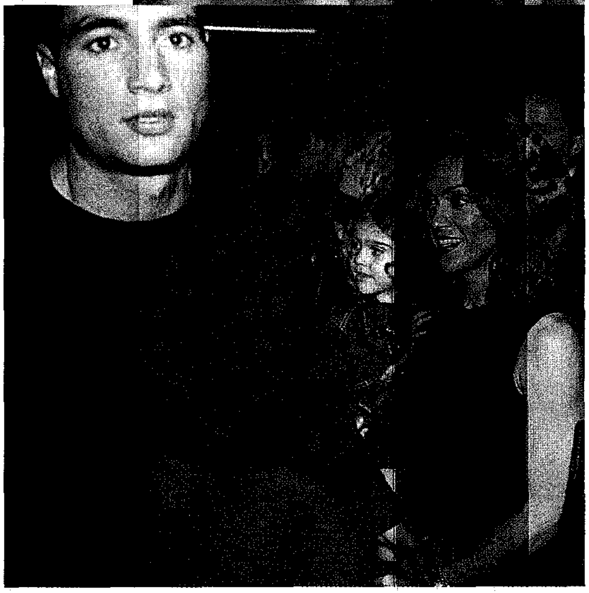
Federal prosecutor James Walden has said in court that a Florida Department of Law Enforcement investigation into the clubs' finances revealed circumstantial evidence of money laundering—reported profits that are grossly out of proportion with inventory purchases. And though Paciello told a friend last fall that the rumors about his mob connections were spread by people who were "fucking jealous," his codefendants in the indictment are all accused of having connections to the Bonanno crime family. The road to trial promises to be bumpy: Just last week, Walden revealed that security guards found marijuana and a partially empty box of .40 caliber bullets hidden in the Staten Island house where Paciello is, by court order, supposed to be monitored 24 hours a day.

It's tempting to frame the story of Chris Paciello as a cautionary tale about a blue-collar kid who would do anything to get at the good life—think "The Talented Mr. Paciello." But in truth, his story may say as much about South Beach: a place where drug dealers are so brazen they've turned a local gas station into an ecstasy supermarket. In such an environment, Paciello succeeded not despite his criminal tendencies but *because* of them. Even by the time Paciello had achieved enough respectability to serve on a city committee charged with limiting the number of clubs in South Beach, he was also living the low life. He was accused of pummeling a bodybuilder, a football player, and a corrections officer. Prosecutors say he maintained two different driver's licenses (one of which he denied existed, under oath), two Social Security numbers, and, Walden has alleged, a million dollars or more in hidden assets.

Only when the murder charge punctured Paciello's myth did the people who were excited by his aura of danger suddenly get spooked by it. "Chris is a gentleman, but he can be a villain," says Mark Baker, a New York promoter who worked with Paciello on a party. "And everybody loves a respectable villain." That is, until that villain gets caught.

Chris Paciello: Myself.
A Virtue: Loyalty.
Loneliness: Sometimes.
A Hero: My Mom.
Models: Delicious.
Family: Forever.
A Film: King of New York.
Something That Worries You: Everything.
A Defect: Temper.
Violence: No More! Lost Too Much!

—From a word-association interview with Chris Paciello in the October 1997 issue of the Miami magazine D'VOX.



LIFE'S A BEACH: Clockwise from top, Chris Paciello and Ingrid Casares at a South Beach "Volleypalooza Tournament"; Liquid; Michael Quinn in the emergency room; Paciello with Madonna and child at a September Versus fashion show in New York.

ONLY TWO THINGS SET CHRIS PACIELLO apart from the thousands of other teenagers who rode the subway in from the outer boroughs to experience Manhattan's anything-goes early-nineties nightlife: his muscle and his connections to Bensonhurst's Bath Avenue Crew. The Crew consisted of a dozen or more Italian toughs loosely connected to the Bonanno family, according to the indictment, who several sources said moved into the then-burgeoning nightlife scene by dealing ecstasy, protecting ecstasy dealers, and helping Limelight promoter Michael Caruso (a.k.a. "Lord Michael") cut down on his competition. "Opening night of the Palladium, a bunch of thugs were pushing the crowd and trying to create fights" in order to sabotage the club's opening, at Caruso's behest, Lewis told *New York.* "Chris was one of them. So I walked up to Chris and said, 'This is not a man's thing to do.' It was a man-to-man thing, and he agreed. He took everybody, and they all left."

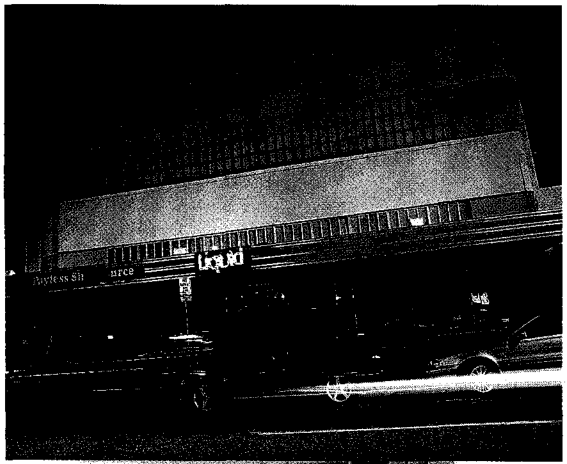
Photographs: top, Manny Hernandez; bottom, John Roca/*Daily News.*

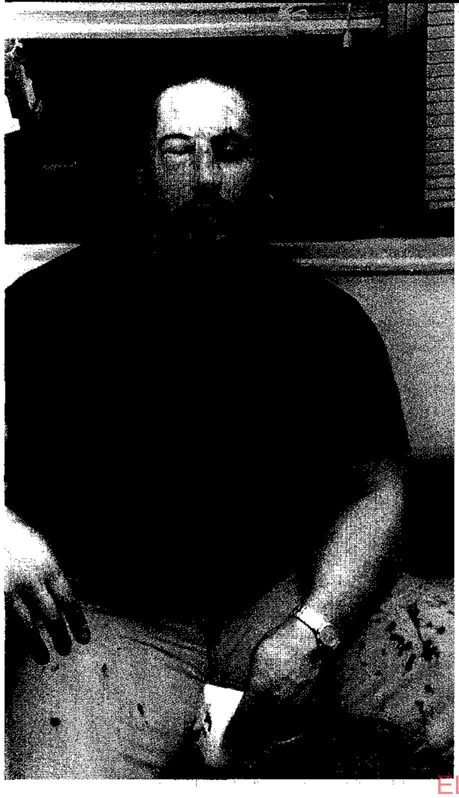
Once he had made it big in Miami, Paciello's time at Gatien's Limelight became the stuff of legend, and he was seen as an important New Yorker bringing big-city style to South Beach. But it was just that—legend. "I've never heard of him promoting in New York," says Gatien. "I've never even met the guy."

Paciello grew up Christian Ludwigsen on Thirteenth Avenue in Bensonhurst, steps from Bath Avenue, an Italian stronghold of weathered single-family homes and corner stores like "Casa Calamari." It's also a stronghold of the Bonanno, Gambino, and Colombo crime families. When he was 16, Paciello's family moved to Mercury Lane in Staten Island, but three years later he moved out of the house and took his mother's maiden name. The change wasn't simply a chance to flaunt the Italian side of his heritage; he told friends it was also a rejection of his father—who, the Queens and Brooklyn district attorney's offices report, on separate occasions in the late eighties faced charges for burglary, auto theft, and attempted criminal possession of a controlled substance. "Chris moved out and took the family with him," says Michael Capponi, a veteran South Beach promoter and, eventually, Paciello's director at Bar Room. "They don't talk anymore."

Capponi says Paciello's troubled relationship with his father made him something of a father figure himself—especially to friends with drug problems. "If I'd disappear in a bathroom for two minutes, he'd kick down the door to make sure I wasn't doing drugs," Capponi recalls, adding that after he recovered from heroin addiction in 1998, Paciello "put me in nice clothes and made me look respectable." The middle of three sons, Paciello still employs both of his brothers, one as Liquid's daytime maintenance man and one as Liquid's current manager.

“Didn't most people see *GoodFellas* and think Ray Liotta was the sexiest thing in the world? Chris has that gangster charm. You look at him and you think, *He knows people.*”





Photograph: top, Brian Smith/Corbis Outline.

Paciello dropped out of high school when he moved to Staten Island, but he kept close ties with friends from the old neighborhood. Around that time, a source in clubland told *New York*, he was dating Roxanne Rizzo, the daughter of Johnny Rizzo, a top soldier under John Gotti in the Gambino crime family. "Forget those girls you read about on 'Page Six,' " the source says. "Roxanne was the love of Chris's life."

Prosecutors also say Paciello's name was found in a Bath Avenue Crew telephone book surrendered by a witness. At the time, most of the Crew's alleged crimes were small-time—robberies of a pet shop, a hardware store, and some video rental joints—but they had links higher up the Bonanno family's food chain. "The Crew would pay a portion of their proceeds for the right to invoke the family name if they got into territory disputes with other crime families," says a law-enforcement source.

Over the next few years, the Bath Avenue Crew also got involved in the rave scene that was developing in Brooklyn, shaking down promoters who threw parties in what they regarded as their territory. "One of my partners got rolled up on by heavy-duty Mafia guys" when he was throwing a party in the Bath Avenue area, remembers D.J. and rave promoter Frankie Bones. "He had to go to Eighteenth Avenue and have a sit-down with the espresso and the pinkie rings, just like on *The Sopranos*." Later, Bones says, he was beaten by the Crew for throwing a party that competed with one of Caruso's. "This guy popped out of the bushes and was like, 'Yo, did you throw a party last night?' " says Bones. "And I was like, 'Yeah.' The next thing I know, there were three guys coming up behind me with a pipe and a gun. I got pistol-whipped. I woke up in a bloody mess."

Through Caruso, who like Paciello grew up in Staten Island, the gang also got involved in the scene at the Limelight. Without dealing any drugs himself, Paciello became known as a resident tough guy, a self-described "goon" who protected Caruso's ecstasy dealing at the club. "There were times where people made physical threats towards me," Caruso said in 1998, testifying during Gatien's trial, "and Chris said, 'Anyone who comes near him, they're going to deal with me.' " According to the testimony, Paciello also told Caruso that if Robert Gordon, also identified by Caruso as an ecstasy dealer, had problems, Gordon could call Dominick Dionisio, a Colombo family–connected friend of Paciello's known for shaking down dealers at the Limelight.

Around the same time, prosecutors say, Paciello orchestrated two jobs for the Crew on Staten Island: a $300,000 bank-deposit-box heist that is also part of his current indictment and the planned home invasion that went wrong and earned him his murder charge. On February 18, 1993, a 46-year-old housewife named Judith Shemtov was sipping tea with her husband, Sami, when she heard a knock at the door of her Staten Island home. When she opened the door, prosecutors say, at least three young men with guns shoved their way in and told her they'd come to find a safe they'd heard was hidden in the house. Minutes later, Sami heard a gunshot.

According to the indictment, a member of the Bath Avenue Crew placed a .45 automatic at Judith Shemtov's head and pulled the trigger. Paciello, accomplices in the crime told police years later, was waiting outside in the getaway car.

PROSECUTORS HAVEN'T GONE BEYOND saying Paciello was an "affiliate" member of a gang linked to the Bonanno family. Yet by allegedly organizing heists in Staten Island and providing a connection to the club scene through Caruso, Paciello had proved he could become a valuable "earner"—which is how, some law-enforcement sources told *New York,* he was able to develop relationships with members of the Gambino and Colombo families. "An earner is somebody who can bridge the gap between organized crime and the legitimate world and make money for those who support them," says Laura Brevetti, who headed Brooklyn's federal organized-crime strike force in the eighties. "People who are not made members can do alliances with members of any family. If they're an earner, they're going to make it."

By 1994, it was getting harder to earn much in New York's club scene: Mayor Giuliani was beginning to crack down on nightlife, and Gatien would soon be nabbed on drug-conspiracy and racketeering charges. In August of that year, as the police investigation of the Shemtov murder was heating up, Paciello moved to Miami, where he bunked down with friends at the Clevelander, a downscale hotel with a pamphlet that boasts THE BEST HAPPY HOUR ON THE BEACH. "In two rooms, there were like eight guys," remembers a friend of Paciello's who met him soon after he arrived in Miami. "He was just a little punk, a tough kid with a street attitude trying to make it in South Beach."

Before long, Paciello set his sights on Mickey's, a Washington Avenue club owned by actor Mickey Rourke and run by John Gotti's former driver, Carlo Vaccerezza, as something of a shrine to the jailed don. According to Caruso's testimony during Gatien's 1998 drug trial, Caruso put up $25,000, some of which he made from an ecstasy deal, for a 10 percent share; prosecutors believe the rest of the investment came from criminal proceeds. They renamed the club Risk and hired Rourke's sister, Janet Navarro, as Paciello's secretary. A few months later, according to Caruso, Johnny Rizzo (Paciello's former girlfriend's father) and John "The Nose" D'Amico, both high-level Gambino-family soldiers, began taking closed-door meetings with Paciello at the club. Caruso says he was dismissed from those talks with a simple "See you later, Mike," and he eventually returned to Staten Island. (Today, Caruso manages Wu-Tang Clan member Cappadonna.)

Only months after he had moved out of the Clevelander, Paciello earned a reputation as a charismatic gentleman who stood up whenever a woman entered the room. "He was new to town, but a great host," remembers Nicola Siervo, who went on to open Joia with Paciello. "He was trying to make friends." At Risk's one successful party, a weekly R&B night called "Fat Black Pussycat," Paciello met Ingrid Casares.

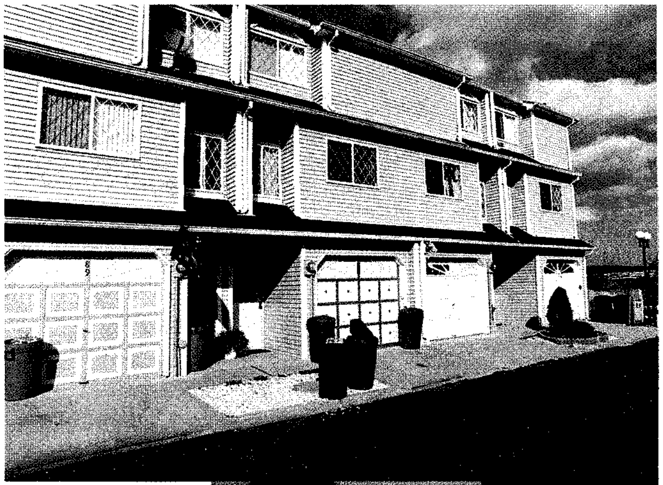
In April 1995, Risk burned down, and Paciello collected $250,000 in insurance. "When that would come up, I'd always smile and say, 'Too much coincidence,'" says Capponi. "And he'd say, 'I swear to God, I got so fucking lucky on that.' " Prosecutors say they have two witnesses who say that Paciello made his own luck.

Paciello used the insurance money to open Liquid, with Casares on board as a consultant, although she represented herself as Paciello's partner. "Before Liquid, you'd read about Ingrid, but her name wouldn't be attached to a job or anything," says a well-connected publicist who knew them both. "With Liquid, her name read 'Ingrid Casares, co-owner of Liquid.' " To Paciello, according to another friend, Casares was "the perfect front woman for the whole operation."

Liquid was never really upscale—it's located next to a Payless shoe store, and caters mostly to weekend warriors the way New York clubs like Twilo do—but Casares made it an A-list destination. Gloria Estefan, Calvin Klein, and Kate Moss were sighted there on opening night, and Liquid and later Bar Room all but cornered the Miami market on fashion fêtes and post-premiere parties. Paciello's manners and his sense of loyalty, along with his friendship with Casares, endeared him to Miami's Latin community. "Ingrid helped redefine Chris," says Gerry Kelly, a top promoter Paciello hired for Liquid. "She brought him into a totally different circle of friends."

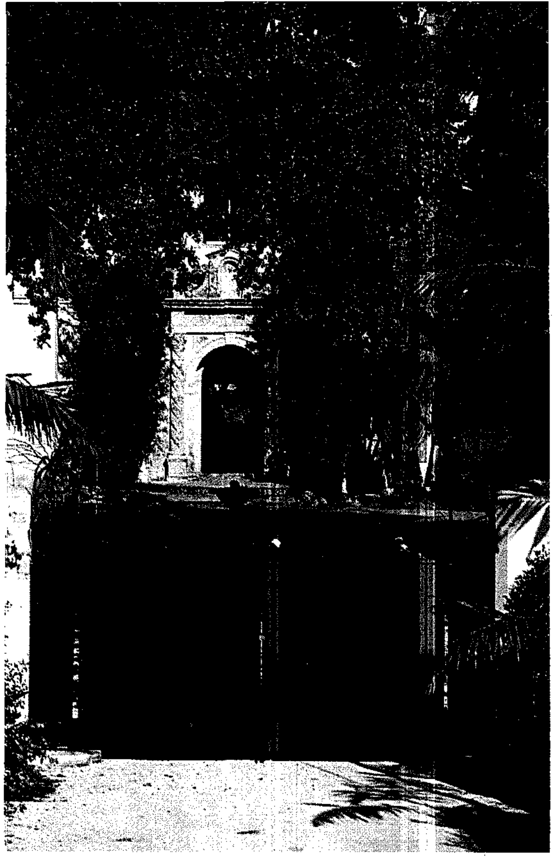
They couldn't have been more different. According to Capponi, Casares's role consisted of "coming to the office and saying, 'I've talked to Donatella, and we'll do a party for her.' " Meanwhile, Paciello often worked eighteen-hour days. "You had to respect the guy," says Ernie Harrold, a former promoter at Liquid. "He'd go to the gym at eleven and be in the office by one. And he didn't leave until seven or eight o'clock in the morning the next day." Friends remember him as calm and in control, watching the bar, checking the sound, and monitoring the VIP room. "If there was a fight, he would get in there and break it up," says a Liquid doorman. "Once, the club's awning caught fire. He jumped onto the roof and patted down the flames himself. He ended up falling and breaking his ankle really badly. I can't think of another boss who would do that."

But Paciello's favorite role seemed to be bouncer: He was allegedly involved in at least four assaults in 1996 alone. On June 25 at Liquid, Paciello knocked down former Mr. Universe Michael Quinn with a beer bottle after overhearing him use the word *nigger.* As a crowd formed, Paciello repeatedly kicked Quinn while he was on the ground, according to Quinn's wife, Denise, and at least one other witness. "Chris was building up the momentum," Denise remembers, "saying, *'Aw, yeah—you callin' my friend a nigger?!'* If someone's getting more attention than him in a room, he attacks them." But in his February 1999 deposition for the lawsuit, Paciello described several witnesses to the



YOU CAN GO HOME AGAIN: Clockwise from top left, Chris Paciello's Staten Island house; Paciello's Miami house; Chris Paciello and Sofia Vergara at Miami's Readybar in 1998.

Photographs: top, Andre Lambertson/Saba; bottom, Manny Hernandez.



In March, a paler, thinner Paciello stood in a blue prison smock in the Brooklyn federal courthouse, blowing kisses at his uncle and two aunts. No Madonna. No Sofia Vergara. And no Ingrid Casares.

incident as "colored." "I wasn't particularly happy with the way African-Americans were being treated at the club," says Harrold, who says he left Liquid partly for that reason.

Quinn refused to drop his civil suit against Paciello and later received a call from a friend saying that a mutual friend of theirs, one of the owners of the then-Gambino-connected Scores club, advised him to drop the suit for his own good. "He said I'll never get to spend the money," Quinn recalls.

On December 20 at Bar None, Paciello decked arena-football star Matt Martinez, Niki Taylor's ex-husband, with one punch and then grappled with the 280-pound corrections officer Martinez had on hand as a bodyguard. On his way out, he blew Martinez a kiss and later recounted the incident to the *Daily News*, telling a reporter that "the guy should be happy she has a good male friend in me."

Through it all, Miami's beautiful people never blinked an eye. "New York may be a very varied city—theater, art, whatever—but in Miami, it's nightlife," says Capponi. "If you're the king of nightlife, you're the king of the city." Paciello's profile rose beyond Miami—both CNN and ABC sought him out for comment in the wake of Gianni Versace's murder, and *Variety* called him a "hunky impresario" in a story about the Hollywoodization of Miami. He took in Miami Heat games from courtside and had his picture taken with Jennifer Lopez at the *Vanity Fair* Oscar party (a friend of Paciello's confirms that they dated before she went out with Puffy). Steven Lewis remembers meeting Paciello in Miami and watching two female friends he brought along from New York submit to his charm. "Both fell in love with Chris," Lewis remembers. "I was saying, 'This guy is a rough guy!' They didn't care. If he wanted to fuck them right in the corner, they would have done it."

IN THE FALL OF 1997, LEWIS told *New York,* he approached Casares and offered her a chance to go into business with him and Life owner Roy Stillman to reopen Studio 54. He also said he told Casares that he wanted Paciello aboard only if his name was kept off the project.

Paciello wasn't amused by Lewis's intrusion: At the time, Paciello and Casares had been talking up their plans to launch a New York branch of Liquid. On December 29, 1997, Paciello was recorded by the FBI ranting to Dominick Dionisio that Casares "wants *everything.*" He also asked Dionisio to go to Life and "terrorize" Lewis into backing off from Casares.

When Dionisio went to the club, Lewis refused to see him. "I knew that [Paciello] could never get a liquor license or be associated with a nightclub in New York legally," Lewis says. That became even more obvious a month later, when Caruso's testimony at Gatien's trial fingered Paciello and the Bath Avenue Crew as protectors of Limelight drug dealers. Gatien's attorney also asked Caruso at the trial if he thought Paciello was responsible for the unsolved 1996 stabbing murder of New York club kid Billy Balanca. Caruso denied this, but the question itself damaged Paciello's reputation. (A law-enforcement source told *New York* that in the wake of Paciello's murder indictment, the Balanca case is being reexamined.)

Caruso's past as an ecstasy dealer made him a less-than-ideal witness (Gatien was acquitted), but his testimony about Paciello effectively killed any chance of Liquid's expanding into New York. Casares had already filed an application for a lease at 16 West 22nd Street, but building owner David Yagoda nixed the deal once he contacted the State Liquor Authority to check Casares's license application and noticed Paciello's name on the form. Paciello made one last-ditch effort to get the lease—offering Yagoda a six-figure signing bonus that his lawyer, Andrew Miltenberg, described as "the kind of money most working people wouldn't turn down." Nevertheless, the landlord did just that. And in the spring, Deputy Mayor Rudy Washington vowed to oppose a Liquid anywhere in New York.

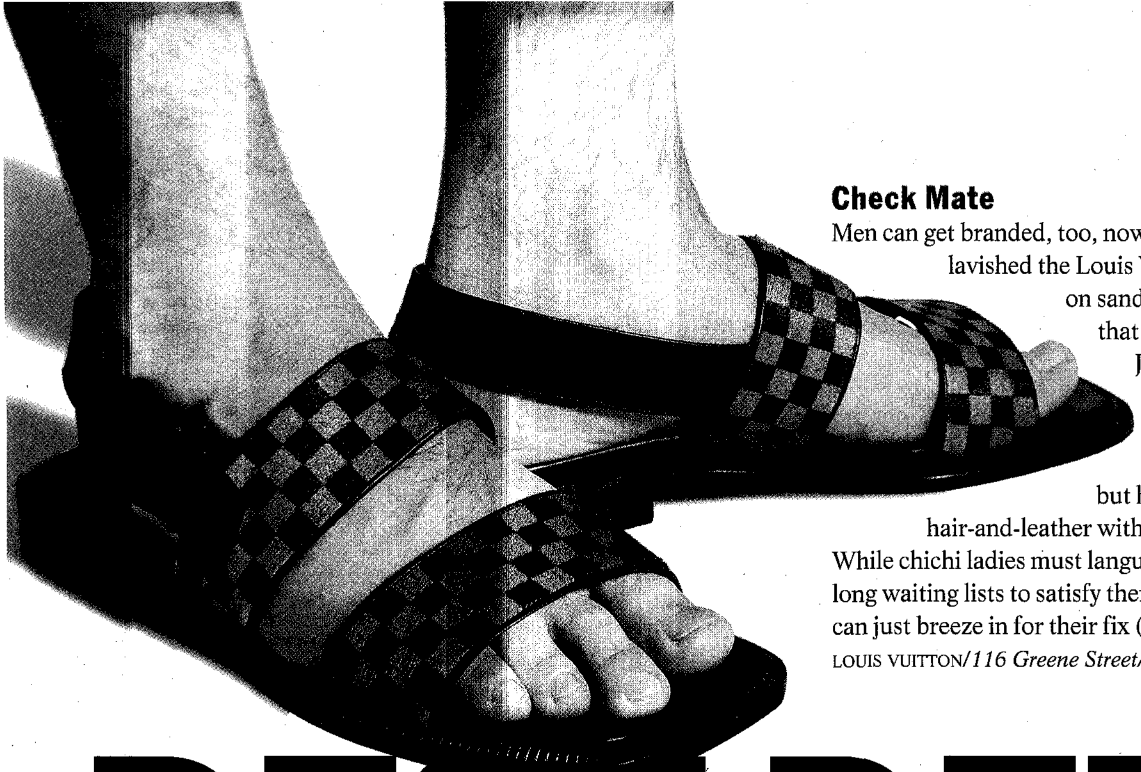
Around that time, as Casares showed her first signs of doubt about her partner, Paciello went into damage-control mode. "She'd ask him about it, and he'd always have an answer ready," one friend says. (In July of 1998, Paciello told *New York* that "it doesn't make me a gangster because I hung out on the corner with people when I was growing up. They're childhood friends, and they will remain friends.") He also hired William Kennedy Smith's former attorney, Roy Black. Black told prosecutors last year that after hiring him, Paciello paid $750,000 in back taxes to the Internal Revenue Service. Paciello also stepped up his charity work, pledging $20,000 to AIDS foundations and spending $20,000 on a food drive for Kosovo victims.

The goodwill campaign seemed to work: Paciello was invited by a city commissioner to serve on a committee charged with limiting the number of new bars on Lincoln Road, where Bar Room is located. Just weeks before his surrender, Paciello threw what his lawyer called a "reelection celebration" at Bar Room for Miami Beach mayor Neisen Kasdin and donated $1,000 to his campaign.

Paciello also went to great lengths to keep Liquid's financial books closed. Last fall, an insurance company that had sued Liquid for understating its revenues when calculating its commercial premium reached a settlement. "One of the veiled threats we made was that we would do a lot of discovery and look into their finances," Robert Paradela, the lawyer representing Paradigm, told *New York.*

Last fall, as Liquid started losing its glamour to newer clubs like ex–Liquid marketing director Gerry Kelly's Level, Paciello was *(continued on page 110)*

Photograph by Brian Smith/Corbis Outline.



Check Mate

Men can get branded, too, now that Marc Jacobs has lavished the Louis Vuitton Damier check on sandals he's created for that voguish house. Jacobs drew inspiration from the shoes worn by Franciscan monks, but his are stenciled-pony-hair-and-leather with squared-off heels. While chichi ladies must languish on impossibly long waiting lists to satisfy their logo cravings, men can just breeze in for their fix ($385).

LOUIS VUITTON/*116 Greene Street/212-274-9090*

BEST BETS

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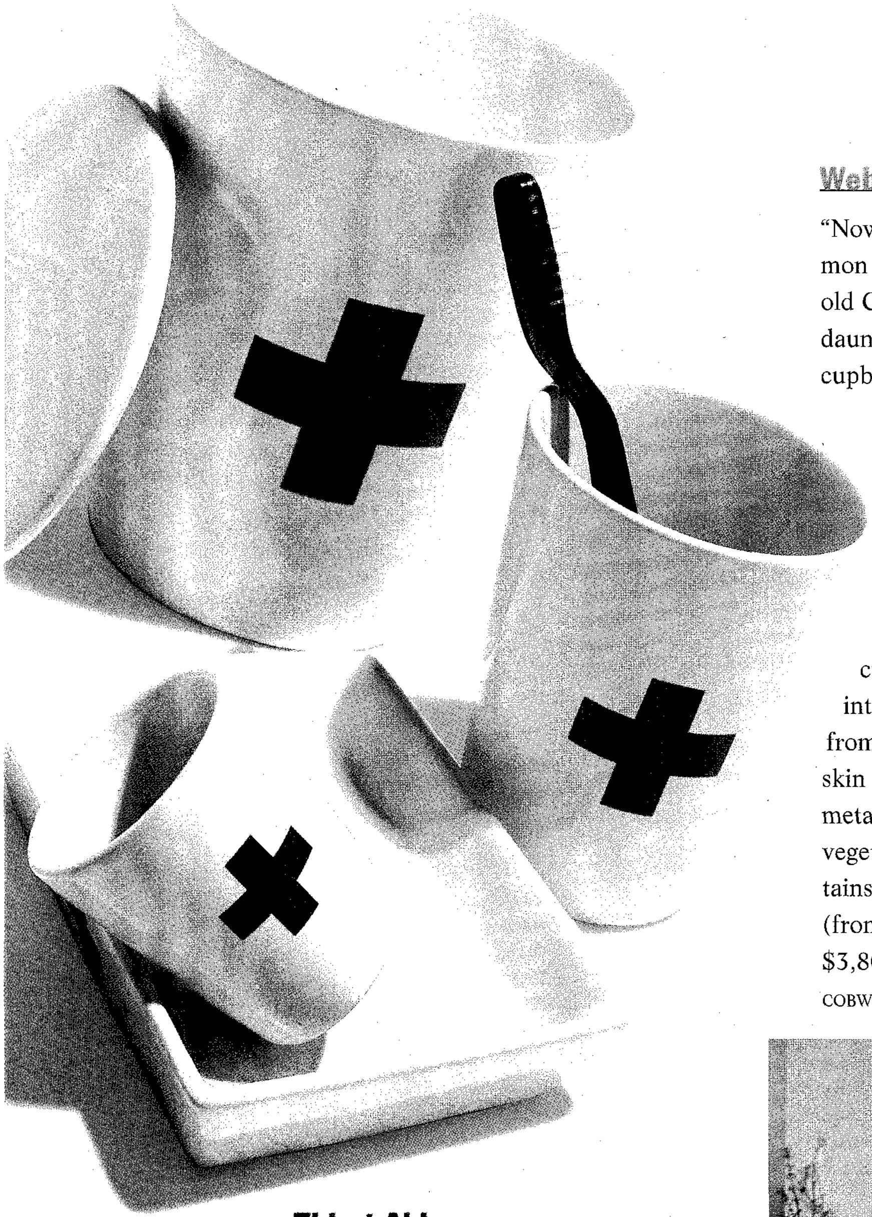
BY CORKY POLLAN

Easy Change

A dad's frustrated attempts to change his squirming tot prompted his wife to create EZ-Baby. Unlike traditional onesies with impossible-to-snap snaps, Jody Fidler's line of infantwear has hassle-free Velcro-ish closures. There's an ever-so-soft cotton dress that's actually a one-piece skirted bodysuit—no need for a diaper cover or panties. Just think how easy potty-training could be ($36; in sizes 12 to 24 months).

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Eighth floor*



Thirst Aid

You may have had it with the design element of the moment, the international symbol for the Red Cross. It's been popping up on sweaters, totes, pillows, rugs, just about everything. But you'll have to admit that it looks clean and fresh on Zodax's new bathroom accessories. The 60-year-old California company is known for high-end, rather staid tablewares; these ceramic canisters, cups, and soap dishes are a radical departure (from $4.95 for a small cup to $9.95 for a soap dish to $19.95 for a canister).

MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue/212-989-4300*

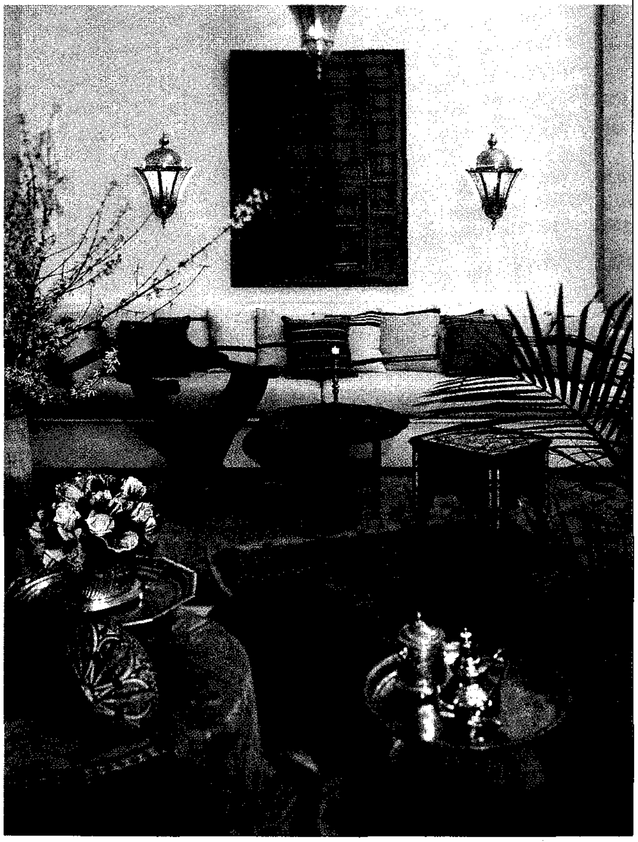
Photographed by Michael Grimm

Send shopping questions to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Web Sights

"Now I can actually see the furniture" is the common response to Catherine Holt's new digs. The old Cobweb was a decorator's secret source, a daunting jumble of tables, chairs, beds, and cupboards. Though Holt's new outpost is no slouch in the abundance department, display is now her thing. So grand Peruvian armoires stand like soldiers in a row, nineteenth-century gilt mirrors (French, but found in Egypt) line one wall, Ethiopian Coptic crosses adorn a shelf, and vintage French bowls peer out from a glass-fronted cupboard. Holt's love for Morocco translates into a tempting nook replete with pillows made from hand-woven burnooses, embroidered goatskin poufs from Marrakech, footed hammered-metal tea-serving trays, pierced-metal sconces, and vegetable-dyed rugs from the High Atlas Mountains. It's almost as enchanting as being there (from $65 for a pillow to $1,600 for a rug to $3,800 for an armoire to $5,200 for a gilt mirror).

COBWEB/*440 Lafayette Street/212-505-1558*



SMARTCITY

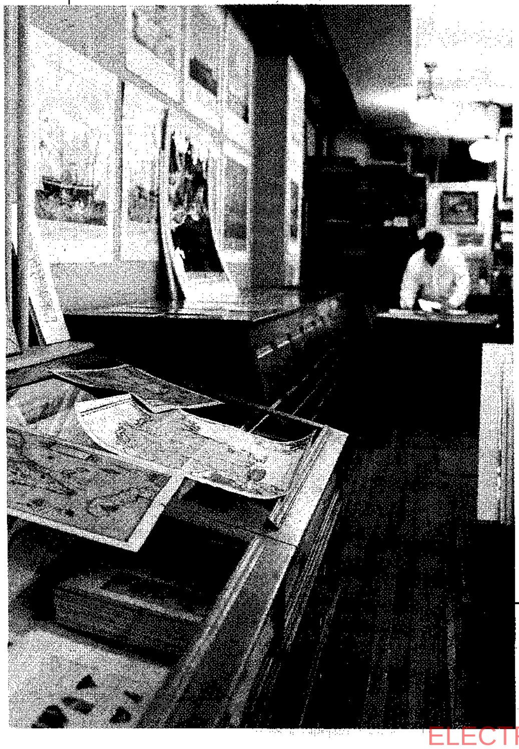
Map Time

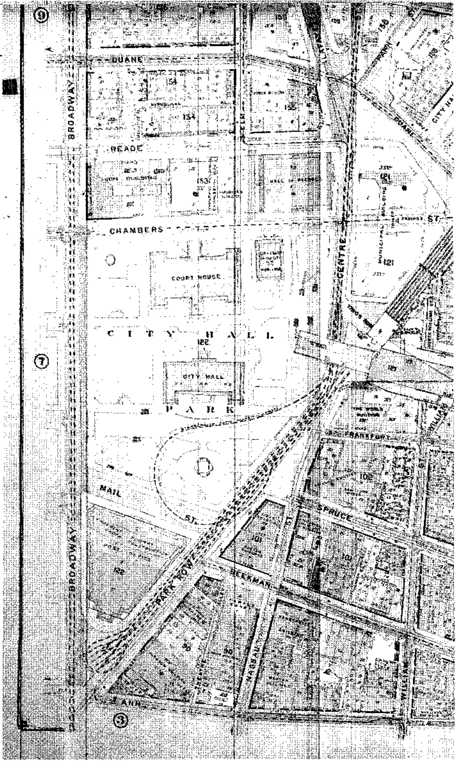
As both art and history, antique city maps evoke a sense of where we were. By Christopher Bonanos

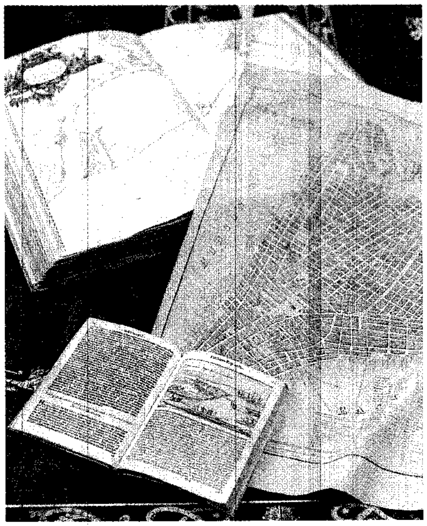
NOT LONG AGO, SOME GENEALOGICAL research turned up my immigrant grandfather's first address in America. His destination, declared at Ellis Island when he arrived from an island in the north Aegean, was the Lower East Side apartment of a relative, on Roosevelt Street. My father and I wanted to go have a look at the place, on the chance that the building was still up, and found that . . . there *is* no Roosevelt Street.

But there was in 1913, when he landed. It took a little more research to find it, but a late-nineteenth-century map of the city showed Roosevelt Street by the foot of the (then new) Brooklyn Bridge. It was erased from the grid by a housing project a few decades after my grandfather's arrival. Family history aside, though, I have always been drawn to images of New York as it once was. The constant change that keeps this city rolling makes images of its former self compelling, whether you're looking for a specific place or just armchair-time-traveling through your neighborhood. Several print dealers in New York specialize in maps of the city, and their stock ranges from inexpensive, comparatively recent material (meaning from the beginning of the twentieth century) to extremely rare stuff that Henry Hudson might recognize. Old maps and prints showing your neighborhood—sometimes your very building—can be found without years of hunting.

Depending on your definition of "old," of course. "Anything before the nineteenth century gets hard to find and expensive," says Laura Teneycke, of the **Argosy Book Store** (116 East 59th Street; 212-753-4455). But material from the mid-1800s and later is far easier to come by, she adds. *D.T. Valentine's Manual,* a booklet full of lithographed city views the size of large postcards, was produced annually in the late nineteenth century, and its individual pages sell for as little as $25. A larger print, of Central Park, for example, will be about $300, more if it's in color. More expensive are what are called "bird's-eye views"—lithographs that showed the city from above before the age of the helicopter. A very large, colorful nineteenth-century bird's-eye view of Manhattan is priced at $18,000, but less spectacular examples can come in under $1,000. (The store sells a number of handsome reproductions of the real rarities.) The Argosy has them all sorted by category and location: Go to the second floor and browse through the folders dedicated to Wall Street, Harlem, Central Park, whatever you're looking for.



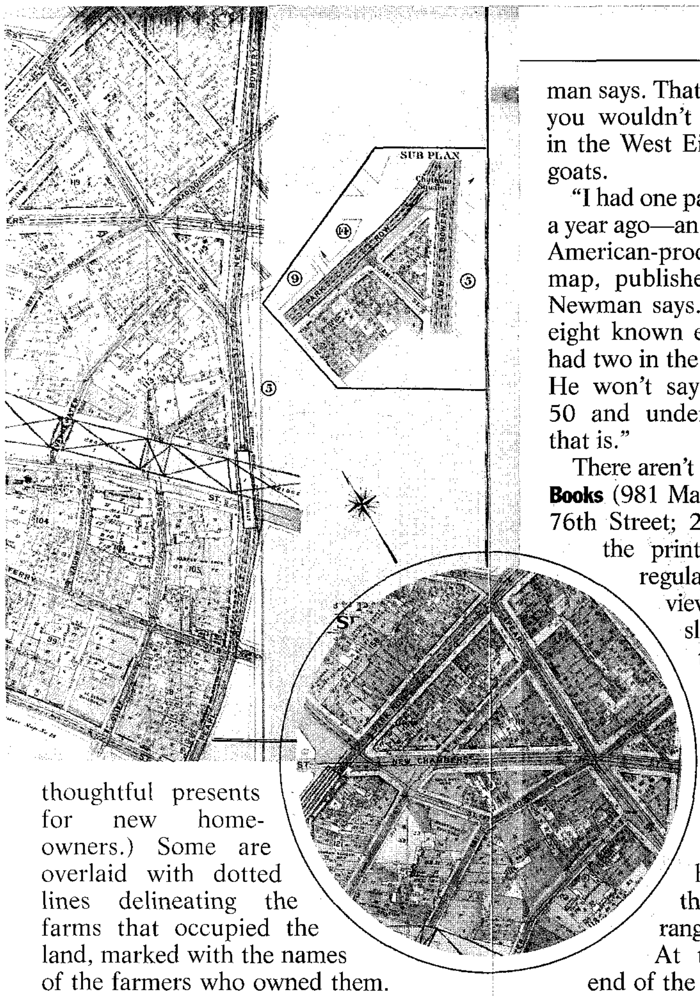




THOSE WERE THE PLANS Clockwise from left, The Old Print Shop; downtown zoning map, with detail, from Argosy; a guidebook with foldout map at Richard B. Arkway.

Argosy carries a little of everything, but for less expensive items, you might comparison-shop at **Pageant Books & Prints**. This shop was a fixture on East 9th Street till rising rents drove it farther downtown a few years ago; now owner Shirley Solomon is shifting the business to the Web (www.pageantbooks.com; 212-674-5296; hours by appointment). At Pageant, you can find incredibly detailed zoning maps of the city from the late nineteenth century, for just about every neighborhood. Every building is represented by a little colored square with its lot number. (These maps make

Map courtesy of Argosy Book Store. Photographs by Eric McNatt.



thoughtful presents for new homeowners.) Some are overlaid with dotted lines delineating the farms that occupied the land, marked with the names of the farmers who owned them. Commercial buildings are intriguingly labeled: icehouses, stables, gasworks, coal suppliers. (Argosy has many of these zoning maps, too.)

Incidentally, if the color on a nineteenth-century map looks crisp and fresh, you'll want to ask the dealer about it. Many black-and-white engravings are colored in by a modern hand, so they display better. There's no sin in this process, except perhaps with a fantastically rare item, but you still ought to know what you're buying.

Harry Newman, co-proprietor of **The Old Print Shop** (150 Lexington Avenue, near 30th Street; 212-683-3950; www.oldprintshop.com) doesn't usually deal in those zoning-atlas pages, but he has many other Manhattan maps and street scenes. At the shop—a piece of history itself; the business is 102 years old, and it's been in the same store since 1923—you'll find little prints, like those *Valentine's* pages, for $25 and up. Larger views start around $100. Big bird's-eye views, like Currier and Ives prints, appear regularly—and sell quickly, for high prices. The shop also has a small but growing business in vintage photographs. "If you want early material, you won't find much uptown—general scenes, not so much of buildings," Newman says. That's because in 1870, you wouldn't find brownstones in the West Eighties. You'd find goats.

"I had one particularly rare map a year ago—an eighteenth-century American-produced large-scale map, published in New York," Newman says. "There are six or eight known examples, and I've had two in the past fifteen years." He won't say the price. "Over 50 and under 100. Thousand, that is."

There aren't many maps at **Ursus Books** (981 Madison Avenue, near 76th Street; 212-772-8787), but the print department does regularly get New York views—the journalistic slice-of-life images of their day. You may luck out and find, among the etchings and prints of street scenes, your own neighborhood, a familiar building, a friend's house. Prices are in the $800-to-$2,000 range.

At the most rarefied end of the market, one other dealer's name always pops up: **Richard B. Arkway** (59 East 54th Street, sixth floor; 212-751-8135). The manager, Paul Cohen, co-wrote *Manhattan in Maps*, a gorgeous volume published in 1997 by Rizzoli, and many of the documents that have passed through his gallery illustrated the book. Most of the inventory is priced in the thousands, but there are less expensive items: A pocket-size volume (*The Great Metropolis or New-York Almanac for 1850*), with an elegant foldout map of lower Manhattan, is $450. A Brooklyn guidebook, including a color map that unfurls to almost two feet square, is $550.

Arkway's rarest items, however, are fantasy buys for most collectors. At one point during my visit, Cohen stopped in mid-stride and said, "You wanna see something good?" It turned out to be a Dutch sea chart adapted from one of the first maps of New York (or NIEW NEDERLAND). You won't find your relatives' houses on this one, unless you're descended from Peter Stuyvesant himself: It's from *1663*, about 50 years after the first Europeans touched shore, and the cartographer managed to leave out Manhattan Island. Corrected in later printings, the map is extremely rare in this first state. Price: $28,000. ▬

NAVIGATOR

Q: My staff has been working at breakneck pace lately. They deserve time off, but I don't want them to leave the office.

A: Rub your employees the right way by hiring massage therapists to come to your office and provide hands-on healing. Even the most disgruntled workers wind up smiling. "It's a real morale booster," says Art Jacobson, who, along with his wife, owns the New York Massage Company (212-427-8175; $60 per hour per therapist). "There isn't one company that *shouldn't* do this." Tension, stress, eye strain, backaches—it all adds up. Ten-to-fifteen-minute massages can alleviate some of the worst aches and pains. "It pays dividends, too," adds Jacobson. "Not only will your employees love you, but they'll work harder, too."

Already well-known for her traditional deep-tissue and trigger-point massages, Knead-a-Break Enterprises (212-460-1879; $70 per hour per therapist) owner Laurie Towers also brings her business right to the client. "Manhattan is such a high-stress area," says Towers. "We're perfect for people who don't have time to take their clothes off and then get back to the office." She also teaches clients different stretches to do at their desk as well as ways to make work areas ergonomically correct. Towers targets people "who do ten different things at once with the phone cradled between their ear and neck," explaining that such bad behavior leads to painful muscle spasms and, potentially, prolonged absences from work.

Robin Segal, owner of Back-to-Work (212-696-9069; $60 to $75 per hour per therapist), says many of her clients are Internet start-ups that are trying to keep their overworked employees from snapping. At one dot-com, she found herself giving massages in a glassed-in conference room even as a meeting with investment bankers proceeded in the adjacent room: "They taped fabric over the windows so the investors couldn't see what they were doing with the money!" A massage is the one time at work during which you can nod off with impunity. "Drool is our biggest compliment!" she says. AMANDA MAY

SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Locker-Room Talk

Spinning passes: *High-style-gym perks (peach-infused ice water!) come at prices that'll make your heart pound—except with the* **special deal we've worked out.**

BELONGING TO ONE OF those luxe spa-gyms—where you never wait for treadmills, wear flip-flops in the shower, or have to bring your own shorts—comes at a far-from-lean price. Initiation fees can exceed $2500, and a tryout visit is about $40. But S&B has arranged for you to go once for *free*. Pick a club, bring this page, and enjoy blissful, hassle-free exercise and pampering. (For a treat, splurge on a spa service.) This offer's good before May 15 for one visit only.

- **The Sports Club/LA**, the newest of these hotspots (from the owners of the Reebok Sports Club), has loads of classes (five styles of yoga, alone) and a huge, sunny gym. For you, they'll throw in a $25 gift certificate toward treatments at their *Splash* spa (try a body scrub for $90). End the day in the steamroom or the bar. *45 Rockefeller Plaza (212-218-8600).*
- **The Peninsula Spa** has a glass-enclosed pool, hot tub, and sunning terrace, plus the usual equipment. Reward yourself with a pedicure in special massage chairs ($45) or a trip to the best rooftop bar in town. The hitch: You can only go between nine and five and must reserve beforehand (they'll take ten S&B readers per day). *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., 21st floor (212-903-3077).*
- **The Sports Center at Chelsea Piers** is heaven for true activity nuts—you'll find a rock wall, sand volleyball, three basketball courts, a pool, a boxing ring, and a juice bar on top of the usual facilities. There are also golf, bowling, and skating facilities elsewhere in the complex ($7–$20 admission), as well as a yummy sushi bar for lunch. *Pier 60, West Side Highway, at 23rd St. (212-336-6000).*
- **Away Spa•Gym**, a soothing midtown oasis, has an amazingly zen atmosphere and tons of sparkling machines that more than make up for the absence of fancy amenities like a pool or sunning terrace. To truly unwind, try a soak in the colortherapy tub ($60 for thirty minutes). Addicted? S&B readers get 70 percent off the $1000 initiation fee (see Tony). *W Hotel, 541 Lexington Ave., at 49th St., fourth floor (212-407-2970).*

Picks of the Week

Tufi Duek's sharp spring designs—perforated leather skirts, photo-printed Tees, teeny silky halter tops (as seen at Barneys and Language)—are 60- 80 percent off at the sample sale, from $38 for tank tops to $240 for leather motocross jackets. Shoes are $55. *530 Broadway, tenth floor at Spring St. (212-925-8277); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Thurs. 9–8; 4/13.*

Elizabeth Gillett's wraps, scarves, and sexy tops are at least 60 percent off at the sale. Trendy printed neckerchiefs are $16, crocheted ponchos and crystal-beaded organza wraps are $45, assorted tops are $25–$129. *237 W. 35th St. (212-629-7993); M.C., V.; Thurs.–Fri. noon–7; 4/13–4/14.*

Maria Turgeon's trendy, youthful handbags and other leather accessories (at stores like Scoop and Bond 07) are half off at the sample sale. Prices are from $20–$35 for small clutches and cosmetics bags to $110 for faux-python totes. *153 W. 27th St. (212-229-0077); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 10–6; 4/12–4/14.*

Carla Westcott and **Heidi Weisel** once again team up for a joint evening wear sample sale. You'll find sleek, simple gowns and separates (sold at stores like Barneys for up to 90 percent off, from $100–$300. Sizes 4–14. *530 Seventh Ave. at 39th St., 20th floor (768-9794); checks accepted; Fri. 8–7; 4/13.*

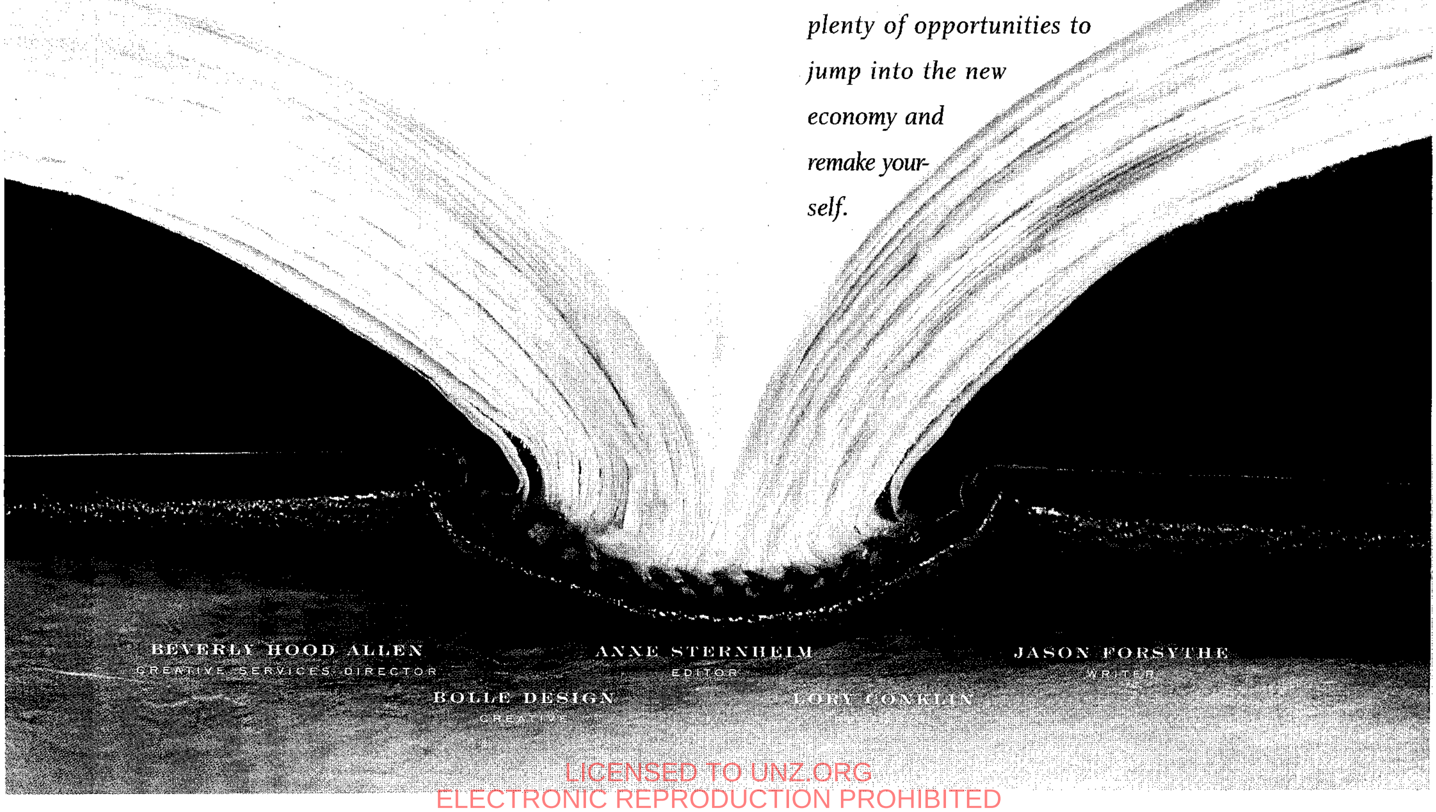
AEFFE is clearing a showrooom full of spring samples for men and women at less than half price (most items are $50–$350): The first day features Moschino and Jean Paul Gaultier; the second day is for Alberta Ferretti, Narciso Rodriguez, and Ozbek. On the last two days of the sale, you'll find leftovers from all five designers. Women's sizes 6–8; men's sizes M–L. *30 West 56th St., first floor (212-632-9300); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 10–6; 4/11–4/14* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Illustration by Liselotte Watkins.

mmer School in the City

Surf's up and school is in session. What better time to finally learn Spanish, take a course in how to build a rooftop garden or a Web site, or even study architecture in Florence? The beauty of going to summer school is that many programs are intensive – a day, a week, a month – and you can not only learn a new skill or brush up on an old one, but get credit for it toward a degree. In a dot.com age when knowledge is power, education today has become a life-long pursuit. Whether it's personal enrichment or a certificate to enter a new field, the summer of 2000 offers plenty of opportunities to jump into the new economy and remake yourself.



BEVERLY HOOD ALLEN
CREATIVE SERVICES DIRECTOR

ANNE STERNHEIM
EDITOR

JASON FORSYTHE
WRITER

BOLLE DESIGN
CREATIVE

LORY CONKLIN

new york university

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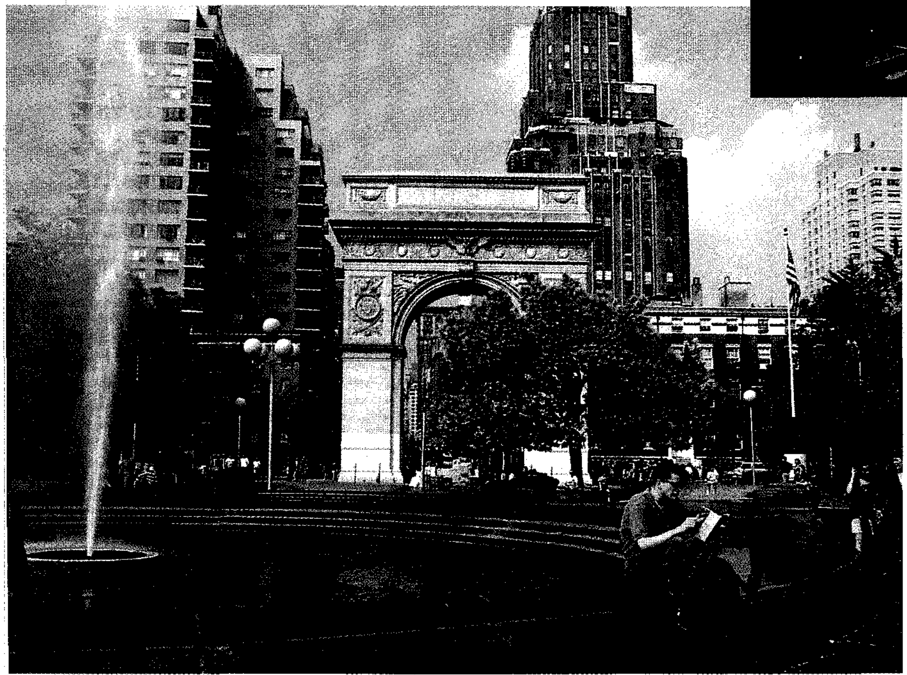
The School of Continuing and Professional Studies (SCPS) at NYU was founded 65 years ago as a separate school within the larger University. With annual enrollments of nearly 70,000 in its many professional development and degree programs, and with 2,500 plus courses, SCPS has become the leading and largest institution of its kind in the nation.

NYU's Summer Intensive Programs are a vital part of SCPS's summer line-up, which range from basic liberal arts courses to specific professional programs like real estate, finance, hospitality, health care, and public relations. SCPS offers courses in a total of eight "industry centers," each of which is directed by an advisory board of industry leaders. Among its many options this summer, the Center for Hospitality, Tourism and Travel Administration, is offering eight one-week courses in June, toward a masters degree or for a noncredit certificate. The course focuses on cultural heritage tourism development, which, according to Dean Lalia Rach, is the hottest segment in tourism. The courses attract students from around the world who are looking to promote the cultural heritage of their city, region, state, or country.

Meanwhile, the NYU Summer Institute in the Business of Real Estate offers an intensive one-week program from June 5 through June 9 which "acts like boot camp for people who want to get a credential for a starting job in the commercial and residential real estate industry," says the Institute's Associate Director Dan Boffey. "We also get attorneys, appraisers, and sales brokers who know one area well but want to understand the other areas a little better."



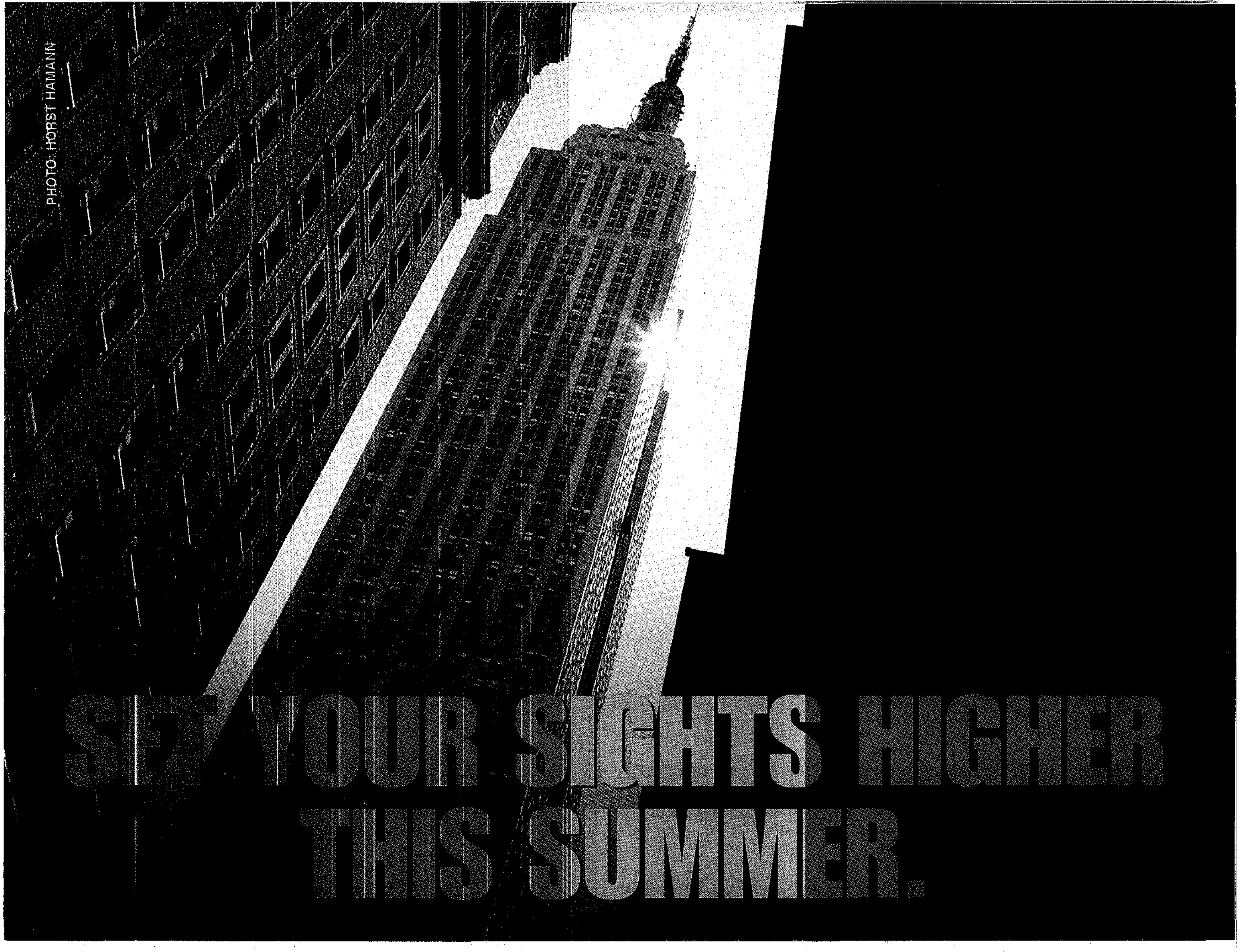


PHOTO: HORST HAMANN

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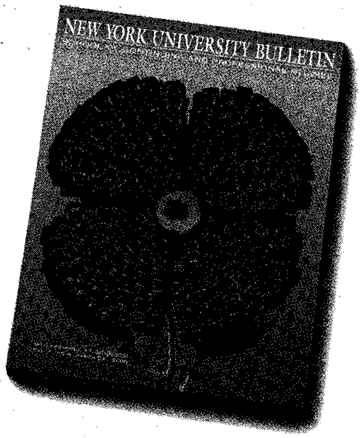

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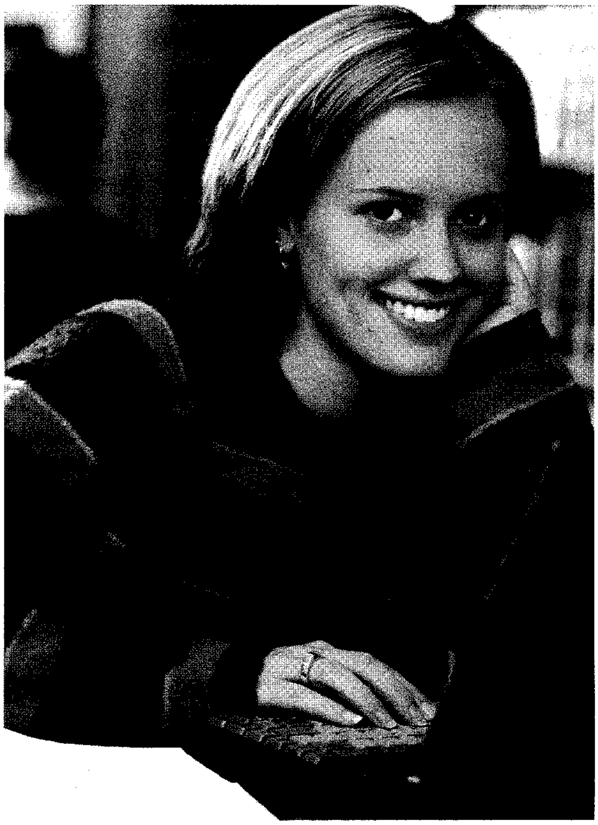

With over 1,500 credit and noncredit adult education courses, The New School offers a full compliment of courses, many of which are offered this summer. The summer semester begins June 5, with new courses starting each week throughout the season in business and career education, writing, social sciences, humanities, culinary arts, foreign languages, English language studies, music, recreation and physical fitness, science and mathematics, computer instruction, communications, theater and dance, and fine arts. The New School also offers four degree programs, including a Bachelor of Arts in the Liberal Arts, Master of Arts in Media Studies, Master of Science in Teaching, and Master of Fine Arts in Creative Writing. In addition, you can choose from eleven certificate programs in World Wide Web page design and construction, creative arts therapy, teaching adult literacy, English language teaching, film production, alcoholism counseling, audio engineering, business and corporate uses of computers, computer graphics and desktop publishing, culinary arts, and media management. The New School's Distance Instruction for Adult Learning (DIAL) program (www.dialnsa.edu) annually offers more than 300 courses online through the Internet.

Summer highlights: "New Strategies for Electronic Commerce," a day-long course on July 7; "Introduction to Investments," a six-session program for people with little or no investment experience (begins June 6); "Strategic Communication and Negotiating Skills," three sessions beginning June 10; and "Neighborhood Projects," a 12-session photography course for photographers with some experience beginning June 6.

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school of general studies (GS) at columbia university

2970 Broadway at 116th St., 4th floor, 1-800-893-0245
www.gs.columbia.edu; e-mail: gs4degree@columbia.edu

GS is Columbia's degree program for the Bachelors of Arts (B.A.) or Science (B.S.), and is designed for returning and nontraditional students. (Nontraditional in this case refers to students who have interrupted their education for at least one year.) The average age in GS, which is one of the four Columbia undergraduate colleges, is 29. Some GS students attend part-time, others full-time, and others are recent high-school grads who can only attend part-time. GS students usually have eight to 10 more years of life experience than traditional students and 70 percent go on to take advanced degrees.

Typically, students start programs in the fall or spring. But they can get a jump on the others by starting in the summer. "We're academically integrated, but administratively separate – that means we can better respond to the needs of returning nontraditional students, but academically our 1,100 Bachelor's degree candidates take the same classes and study with the same Arts and Sciences faculty as do students in Columbia's three other undergraduate colleges," says Curtis Rogers, director of communications for General Studies.

postbaccalaureate premedical program (GS) at columbia university

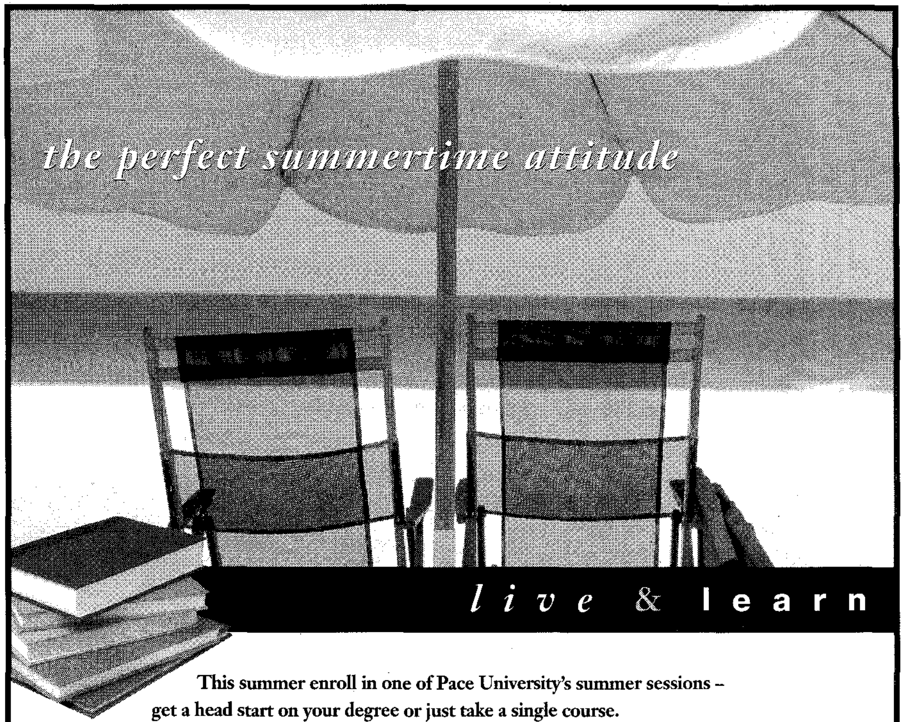
2970 Broadway at 116th St., 4th floor, 1-888-853-6340
www.gs.columbia.edu; e-mail: gs_premed@columbia.edu

The Columbia "Postbacc Premed" program is the oldest and largest program of its kind in the United States. In the early years of the last century, Columbia formally offered premedical preparation courses to students who were not matriculated for an undergraduate degree, and in 1955 established the Postbaccalaureate Premedical Program. The current program attracts recent college graduates who were not premed, along with others who have already pursued professional careers or advanced studies in other disciplines, including law, nursing, engineering, journalism, banking, and teaching. The roster includes former college professors, actors and dancers, ministers and rabbis, as well as full-time parents and homemakers.

Some 300 men and women are currently enrolled in the intensive two-year program. The size of the program means it is big enough to support a full range of course offerings in both day and evening sessions. Of the postbacc premeds who score above the national average on the MCAT medical exam, and who maintain a cumulative grade point average of at least 3.0, about 85 percent can expect to be admitted to medical school.

Beyond that, seven highly regarded medical schools, including Brown University, Temple, SUNY Brooklyn, SUNY Stony Brook, and the Trinity College (Dublin), maintain admission linkage programs with Columbia. These programs allow highly qualified students with a particular interest in attending one of these seven to apply for admission in the spring of the second year and avoid a year off.

Apply this summer to start in the fall. The deadline is August 1 for attendance in September.



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SUMMER SESSION 1 BEGINS MAY 30, 2000
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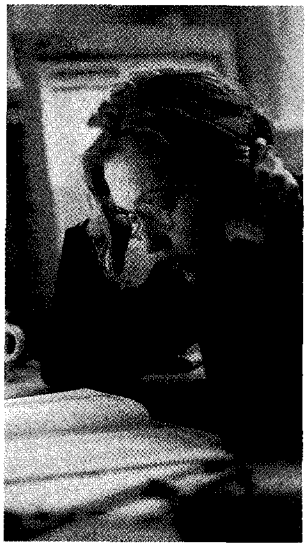
This summer is Columbia's 100th anniversary Summer Session and promises to be as busy as ever. Undergraduates, graduates, and students in Columbia's postbaccalaureate programs in business, medicine, and other disciplines will convene along with non-matriculated postgraduates to take courses in 34 areas of study in the Arts and Sciences. In July, nearly 1,000 talented high school students from all over the world will converge on Columbia to take part in the Summer Program for High School Students. Last summer was the first for the Program in Chamber Music Performance within the high school programs. This summer, the program has added a course in constitutional law.

From June 26 through August 18, Columbia is also offering a certificate program in Teaching English to Speakers of Other Languages (TESOL). The popular Computer Technology and Applications Program, which prepares adults for professional advancement in the fields of data processing and information systems, also has a summer session beginning May 15. Its newest track, Software Development for Electronic Commerce, is, predictably, exploding in popularity.

Two Summer Session courses of note: "Federico García Lorca: *Poeta en Nueva York*" (in English, from May 22 through June 30) looks at Lorca's work and controversial life, part of which was spent as a student at Columbia University (1929-1930). "The Anthropology of Wall Street: Capital, Gender, and Cities in Transition" (July 5 through August 11) covers the consequences of the recent globalization of the financial markets on cities, especially corporate life on Wall Street during the past three decades.



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Pace University is a multi-campus university with three locations in downtown and midtown Manhattan, White Plains, and Pleasantville in Westchester County. They are offering two intensive six-week summer sessions. The first session begins on May 30 and the second starts on July 10.

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There's another plus. Pace University summer session students enrolled in at least six credits are eligible for a special residential dorm rate of $76 a week at the Manhattan campus. If suburban life is more your summer style, Pace Westchester campus, on 200 acres of countryside in Pleasantville, is within easy access to hiking, swimming, and tennis facilities.

For a full listing of the Pace catalog of courses, visit them on the Web at www.pace.edu. Click on "Class Schedule," and choose between Summer One or Summer Two.

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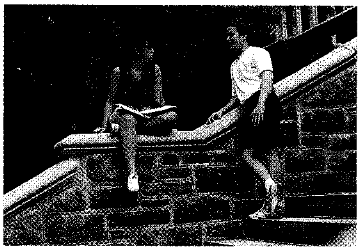
Fordham University's summer session offers 121 undergraduate courses at two campuses, and is divided into two sessions: May 30 through June 29 and July 5 through August. 3. The summer session also offers graduate level courses. All are for college credit.

William Baumgarth, dean for the Summer Session, cites three new offerings. First is a certificate program in risk analysis at the Rose Hill campus in the Bronx, an intensive 10-week program designed for international business professionals and graduate students. The course is the first of its kind in the area (Johns Hopkins offers the only other risk analysis program in the country). The application deadline is April 21.



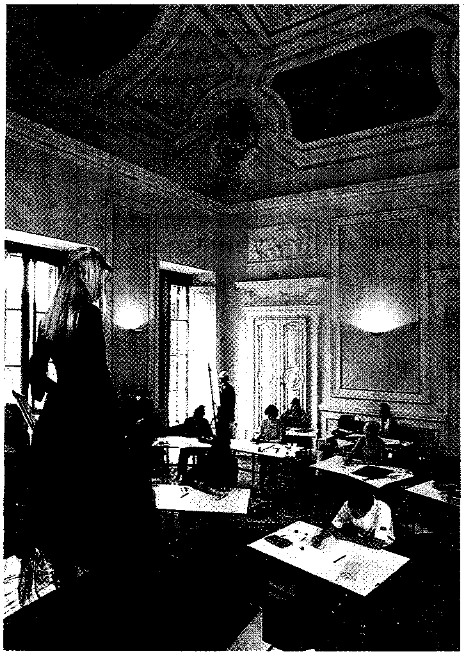
On the undergraduate level, Baumgarth suggests the Summer Institute in Spanish at Lincoln Center, which meets twice a day throughout both summer sessions, six credits per session. "Graduates can get credit for two years of college Spanish in eight weeks," explains Baumgarth. Like risk analysis, intensive Spanish is also a first for Fordham.

Finally, Baumgarth picks a two-week credit program in sports communications at the Rose Hill campus from July 10 through July 20. The professors are Ron Jacobson, a full-time Fordham instructor in communications and John Cirillo, former vice president for communications and public relations for Madison Square Garden and the New York Knicks. Topics include sports and column writing, press releases and public relations, issues impacting sports industries, sports broadcasting, and sports marketing and merchandising, all topped off with a behind the scenes trip to Yankee Stadium.

fashion institute of technology

Seventh Ave. At 27th St., 217-7999; www.fitnyc.suny.edu; e-mail: FITinfo@fitsuny.edu

Fashion Institute of Technology is much more than fashion and this summer is a good time to find out. Its School of Continuing Education and Professional Studies covers New York City's burgeoning technical industry with an array of credit and noncredit courses. Two new noncredit



courses this summer are "How to Market Your Product/Service on the Web," which teaches how to create an effective commercial Web site and get it noticed, and "Electronic Commerce: Face the E-Challenge Now," which tracks the most profitable e-biz applications. FIT also offers a new two-year baccalaureate program in Computer Animation and Interactive Media. This summer's offering is "World Wide Web Page Construction," which teaches all aspects of Web page production. FIT is also developing three certificate programs in e-commerce which will begin this fall. "It's a major achievement to offer these high level courses at a public school and we are thrilled to be able to do it," says Elaine Stone, dean of

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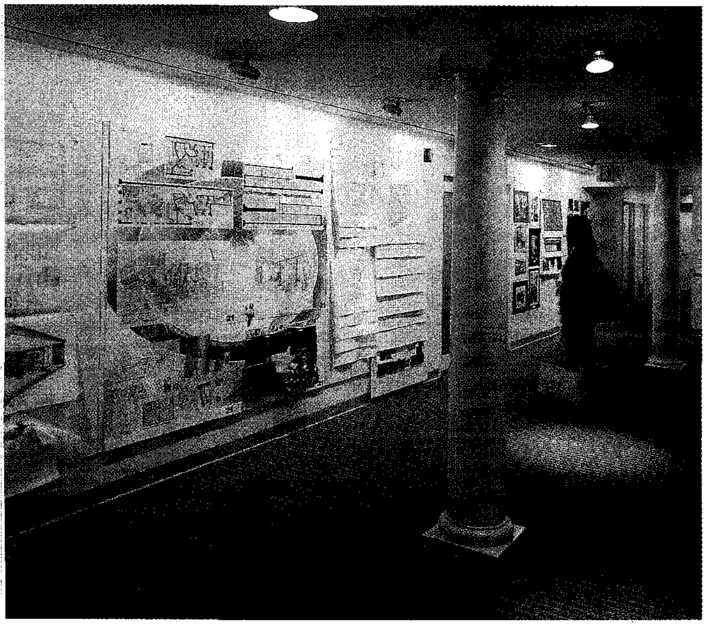
FIT also offers three- and four-week summer abroad programs in Europe and Asia. "Fashion in France and Italy," "International Buying and Marketing," "The Italian Way" (introduction to art and illustration at the University of Florence), "Restoration: Guilded Objects in Florence," "The European Cosmetics, Fragrances and Toiletries Industries," and "French in Paris," a total immersion language course, are this summer's highlights.

new york school of interior design

170 E. 70th St., 472-1500; www.nysid.edu; e-mail: admissions@nysid.edu

Founded in 1916, the New York School of Interior Design is New York City's only private, not-for-profit college focusing exclusively on interior design. NYSID offers a Master of Fine Arts (M.F.A.) degree, a Bachelor of Fine Arts (B.F.A.) degree, and the Associate in Applied Science (A.A.S.) degree was well as a non-degree program in basic interior design. It has about 650 students and a faculty of 75.



Two courses of note this summer are the "Career Discovery Workshop" and the "Introduction to Interior Design Workshop." The two-week "Career Discovery Workshop" runs for eight six-hour sessions from June 19 through June 29, and will yield a definitive answer to the question: Do you want a degree in interior design? The "Introduction Workshop" runs for six evening sessions in July, and is a broad, more general introduction to the field. The summer session also features workshops in Computer-aided Design, Adobe Photoshop, and Designing an Accessible Interior in New York City that conforms to code for residential and non-residential spaces, and courses in AutoCad.

The "Art and Practice of Garden Making" is a day-long symposium on June 8 moderated by Charlotte M. Frieze, garden editor of *House & Garden* magazine. The morning panel on Master Planning & Design Trends will be followed by two afternoon sessions on Furniture, Lighting & Outdoor Living Spaces, and Trends in Plants & Flowers.

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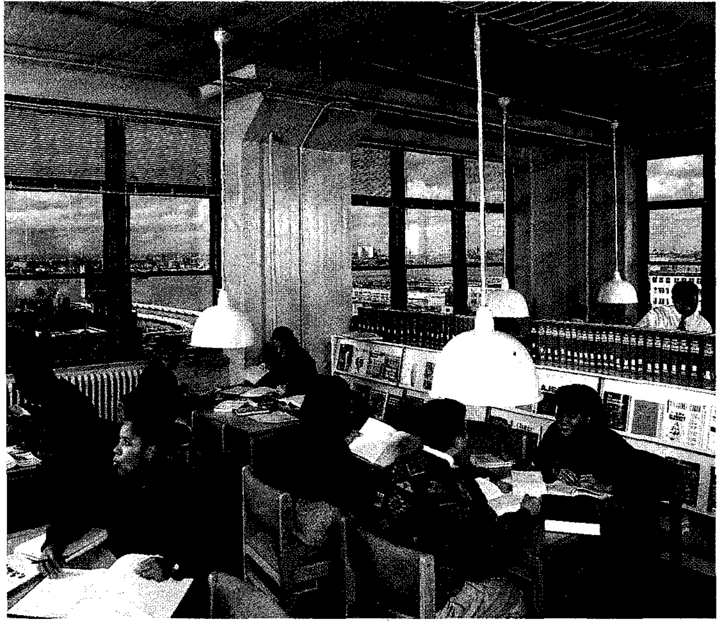
The average age of Audrey Cohen's 1,200 students is 32. All students attend the college full-time. About 78 percent are women, 83 percent are minorities, and more than 90 percent receive financial assistance and/or scholarships. The school year is divided into three 15-week semesters a year, one beginning in January, another the last week in April, and a third beginning in September. Audrey Cohen College offers a Bachelor's degree, both in Human Services and in Business, as well as a Master of Science degree program in Administration. An M.B.A. in Media Management was added in 1996. "The Media Management program is a great opportunity for creative people in media and the arts who would benefit from enhancing their management skills," adds Dr. Buglione.



Besides the main campus in the heart of SoHo/TriBeCa, there are centers in downtown Bronx, Flushing, Queens, and St. George in Staten Island.

pratt institute

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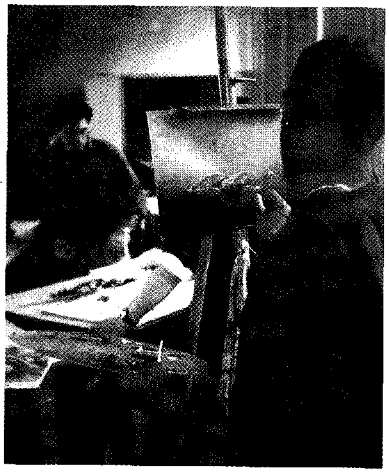
As always, Pratt's two campuses will be buzzing with activity this summer. The Brooklyn campus offers a range of non credit and credit classes primarily in art and design, architecture, computing, and computer graphics. Brooklyn's Summer International Seminar in Architecture and Planning in New York City is a hot ticket with history and theory lecture courses supported by architectural and planning design studios.

The Manhattan Center also offers a range of computer graphics, art and design, decorative arts, career development, and AIA Professional Development. Visit their computer graphics open house on Friday, May 5, from 5:30 to 7 p.m. for a taste of what's in store.



Unique courses to look for this summer include a metal-working workshop (Brooklyn Campus) taught by a sculptor who understands the technical aspects of complex and large projects. At Manhattan, several one-of-a-kind courses catch the eye, including one on hand-made bookmaking, another on Shoheki-Ga, the traditional art of Japanese screen painting, and a third on "Macromedia Dreamweaver," the computer software of choice for artists, designers, and marketers who create and manage Internet Web pages. Only minimal programming experience is required.

The Brooklyn campus is located in the Clinton Hill section of Brooklyn near BAM in downtown Brooklyn. The Manhattan campus is located in the landmark Puck Building in SoHo. The summer session runs from May 23 through August 18.

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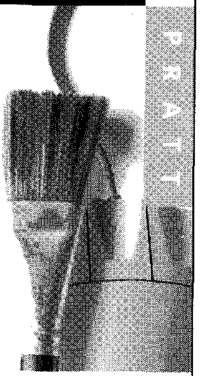

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Gotham has been around for just seven years but the word is out, and spreading fast. Serving more than 4,000 students a year, Gotham Writers' Workshop is the largest private creative writing school in the country and very possibly the world. GWW offers classes for adults in all types of writing imaginable, including fiction, screen, TV and playwriting, nonfiction, novels, children's books, memoirs, poetry, and comedy, as well as a course on how to sell your writing. GWW's creative writing classes for teens (students ages 11 to 18) cover short story writing, nonfiction writing, poetry, screenwriting, and playwriting.

GWW's 10-week long classes (three hours per week) are held at various locations throughout New York City, and also online at www.WritingClasses.com. The online program now has over 200 students per term. (Check out www.WritingClasses.com/sample for a taste of the online experience.) GWW also offers one-day intensive workshops in most genres, as well as private writing instruction, and a correspondence program.

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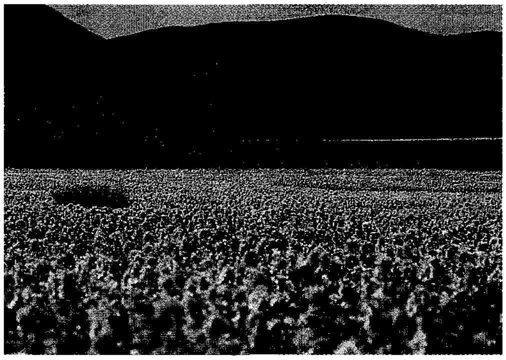
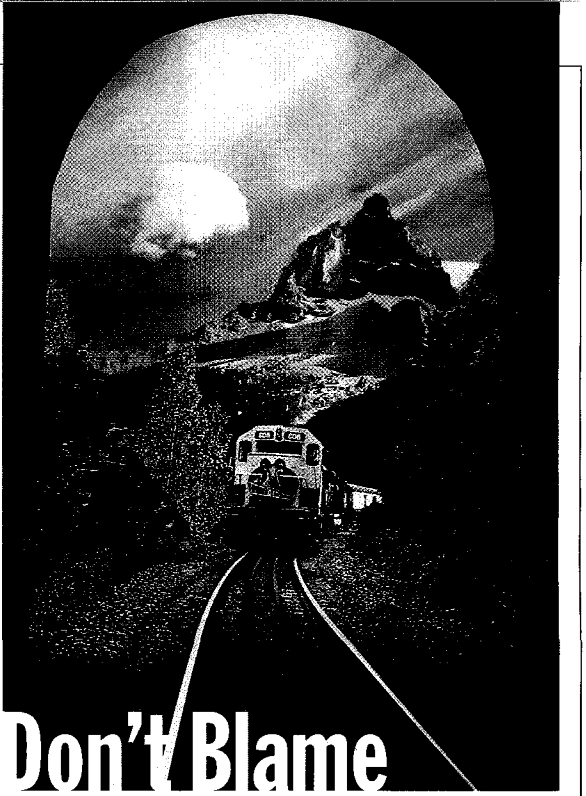
French Provincial

After hosting plein-air-painting workshops for the past three years, Hans Meijer and Candee Christoforides are expanding their "Art in Provence" program to include cooking workshops. Guests learn the secrets of traditional French Provençal cooking in the kitchen of a twelfth-century villa, north of Avignon. (They sleep in a nearby chateau.) Days are spent shopping for produce at the Nyons open-air market, tasting Côtes du Rhône at nearby wineries, and visiting a goat farm that produces the world-famous Picodon cheese. Meijer wants his guests to experience the region as inhabitants rather than as tourists. Six-day workshops cost $2,000 and run May through November (802-457-5169; www.cookingin-provence.com). In the fall, *New York*'s own Gillian Duffy will be teaching "Truffles and Game." T.M.





Don't Blame Canada

For high-end, highly pampered adventure this summer, try heading north of the border. Consider a new warm-weather twist on winter heli-skiing: heli-*hiking*. A helicopter drops hikers high atop the Canadian Rockies for a challenging trek across glaciers and through heather, then returns them to a cozy lodge for a massage, hot tub, and hearty meal. All-inclusive three-day packages vary in difficulty and cost around $1,500 (call Canadian Mountain Holiday, 800-661-0252). At lower altitudes, cycling outfitters Butterfield & Robinson have added a six-day rafting trip this year covering 130 miles of whitewater rapids on Vancouver's Chilko, Chilcotin, and Fraser rivers. Trips are limited to groups of sixteen travelers and cost $2,990 per person (call 800-678-1147). Finally, if all that still sounds too rugged, Rocky Mountaineer Railtours is offering a luxurious two-day "GoldLeaf" train journey across Western Canada, from Vancouver to Banff, Jasper, or Calgary (your choice). Count on astounding views of the Canadian Rockies. It's $914 from June through September, less in April, May, and October (call 800-665-7245). **T.M.**

etc.

London High and Low: Ian Schrager opens his second London hotel in Soho on April 25. The 150-room Sanderson (50 Berners Street, 011-44-207-300-9500; rooms start at $295) has a two-story holistic spa. In London, we always use Sandra Gustafson's invaluable, utterly reliable *Cheap Eats in London*, whose fourth edition is out this month (Chronicle Books, $14.95). . . . **Some Like It Old:** San Diego's 112-year-old Hotel Del Coronado has undergone a $55 million restoration. The new look will be unveiled in June, but the grand old Victorian wedding cake of a beach resort hasn't lost any of its charm. For a preview, rent *Some Like It Hot*, which Billy Wilder filmed there (619-435-6611; doubles start at $205). . . . **Flight Plan:** Starting this month, flightserv.com offers Private Seats, a service for business travelers who want to "carpool" on private eight-person jets. Search for existing flights or create a new one and wait for others to join in. Limited to the New York–Atlanta route for now, and priced just above commercial business class.

Illustration by Melinda Beck. Top photograph by Scott Rowed.

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MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

Bohemian Groove

Stanley Tucci scores again with 'Joe Gould's Secret,' the poignant tale of a true eccentric and the brilliant writer who gave him a kind of immortality.

Pushing the limits: Stanley Tucci (left) directs Ian Holm in *Joe Gould's Secret*.

AT ITS BEST, **Joe Gould's Secret**, STARRING IAN Holm and its director, Stanley Tucci, and based on a pair of legendary *New Yorker* profiles by Joseph Mitchell, has some of the same qualities as Mitchell's prose: plangent intelligence and an empathy that's practically a state of grace. Mitchell's profiles of Gould, the Harvard-educated Greenwich Village cadger and layabout and crackbrained philosopher, were written 22 years apart, with "Professor Seagull" appearing in 1942 and "Joe Gould's Secret" in 1964, seven years after Gould's death. Gould claimed to be compiling the longest book ever written, *An Oral History of the World,* which would give voice to everyone he encountered, especially the lowlifes and the dispossessed and the banished. He fancied himself a gutter Gibbon, and his antics, such as imitating seagulls, whose speech he believed he had deciphered, or performing a Chippewa dance in the middle of a Village soirée, were also his shtick. In the forties in New York, it was possible for someone like Gould to play the performing monkey for radical bohemia and make just enough to get by. He was even welcomed as a regular into some of the local clubs and hangouts because his "authenticity" drew in the tourists looking to do a little slumming with the art set. He got close to the likes of E. E. Cummings, who wrote a poem about him, and a snatch of his musings was once published in the magazine *The Dial,* which first published *The Waste Land.*

In the movie, which was scripted by Howard A. Rodman, Ian Holm's Joe Gould isn't quite as yammery as he appeared on the page. It would have been off-putting if he were. Gould lives in Mitchell's prose as a "character" of genius—the Flying Dutchman of the Village—but on the screen his yowlings have been brought down to a manageable level. Holm's Gould is a character, all right, but he's also a believable person. The art of Holm's performance, of the entire movie, in fact, is in the way it humanizes the guy's weirdnesses and caterwaulings so we can spot the man beneath the grimy, exfoliating beard and rheumy eyes. There is no more satisfying moment in current movies than the one here where Mitchell first walks over to Gould for an interview and the old sot's face expands into delight like one of those speeded-up shots of a flower unfolding.

There is a tendency in movies of this sort to place a nimbus around such a man, and *Joe Gould's Secret* doesn't entirely escape that trap. Gould is portrayed not just as a figure of resonant derangement but also as something more: a too sensitive soul who suffers for our bourgeois sins. Gould may be a dissembler in the particulars, but mainly he is shown to be a truth-teller, which is what we, too, would be if we weren't hemmed in by fuddy-duddy convention. In fact, so goes the movie, if we look within ourselves, we may perhaps discover our own inner Joe Gould. "He's a freak," says a cop about him to the proprietor of a diner Gould frequents. "We're all freaks," comes the reply. This is a disservice to Joe Gould, who could out-freak just about anybody.

The film also sets up a simpatico relationship between Gould and Mitchell—the two Joes—that's a bit too freaky-deaky. We're supposed to see both men as loners who feel at home only among other loners. Gould is an expatriate of illustrious Massachusetts lineage; Mitchell is a refugee from the South, from North Carolina, and he retains a Southerner's slow-cooked courtliness. Mitchell is shown with his wife (Hope Davis) and two daughters in scenes of snuggly harmony but, perhaps unintentionally, these moments feel weightless, as if we were observing a charade of what domestic bliss should be. Still, the hokiness of this lonely-hearts-club stuff is greatly alleviated by the extraordinary subtlety of the performers, particularly Tucci, who manages the extraordinary feat of turning a sounding board into a feeling, full-fledged character. There is a moment halfway through the film when Mitchell, weary of being hounded by Gould, hides from him in the *New Yorker* building while a receptionist lies about

Photograph by Abbot Genser.

the writer's whereabouts, and the riven look on Tucci's face shows you how hollow Mitchell feels at that moment. Very few movies have ever dramatized as well as this one how a subject can take over a writer. Gould gets to Mitchell, not just as the subject of a profile but on a deeper, more elusive level; he's spooked by him, by the unreachableness of him. Gould is like some avenging imp who challenges Mitchell's complacencies about his profession. In approaching Gould and writing about him, Mitchell has entered into another person's life, and now, both literally and figuratively, he can't shake the guy. Noting at the end that Mitchell, who died in 1996, never published anything after his final Gould piece, the filmmakers make perhaps too large and sentimental a presumption about the men's relationship, but the presumption also has the ring of truth. If Joe Gould in this film is a bit like one of the mad, delusional barflies in *The Iceman Cometh*, then Joseph Mitchell is like that play's Larry Slade, who, alone in the end, is stripped of all illusion. He knows Joe Gould's secret, and he's stricken by it.

MOST OF THE PROLIFERATING TEEN PIX crowding the mini-malls don't acknowledge the way hip-hop has become the sanctuary of upstart white kids looking for an alternative lifestyle to cross over into. The recent *Boiler Room*, about mostly white chop-shop brokers who come on like rap masters, touched on the subject, and **Black and White**, the new James Toback film, mainlines it. It's a free-form, new-style movie, with music by American Cream Team, worked around a lot of old-style plot devices: It features delinquent kids bucking their staid, well-to-do parents; turf wars involving black gangs and the Mafia; two childhood friends who went their separate ways, one into crime, one into sports (and then crime); and many other roasted chestnuts. It also features a performance by Robert Downey Jr., as the gay husband of a documentary filmmaker played by Brooke Shields, that's one of the funniest pieces of acting I've ever seen. When Downey, coming on to Mike Tyson, playing himself, is bitch-slapped for his troubles, the screen is abuzz with a million incongruities.

Toback is no Johnny-come-lately to the racial-cultural wars. Back in 1971, he wrote a Maileresque, hero-worshippy book about Jim Brown, and he featured Brown in his directorial debut, *Fingers*, which was thick with the musk of black-white sex. The aliveness that Toback brings to *Black and White* owes at least as much to his continuing racial obsessions as it does to the cultural moment. Lucky for him right now, the two are joined. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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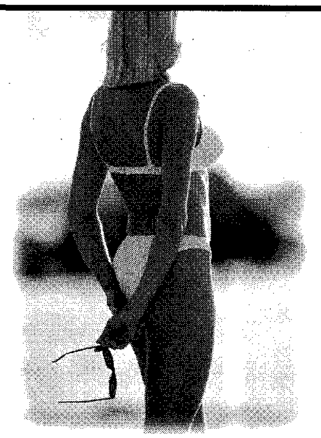

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JOHN SIMON

Foul Play

'The Hologram Theory,' Jessica Goldberg's play on the murder of club kid Angel Melendez, descends into the same vile morass as the milieu it portrays.

WHAT A WEEK THIS WAS! HARDLY HAD I RE-covered from *Tenderloin*, the only Encores! revival I found almost wholly without merit, before I was buffeted, worse than from pillar to post, from one dog to another.

My first traumatic experience was with **The Hologram Theory**, by Jessica Goldberg, whose previous offering, *Refuge,* was not without interest. Here, however, she tries to re-create the world of some New York club kids who in 1996 killed and dismembered a fellow clubber, Angel Melendez. These drugged-out youths—three guys and a girl, one more garish than the next—are either as jarringly subhuman as Goldberg represents them, in which case they are not worthy of a play, only of a police report, or a little more complex than the destructive and self-destructive creeps portrayed, in which case the author has failed both them and us.

Further characters are a dreary female journalist (the whiny Kelly Overbey); the dead and dismembered man (Michael Alexis Palmer, saddled with a silly role); his twin sister, who comes from Trinidad to look for him after he appears to her in a dream (Joie Susannah Lee, in a rote performance that cannot even maintain the right accent); the cop she gets involved with, who investigates the case (Corey Stoll, of whom I saw too little); his shrill fiancée (Jennifer Rau, shrill indeed); and a fatuous filmmaker (dully played by Bill Torres) who seduces the woman journalist with his hologram theory, whereby, as in a hologram every piece contains the whole, so we are all part of one another. Whatever may be true of holograms, in a play like this I am—and want—no part of anybody or anything.

After suffering through an hour of bad writing, dubious acting, and poor directing (by Ruben Palendo), I ran for dear life and my sanity. I can't fathom how the Blue Light Theater Company, which put on such a fine play as *The Clearing* in the very same space, could stoop as low as *The Hologram Theory.* Perhaps because the *Times* trampled on the former, it was assumed that its ignoble antithesis might please. And indeed, it got a mixed review, in which Bruce Weber wrote that these murderous punkers are "impossible to understand if you are not one of them," and followed this up with a good deal of understanding.

NEXT CAME **What You Get and What You Expect**, BY JEAN-MARIE Besset, a transplanted French playwright "widely produced in Europe" whose works I do not know but whom I found intelligent when I met him. The play, however, left me cold, baffled, and totally uninvolved.

It concerns two rival architects competing to erect the first monument on the moon (is the point that we don't need monuments there?): the likable Derrien and the arrogant Lebret. Derrien has a seemingly loving wife, Nathalie, who nevertheless hops into bed with the callow and seemingly gay Brit Neil Abbot, roommate of Pericles Feyder, the European delegate to the monument committee (is it to promote her husband's cause?). Derrien meets up with said Feyder (why does a French architectural competition in Paris need a European delegate?), with whom he had a passionate schoolboy affair, and with whom he again hops into bed—well, actually onto a desktop (it does not seem to be a mere political maneuver).

Hovering over everything is Louise Erkanter, high government functionary and head of the architectural committee, a combination Machiavelli and Messalina, whom we see getting out of bed—actually a waiting-room sofa—with the loathsome Lebret, which on his part may be partly a promotional move, but on hers is barely even sexual. Though the implication seems to be that Louise favors her sex partners, the competition is won by another architect in distant Marseilles, who just hanged himself. That Lebret's and Derrien's submissions were near-identical indicates plagiarism, but just how and by whom remains murky.

(continued on page 83)

Unexpectedly bad: A scene from *What You Get and What You Expect.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus

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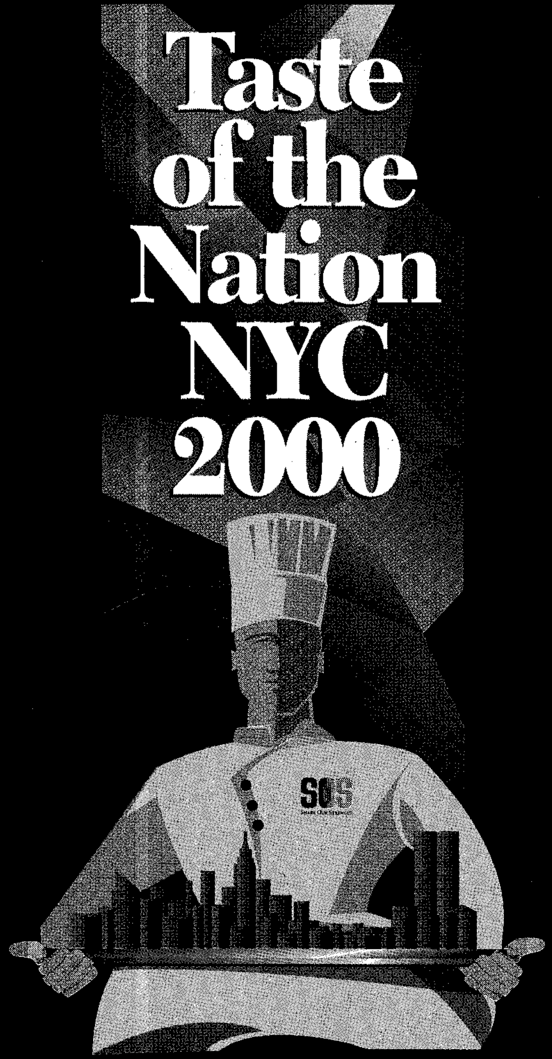

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Barbell Dolls

Are the pumped-up female bodies on display in "Picturing the Modern Amazon" really showing us what liberation looks like?

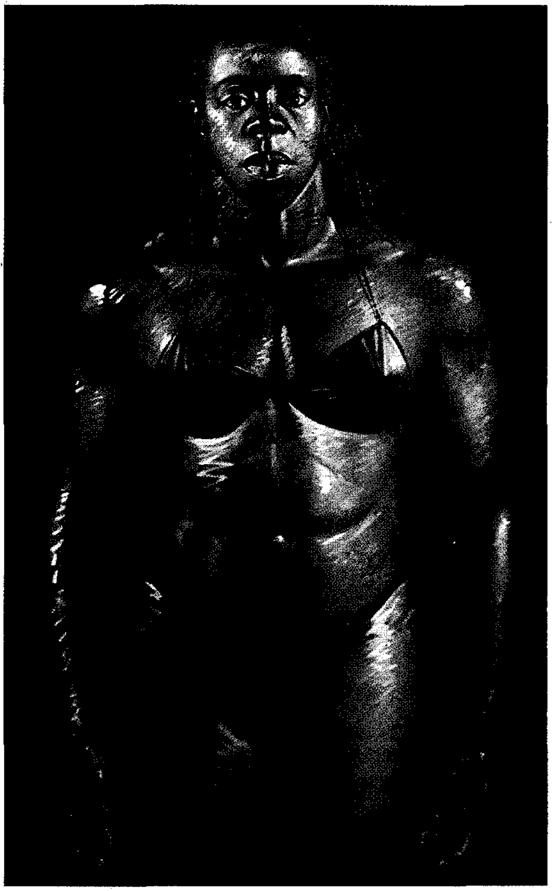
SUCH LARGE ANGER RECENTLY OVER SUCH SMALL art. I can understand the resentments of working artists who feel neglected by a show like the Whitney Biennial, but anger best accompanies the struggle over *great* art. It should not be wasted on mediocre work that, after all, has committed no crime. Social comedy is the right note for this period of mannerist exhaustion when artists, curators, and critics try to revive spent conventions in art with hothouse effects. Tinpot mayors and elephant dung. Pictures made with melted chocolate. They all deserve a wry smile. So does **Picturing the Modern Amazon**, a show about female bodybuilders that opened recently at the New Museum of Contemporary Art. There could be no better—or, in its way, more comic—illustration of the weakness of contemporary art masquerading as strength.

The exhibit pays homage to many of the fashionable obsessions in modern and contemporary culture: the role of gender and female stereotypes, the place of the marginal or transgressive, the existential style of subcultures and the circus, the flourishing of pop past and present (postcards, comic books, advertisements). As I stared at an enormous picture of the oiled thighs of a female bodybuilder, a person near me began discussing "the body as a cultural construct." It's always surprising when people talk, not just write, in contemporary Latin. What's comical, however, is to see this intellectual edifice—which is constructed with earnest, respectful, and unrelenting piety—rise upon buns of steel.

"Picturing the Modern Amazon" includes some work by contemporary artists—among them Cindy Sherman, Matthew Barney, and Andres Serrano—but the sociology is more interesting than the art. For most of the past three centuries, the idea of women performing feats of strength was regarded as freakish; such women were often part of a circus sideshow. After World War II, perhaps emboldened by the example of Rosie the Riveter, some women began to participate in "muscle beach." At first, their muscles didn't really rip: They still looked like aspiring L.A. actresses. There's a funny shot from around 1945 of Pudgy Stockton—what a great name—supporting two women while a man performs a handstand on her shoulders. She does it all with a Pepsodent smile. Later, a more determined subculture began to develop. Women began seriously pumping iron, polishing their muscles, and engaging in those competitions in which bodybuilders make their back muscles jump around like small animals on a leash.

Few people find anything appealing or sensual about these inflated bodies—whether the bodies are male or female. The interesting point is why a man or a woman would want to do this. What's on display here is not a mild form of narcissism, a tune-up at the gym to impress the lover in the mirror. This is much more extreme—expressionist rather than classical sculpting. A kind of violence is visited upon these bodies, as the flesh is pushed, shaped, twisted, increased, controlled, and often, one assumes, drugged. People who mortify the body in some way will always command a voyeuristic interest. What illumination does such extreme treatment finally yield? In many cultures, altering the body is a religious practice intended to force the flesh closer to the spirit. Here, the transformation of the body has little spiritual resonance, although for the bodybuilders themselves, the rituals of the gym obviously provide a strong sense of community.

The show emphasizes the liberating effect upon a woman of building up her muscles. She is asserting her right to do what she wants with her own flesh and blood, reclaiming her body from cultural expectations that dictate how a woman must look. But I did not ac-



Belle of the medicine ball: ***Betty Moore,* by Alfred Leslie (1998).**

Photograph courtesy of Alfred Leslie and Boil and Squeal Gallery tually take away from this show an impression of joyful liberation or revelatory transgression. The bodybuilders appear just as consumed by looks and fashion as any prisoner of *Vogue*. Their bodies are certainly as unlikely as any model's. They are barbell Barbies who have turned their bodies into living kitsch, performing in muscle dresses to earn the startled oohs and aahs of the world. So overwrought, showy, mannered, and extreme is their bulking-up—so obviously compensatory in its exaggerations—that I couldn't help wondering what poignant 90-pound weakling hides behind the armor.

FOR THE SHOW **Painters in Paris: 1895–1950**, which recently opened at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the curators have cherry-picked many of the best works in the museum's collection of Parisian painting. A large number of the more than 100 pictures by 38 artists—among them Picasso, Matisse, Bonnard, Modigliani, and Vuillard—have come into the collection in the past two decades. And so the exhibit is a measure of just how strong the Met has become in this area. Of course, the show is also an elegant form of bragging, which does not require much focus, and it provides the museum with the opportunity to mount a crowd-pleaser on the cheap.

But no excuse is necessary for showing great works of art. And seeing pictures in this way is actually very useful. Museumgoers now identify art much too closely with the forward march of permanent collections, the apotheosis of individual artists in retrospectives, and the scholarly aura of thematic exhibitions. Here, the curators have done a roughly chronological layout—but only roughly—and the works by any particular artist are not all grouped together. There is no strong inclination to instruct. As a result, the art seems unusually free. Picasso appears as a great artist, but also just an artist among others. Some figures who never quite get their due, among them Derain, stand out. There are first-rate works on display by such masters as Matisse and Bonnard—but also some weaker pictures, ordinarily not on view, that put the masterpieces in perspective. The curators have a chance to make lovely or unexpected juxtapositions. At a certain moment, a similar mask-shaped head appears in Picasso, Matisse, and Derain. In the thirties, both Picasso and Balthus dream of young women—and not always in a dissimilar way. And when you hang De Chirico's *Ariadne* next to Henri Rousseau's *Repast of a Lion*, it almost looks as if the gray, sleeping statue were dreaming of the red-toothed jungle. ▬

Mark Stevens's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Simon *continued from page 80*

There is more than this to *What You Get*, though I didn't get the half of it. Does it mean that in politics everyone screws everyone else, both literally and figuratively? Or is there some elaborate symbolism, whereby Nick is Britain screwing half of France, just as Feyder, symbolizing the European Union, screws the other half? Or is this thing even more arcane, beyond an old-fashioned reviewer with the atavistic notion that plays ought to have apprehensible meanings? What is sure is that Christopher Ashley has directed some usually decent actors into overacting ferociously.

FINALLY, THE NEW GROUP'S **Betwixt**, BY DAVID Cale. That group and its artistic director, Scott Elliott, once did good work but have lately, perhaps partly out of financial constraints, gone in for inane one- or two-character ramblings, of which this is the most egregious example. A man and a woman, mostly seated but sometimes standing, deliver monologues—or, more rarely, dialogues—into microphones. These, when meant to be funny, are ineffably flat-footed; when meant to be serious, simply embarrassing.

The stuff concerns Brits mostly in America (both Cale and his co-performer, Cara—formerly Caroline—Seymour, are transplanted Britishers), though sometimes also back in England. On two continents, they incontinently spout platitudes, nonsense, tall tales, or pseudopoetic fantasies. When they deal with specifics, they are largely about aborted hetero- or homosexual endeavors, about unexpected careers in soap operas or telephone sex, or about creatures from the sea, possibly dolphins, making love to humans. Especially trying are the woman's involvement with three men named Martin, and David Cale's occasional renditions of pop songs to show off his nonexistent singing talent.

Both Cale and Miss Seymour have been seen to better advantage in previous New Group offerings; but no amount of effort can coax life out of this inert matter. Jonathan Kreisberg introduces and accompanies *Betwixt* with his undistinguished guitar music, made worse by being amplified. Curiously, it took two (Scott Elliott and Andy Goldberg) to direct this non-play, and two others (Zaniz Jakubowski and Kevin Price) to provide the minimalist, almost virtual scenery.

At one point, one of the speakers declares, "We sat there for two hours with next to nothing to say." *Betwixt* lasts only one and a half (unendurable) hours, and has less than nothing to say: What you lose in duration, you gain in emptiness. ▬

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JOHN LEONARD

The Wastedland

An HBO series features lost souls in a drugged-out Baltimore neighborhood; a search for the lost tribes of Israel finds evidence just about everywhere.

YOU WILL RECOGNIZE THIS BALTIMORE: A BELFAST or Beirut with stoops. **The Corner** (Sundays, April 16 through May 21; 10 to 11 P.M.; HBO) is familiar from countless episodes of *Homicide,* looped like a gray film behind the eyes of the frazzled cops, a high-risk urbanscape of wheeler-dealers and the dispossessed, of listlessness and sudden violence, of glum pickings, low cunning, extreme caution, and involuntary twitch, but also of surprising community. The same Baltimore *Sun* reporter who wrote the book that inspired the *Homicide* series, David Simon, has co-written all six hours of *The Corner,* based on another heartbreaker of a book he wrote with Edward Burns, a police detective who retired to teach school. Simon, with co-executive producer David Mills (*ER*) and director Charles S. Dutton (the actor and a Baltimore native himself), set up cameras and shop in an open-air drug market at the intersection of Fayette and Monroe to see if he could catch some ghosts.

So the people and their names are real, like Gary McCullough, who used to have his own stock portfolio but now steals copper plumbing to buy his next fix; and Fran Boyd, a party girl poised between the shooting gallery and a detox clinic; and their 15-year-old son, DeAndre, who walks a wavering line between them like a candidate for sniper fire. But they are impersonated by actors (T. K. Carter, Khandi Alexander, and Sean Nelson, respectively), who know in advance what will become of their real-life counterparts, but who have been encouraged by Dutton to "play the person, not the drugs"—which means imagining themselves beyond the addiction to what once was and could be, a sort of soul search. And the streets are real, as well—so much so that the production company did some skillful footwork with both the dealers and the cops. And all of this looks like a documentary by Frederick Wiseman or Barbara Kopple, not exactly improvised but happened upon, unfolding according to its own rhythms or drift, a narrative somehow more persuasive, more reliable, because of its very uncertainty.

No doubt this raises epistemological questions, but I leave them to assistant professors of problematizing and media quibble. We are absorbed by remarkable television into these margins, this underground of coke and heroin dealers and users and their parents and children, this black-market mirror of the global economy, a kind of parody of Darwinian capitalism. As Gary, Fran, and DeAndre, not to mention Gary's sometime squeeze, the angle-playing survival artist Ronnie (Tasha Smith), or DeAndre's pregnant 14-year-old girlfriend, Tyreeka (Toy Connor), or Ella Thompson (Tyra Farrell), the mourning mother who starts a recreation center, or the creative scammers Fat Curt (Clarke Peters) and Blue (Glenn Plummer), explain themselves as best they can, as often with a subversive sense of humor as in jazz riffs and bluesy self-deception, several things happen off-camera in the mind of the viewer:

First, of course, our stereotypes are exploded, like little balloons full of bile. Next, we start to root for Gary and are surprised by Fran and despair of DeAndre. Then, although nobody lectures us, we come to feel, if not complicit, at least vulnerable and precarious, only a catastrophic illness away from falling through the cracks ourselves, after which there aren't enough beds at the rehab and we will be punished by the politicians for failing to be lucky. And finally, in admitting our sympathy, our reawakened fraternal feeling, we begin to appreciate an even greater scam than Fat Curt's. The war that has been so noisily declared on drugs is really a war of the overclass, at its clean computers, on the underclass, on its messy corners.

JUST TO PROVE THAT ALL THE DOPE fiends don't live in West Baltimore, we have **Trapped in a Purple Haze** (Monday, April 17; 8 to 10 P.M.; ABC), where white middle-class Chicago is the neighborhood at risk. Executive producer Thomas Carter and director Eric Laneuville

(continued on page 86)

Save-a-soul mission: Sean Nelson and Khandi Alexander are son and mother in HBO's *The Corner.*

Photograph by Will Hart/HBO

THE UNDERGROUND GOURMET ROB PATRONITE & ROBIN RAISFELD

Crust in Me

The modest sandwich—underappreciated, underestimated, and, more often than not, underwhelming—may have finally found a much-deserved savior.

IT'S LUNCHTIME AT **Sandwich Planet** (534 NINTH AVenue, near 39th Street; 212-273-9768), a month-old tight squeeze of a storefront restaurant done up in comic-book colors around the corner from the Port Authority. Two cops walk in; one takes a cursory glance at the menu and orders a French dip. His partner studies the list, begins to order, and hesitates. Five minutes later, he's still looking. "You havin' trouble reading today?" says French Dip. "You been perusin' that menu for about twenty minutes—you better not disappoint me with a ham on rye or something." While Officer Slowpoke undoubtedly let French Dip down with his final selection—ham on *sourdough,* with Cheddar and honey mustard—his indecision is understandable. What would *you* do in the presence of a couple hundred made-to-order sandwich choices?

Sandwich Planet's affable owner, Will Brown, who can be seen vigilantly manning his post at the podium where he takes delivery orders and greets customers, got his start in the sandwich trade a dozen blocks north at the thriving Island Burgers and Shakes. There he cultivated a following with his varied assortment of boldly seasoned and lavishly garnished chicken churascos and hamburgers, most of which are reprised at Sandwich Planet. We heartily endorse any of the sinus-clearing blackened-chicken churasco combinations; cajun-style is less fiery for those who can't handle the heat. Try the one called Bourbon Street, which is gilded with bacon, Monterey Jack, onion, and Brown's spicy, proprietary "bayou mayo." (All sandwiches are $4.50 to $7.75.)

Brown, who grew up on the West Coast with an affinity for bread and all that goes within it, sensed a sandwich vacuum right here in the restaurant capital of the world. "You know what I hate?" he says. "Those places where the sandwiches are sitting there in plastic, waiting to be bought." That's not the case at Sandwich Planet, where a guy who calls in his order of three Napalm churascos (blackened, with barbecue sauce, jalapeños, Cheddar, and habanero sauce) has to circle the block in his car until Brown runs outside to make a curbside delivery.

Brown has expanded his Island *oeuvre* to include Italian panini, all named for Italian and Italian-American people, places, and things, from the Sopranos (prosciutto, Toscano salami, provolone) to Pacino (a Soprano with tomato and fontina instead of provolone) to the pope (not strictly Italian, but very much a Pacino in spirit). But the panini, which are served on a choice of breads from Sullivan Street Bakery and TriBakery, may be the weakest planet in this sandwich solar system. The ingredients are clearly fresh and ample—the truffle-scented Lollabrigida is veritably bursting with goat cheese—but Brown really excels with his retro classics, the kind of two-fisted all-American sandwiches that have been displaced by wraps and other raised-pinky deviations. What sets Brown and Sandwich Planet apart is his insistence on the homemade over the processed. He makes his own condiments from scratch. He roasts his own beef. He bakes his own bone-in ham, which he buys from a local butcher and seasons with cloves and brown sugar. The fragrant final product makes an appearance in the Mini Cristo, a delectable take on the Monte Cristo made with chicken salad (homemade and archetypally old-fashioned, without a trace of curry powder or an errant raisin), ham, and Swiss, on sourdough bread that's been dipped in a milk-and-egg bath and grilled to perfection.

SANDWICH PLANET

Sandwiched in: Three variations on a theme at Sandwich Planet.

Brown is so proud of his excellent roast beef, made from a crown rib he roasts rare, that he urges customers to order it cold (because any more heat will cook it past pink). Try it with Cheddar, bacon, and an amazing horseradish, sour-cream, and black-pepper spread, or browned, if you must, in a cheese-steak sandwich so overstuffed you'll have more than enough meat for a second sandwich, in the grand tradition of Katz's or the Carnegie. Needless to say, he roasts his own turkey, which he works into a succulent turkey BLT. Even the coffee-shop stalwart grilled cheese benefits from Brown's attention to detail. One features fontina with roasted red pepper.

Chips, of course, are the classic accompaniment, but you should leave room for a jumbo baked potato, as far from the minimalist, olive-oil-doused Four Seasons version as is humanly possible. The Classic is a pre-Pritikin marvel, stuffed with butter, sour cream, Cheddar, bacon, and chives. For dessert, your choice is limited—not unhappily—to one of Ed's Big Ol' Cupcakes, baked by a struggling actor-waiter acquaintance of Brown's,

Photographs by James Baigrie.

and available two ways: devil's food or yellow cake. Even the wishy-washiest beat cop should be able to handle a decision like that.

OTHER NOTEWORTHY DEVELOPMENTS on the sandwich front: Perceptive visitors to **City Bakery** (22 East 17th Street; 212-366-1414) who can tear themselves away from Maury Rubin's tart display may notice the occasional surprise addition to the sandwich and salad-bar counters. That's because chef Ilene Rosen (who, like Rubin, uses Greenmarket-fresh produce in her work) is subject to bouts of seasonal inspiration in her ever-expanding line of sandwiches ($4.50–$7.50). Pears in season? She roasts them with maple brown butter and pairs them with ricotta salata. Tomatoes making their yearly debut? It's time for corn-bread-crusted green tomatoes with tomato yogurt on an onion roll. A few months ago, she rolled out an anti-carcinogenic burrito for soybean savants: A spinach tortilla encases stir-fried tempeh, fermented black beans, and Japanese hummus—Rosen's name for a purée of soybeans and canola oil. Her background in furniture and interior design gives her an architectural advantage: "I imagine somebody biting into it. I look at the stringy parts, the soggy parts—it has to hold itself together."

Serious attention to sandwich construction is also paid two blocks away at **Marco Polo** (15 East 15th Street; 212-647-1515), the cheerful nine-month-old café that morphs into a wine-bar annex of the adjacent Tocqueville restaurant at night. Partner-spouses Marco Moreira and Jo-Ann Makovitzky were caterers first, and their bite-size mini-sandwiches ($3 to $4.50) reflect their focus on big flavors in little packages. Classic egg salad goes luxe with the addition of truffle oil and just a hint of sun-dried tomato, an upgrade that shouldn't scare egg-salad purists away. Lemon confit renders tuna salad bracingly tart, and—neatniks should note—the circumference of the beefsteak-tomato slice perfectly matches that of the multigrain roll. French ham and Brie with butter and honey mustard is five fat-filled bites of pure bliss. But the café's crowning achievement is named for its creator: Marco's Favorite panini ($7.75), heated on a sandwich press, makes a dramatic olfactory entrance, with its drizzle of truffle oil paving the way for the pungent flavors of prosciutto di Parma and Asiago cheese—proof that there's room enough on this sandwich planet for grilled cheese in every guise. ■

Rob Patronite and Robin Raisfeld's 1999–00 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Leonard *continued from page 84*

seem to be suggesting that 18-year-old Jonathan Jackson (*General Hospital*) is doomed to heroin addiction, rather than a career painting pictures in Paris or pushing hockey pucks in the NHL, because his father, Colm Feore (*Stephen King's Storm of the Century*), can't stand up to his mother, the tyrannical perfectionist JoBeth Williams (*The Big Chill*), and his walk-on-the-wild-side college girlfriend, Carly Pope (*Popular*), really wants to be Angelina Jolie. There are nice touches here—for instance, the fact that talent scout JoBeth is smart enough to spot the dark side in a set of black-and-white photographs she wants her art gallery to exhibit, but not to see it in her own son—but since I'd just spent six hours on *The Corner* listening to people who did me the favor of refusing to indulge in pop-psych excuses for themselves, I resisted most of the way.

A HANDSOME NEW EXXONMOBIL MASTERpiece Theatre production of **David Copperfield** (Sunday, April 16, 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Monday, April 17, 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) gives me a gratuitous chance to complain out loud about John Irving's screenplay for *The Cider House Rules,* in which the Dickens novel figures so obsessively. In Irving's novel, when Homer left the orphanage to become, like David Copperfield, the hero of his own life, so, too, did Melony, with a copy of *Jane Eyre* and a violent grudge against the world. By retaining Dickens in the movie but dumping Brontë, Irving mutilated his own splendid riff on nineteenth-century English literature. For shame.

Now that I've got that off my shelf, let me say that the public-television *Copperfield* has a cast every bit as stellar as Delbert Mann's 1970 Hollywood version starring Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Edith Evans, Michael Redgrave, Emlyn Williams, Wendy Hiller, and Richard Attenborough, with a better script (by Adrian Hodges) and a better lead (Ciarán McMenamin). I won't trouble you with a plot synopsis; it always sounds ridiculous and almost never is. All you really need to know is that Maggie Smith is Aunt Betsey, Bob Hoskins is Mr. Micawber, Ian McKellen is Mr. Creakle, Ian McNeice is Mr. Dick, and Trevor Eve is Murdstone—and that, after three splendid hours, David once again finally marries the right woman.

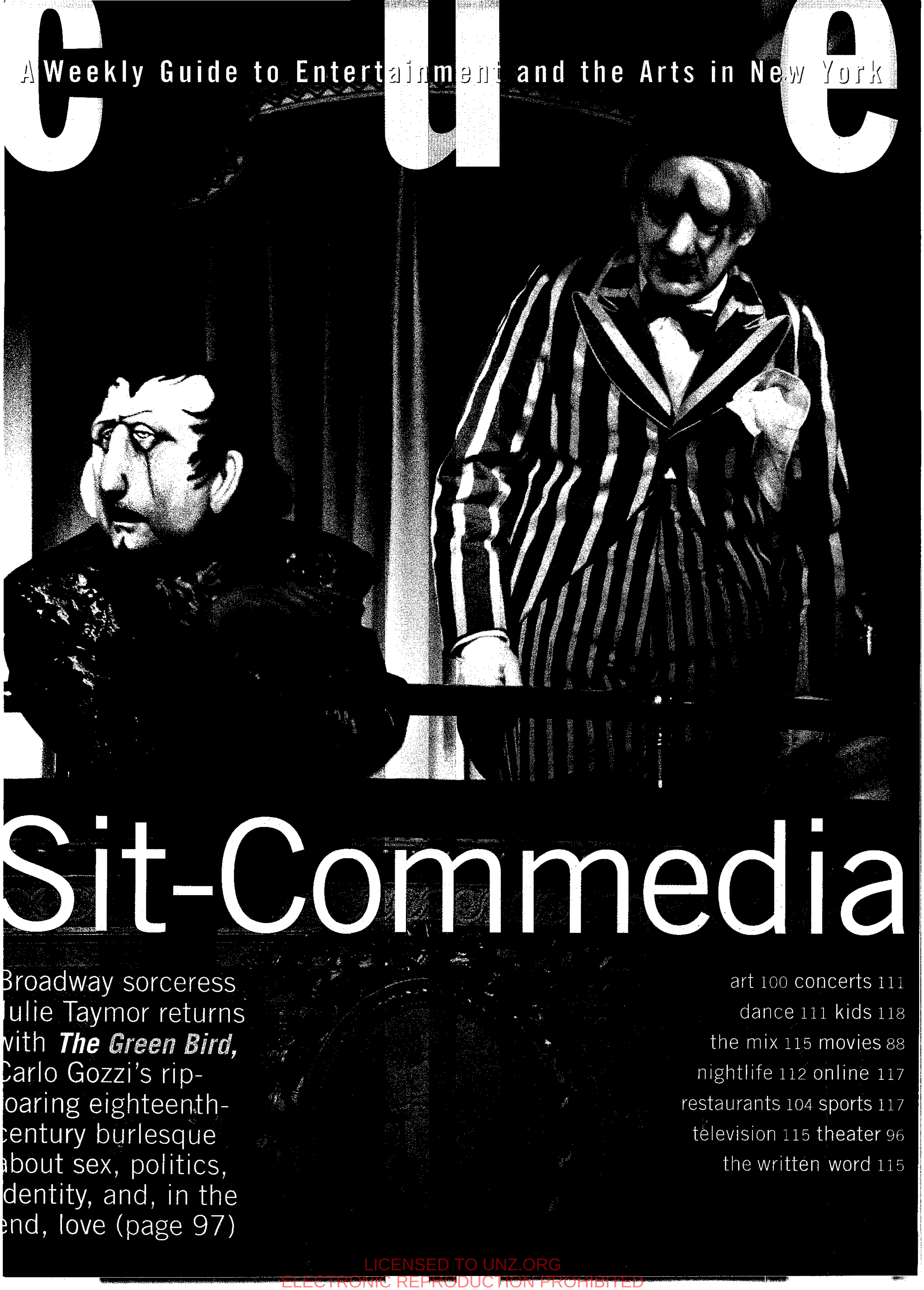
BE WARNED THAT **Quest for the Lost Tribes** (Sunday, April 16; 8 to 10 P.M.; A&E) is one of those indulgences in anthropo-archaeological mysticism to which I am peculiarly susceptible. Emmy-winning filmmaker Simcha Jacobovici decides to look for the lost tribes of Israel—all ten of which have been missing almost since the death of Solomon more than 2,700 years ago—in such exotic climes as Syria, Afghanistan, Bukhara, Samarkand, Keifeng, Bombay, and along the Burma-India border, not to mention all those Pathans in the Khyber Pass. Imagine his nonsurprise to find ancient rituals and kosher kitchens everywhere he goes, as well as inscriptions in Hebrew and Aramaic, not to mention prayer shawls, Exodus songs, and the prophet Elijah, plus a convenient island of high-priest Cohens off the coast of Tunisia, just waiting for the "in-gathering" on the Megiddo plateau that will signal Armageddon. Jacobovici, who explains all this between swatches of on-the-road film to an audience seated in what must be Israel, may be as full of potsherds as the Arthur Koestler who wrote *The Thirteenth Tribe,* but he makes a thrilling case.

In brief: WHY ANYBODY SHOULD THINK **Picnic** (Sunday, April 16; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) needs remaking is beyond me. Is William Inge canonical or something? Anyway, instead of William Holden's stealing the heart of Kim Novak in the Kansas corn, Josh Brolin will steal the heart of Gretchen Mol, and it's not the same. In fact—and in spite of affecting performances in the adult categories by Bonnie Bedelia, Jay O. Sanders, and Mary Steenburgen—it is a whole other order of not-the-same, as, say, *Peter Pan* was to *Oedipus Rex*. . . . Halfway through **Finding Buck McHenry** (Sunday, April 16; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Showtime), I wanted to write a letter to someone complaining that Ossie Davis, the fine old radical, had been turned by television once too often into a Great Uncle Feel-Good. But then, of course, the school janitor who undertakes to coach a Little League "expansion team" rises to the polemical occasion to explain what it was like playing ball in the bad old days, in the Jim Crow South, in the Negro Leagues, and why he quit the game not because he was afraid of the violence that might be done to him but, instead, because of the violence he might do. Watching him on television, his hitherto innocent wife is filled with admiration. Since she, of course, is Ruby Dee, I, of course, am mollified. . . . **Kiss Toledo Goodbye** (Saturday, April 15; 8 to 9:30 P.M.; Starz!) is another whacky gangster movie, in which an about-to-be-married investment banker, the dithering Michael Rapaport, discovers that his real father is the double-breasted mob boss Robert Forster, which will mean a number of over-the-top performances—at length, by Christopher Walken; in passing, by Nancy Allen; and in brief, by a missing finger. ■

John Leonard's 1997–2000 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



Sit-Commedia

Broadway sorceress ulie Taymor returns with ***The Green Bird,*** Carlo Gozzi's rip-oaring eighteenth-century burlesque about sex, politics, dentity, and, in the end, love (page 97)

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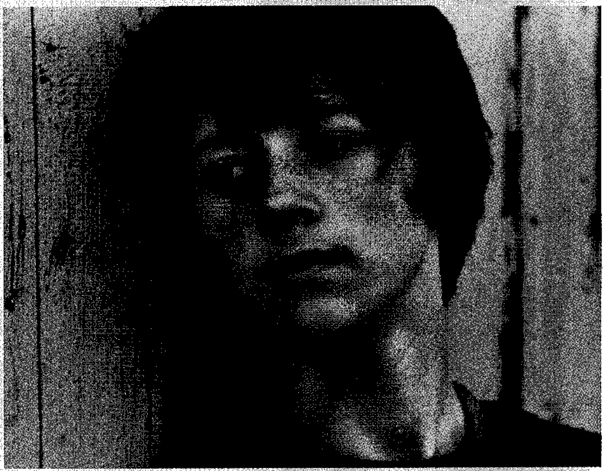
movies

Léa Pool...*Joe Gould's Secret*...*American Psycho*

Previews
Montreal Blues

In his first feature film, *The 400 Blows,* François Truffaut managed to confront his own painful childhood head-on. His autobiographical hero, Antoine, was a neglected delinquent with no visible means of escape. Forty years later, *Set Me Free,* Léa Pool's French-Canadian chronicle of Hannah (Karine Vanasse, pictured), a neglected 14-year-old girl who experiments with lesbianism and prostitution, tells a more complicated (if, by now, a less original) story. Unlike Antoine, Hannah isn't simply the victim of uncaring parents and bourgeois institutions; her mixed Jewish-Catholic heritage, her ambiguous sexuality, and her father's history as a Holocaust survivor all contribute to her desperation. It's more than a *cri de coeur;* it's a mature autobiographical work that took the 49-year-old Pool six feature films to produce. "In a lot of my previous films," she says, "you have very often the situation of childhood and the emotional absence of the mother. It was in the background, but at one point I thought, *If I don't want to go on with this theme forever, I have to really go inside the subject once in my life.*" What allowed her to finally do so, she says, was a decision she made four years ago to adopt a child. "I didn't want to make a film that was angry about my mother or the fact that my parents couldn't give me all the love that I needed," she says. "That's not very interesting. And becoming a mother myself gave me a good distance from the subject." With her mother's blessing and occasional consultation, Pool transposed her own coming-of-age in Lausanne, Switzerland, to early-sixties Montreal, which in her rendering looks more like postwar Europe. For her next film, she's decided to make another new attempt: directing a movie she didn't write—an English-language film, no less. "I think it's a good point now," she says, "especially after such a personal film, to try something completely different. If you don't try, you don't move." *Set Me Free* opens April 14 at the Quad. *La Demoiselle Sauvage,* Pool's fourth feature, will be screened April 28 at the Walter Reade Theater, part of the Film Society's series "Blame Canada!" opening this week.

Boris Kachka



New Films

★**All About My Mother**—Pedro Almodóvar's movie about a mother, magnificently played by Cecilia Roth, who becomes a caregiver to an entire carnival of lost souls is his best in years. In Spanish with English subtitles. (Rainer; 11/29/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Bening) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Loews 84th Street; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Marboro; UA Astoria; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Being John Malkovich**—This debut feature from director Spike Jonze and screenwriter Charlie Kaufman is a stunning piece of metaphysical vaudeville starring John Cusack—a neo-slacker's spin on the sort of thing Pynchon or Borges might have dreamed up. Cameron Diaz and Catherine Keener fill out the spectacular cast. (Rainer; 11/8/99) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Beyond the Mat—Barry Blaustein's behind-the-scenes documentary about professional wrestlers shows off their circuslike world but also plays up the *Requiem for a Heavyweight* sobbiness underneath. It's a fascinating film, but Blaustein is a bit too starry-eyed about these carny con men. (Rainer; 3/27/00) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

★**Black and White**—See Rainer, page 78. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; UA Criterion; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

★**Boiler Room**—This debut feature from writer-director Ben Younger is, at least until the heavy moralizing and Freudianizing set in, a terrific thrill ride through the underworld of a chop-shop brokerage house and the sharks who swim through them. Giovanni Ribisi is the trainee who learns to swim with the sharks. Younger captures the way these stock jocks play off popular culture's image of them. (Rainer; 2/28/00) (2 hrs. 1 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews State; North Shore Towers.*

★**Boys Don't Cry**—Directed by first-timer Kimberly Peirce, the film is about Teena Brandon, who, as Brandon Teena, passed as a boy, romanced the girls, and was killed for her deceptions by two ex-cons in Nebraska in 1993. The talented Hilary Swank plays Brandon. (Rainer; 10/18/99) (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Criterion; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; bam Rose Cinemas; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Kew Gardens Cinemas; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Cider House Rules—Michael Caine, Delroy Lindo, and Tobey Maguire star in Lasse Hallström's sweet coming-of-ager, based on the novel by John Irving. (2 hrs. 11 mins.; PG-13) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; CC Crown Gotham; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; bam Rose Cinemas; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Bayside.*

The Color of Paradise—A blind 8-year-old Iranian boy, shunned by his father, must learn his trade and much more from a blind carpenter to whom he's been apprenticed. By renowned Iranian director Majid Majidi, a one-time Oscar nominee. In Persian with English subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Crane World—Argentine director Pablo Trapero's feature debut is about Rulo, an unemployed one-hit-wonder rock star with a beer belly who aspires to be a crane operator. Star Luis Margani leads a cast of non-professionals. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Drowning Mona—A black comedy in which Bette Midler plays an obnoxious woman who turns up in the local fishing pond, and Danny Devito is the small-town sheriff investigating her supposed murder. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

★**East-West**—A hokey, melodramatic, enjoyable cold war drama from France about a Russian émigré physician (Oleg Menchikov) who returns to Stalin's postwar police state with his French wife (Sandrine Bonnaire) and pays the price. Catherine

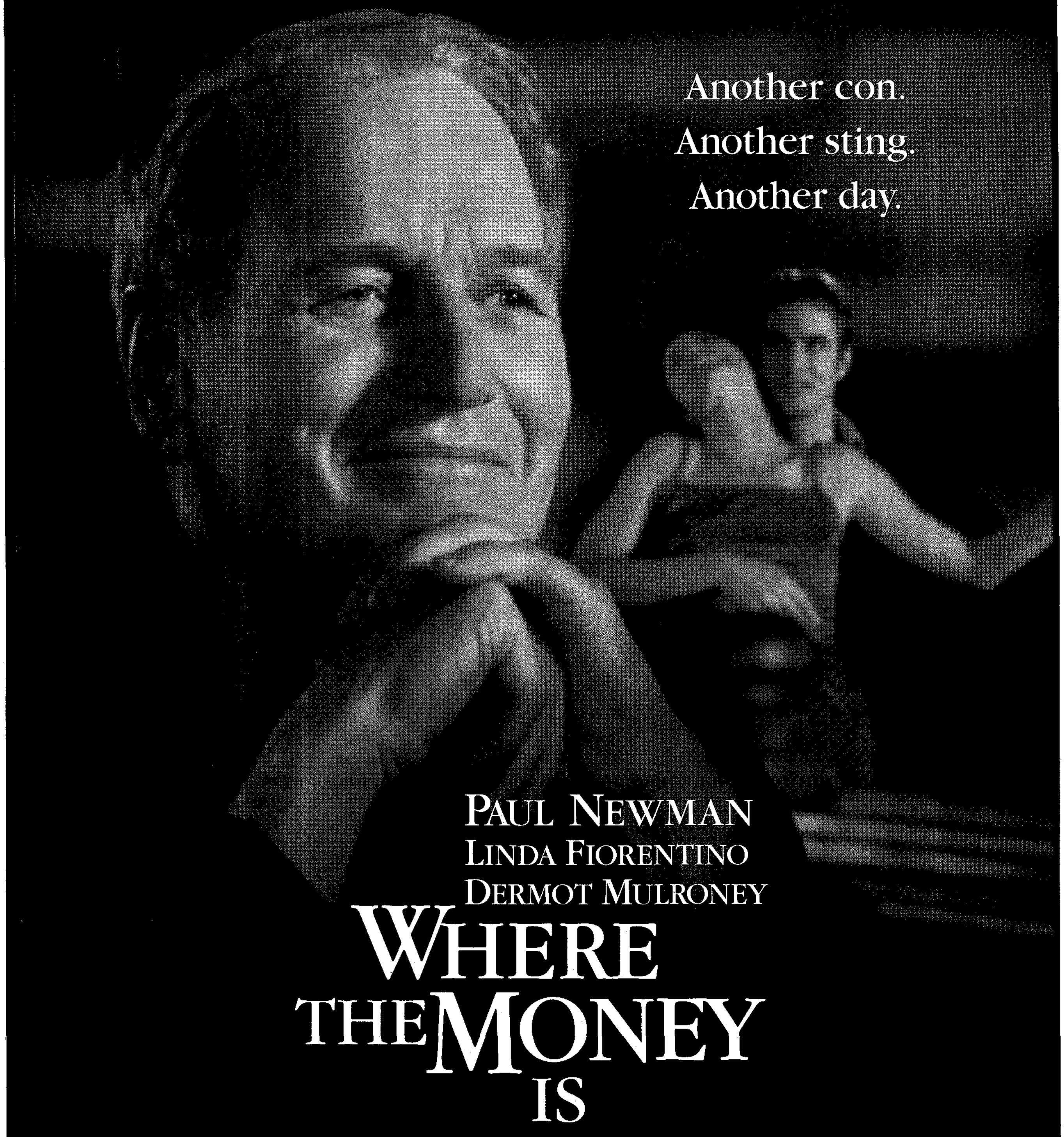
'Cue' cover photograph by Joan Marcus

“★★★★ A Perfect Caper Flick.”

- Jeff Craig, SIXTY SECOND PREVIEW

“This Comedy Delivers A Big Payoff.”

- Anne Marie O’Connor, MADEMOISELLE


Another con.
Another sting.
Another day.

PAUL NEWMAN
LINDA FIORENTINO
DERMOT MULRONEY

WHERE THE MONEY IS

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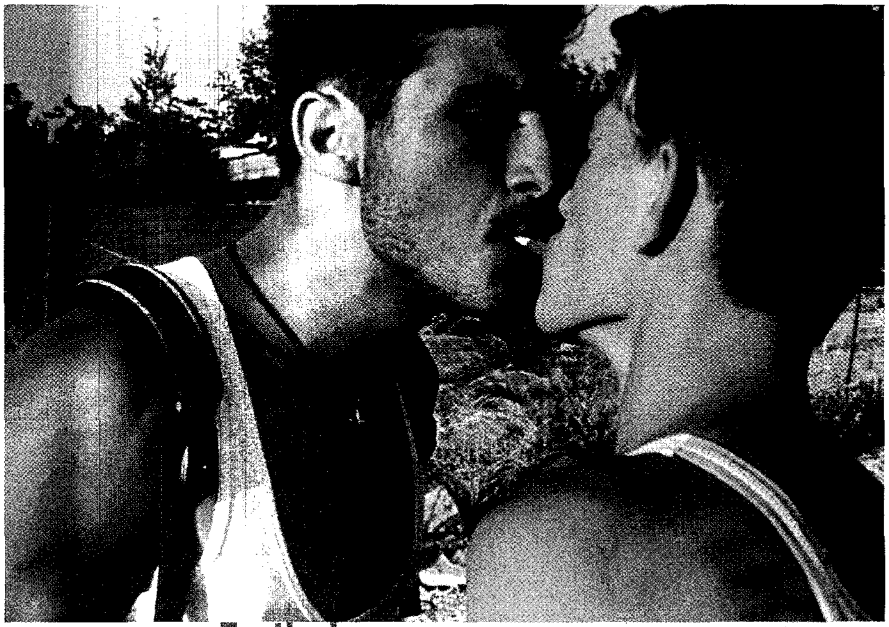
IN THEATRES NATIONWIDE APRIL 14TH



Festivals
Greece Is the Word

In its fourth year, the Thessaloniki USA Film Festival continues to expand. Many of its 30 movies from Greece and the Balkans focus on sex and death, but two new sidebars break new ground: "The Hellenic Diaspora," featuring three works by Greek-American filmmakers, and "Windows on the Balkans," two documentaries on the region's troubles. The festival, at Anthology Film Archives, opens April 14 with Constantine Giannaris's 'From the Edge of the City' (starring Staphis Papadopoulos, above left), about a group of Greek refugees from Kazakhstan who survive as hustlers. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for details.

Photograph courtesy of Thessaloniki USA Film Festival.

Deneuve plays the French actress who helps save the day, and her cheekbones and lip gloss have never seemed so politically correct. In French and Russian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 5 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

★**The End of the Affair**—This Neil Jordan adaptation of Graham Greene's 1951 sin-and-redemption novel has a hushed, spectral atmosphere that, at times, resembles *Brief Encounter* crossed with *Tales From the Crypt.* It's an impressive, and oppressive, achievement, featuring Ralph Fiennes as an acidulous novelist in torrid, soulful involvement with the wife (Julianne Moore) of a meek civil servant (Stephan Rea). (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

Erin Brockovich—Julia Roberts plays a high-heeled, cleavage-enhanced, twice-divorced mother of three who also spearheads an investigation leading to the largest payoff ever made in a direct-action lawsuit in this intermittently enjoyable crusading-underdog movie directed by Steven Soderbergh. (Rainer; 3/27/00) (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Fantasia/2000—A restored print of "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and seven other animated extravaganzas set to the sounds of the Chicago Symphony. (1 hr. 25 mins.; G) *Sony Lincoln Square's IMAX.*

The Filth and the Fury—Julien Temple creates yet another documentary about the Sex Pistols, this time without letting Malcolm McLaren take all the credit. New concert footage and an interview with Sid and Nancy, may they rest in peace. (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *Film Forum.*

Final Destination—A young man gets a premonition and tells his friends that their plane is going to crash. They don't get on, but they die anyway. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai—Forest Whitaker gives a resonant and affecting performance as a hit man who pores over ancient samurai texts in this allusive Jim Jarmusch movie that is by turns irritating and inviting. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Girl, Interrupted—*One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* meets *Clueless.* With Winona Ryder and Angelina Jolie. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; CC Sutton.*

Here On Earth—Chris Klein is a Princeton-bound Massachusetts prep school brat, Leelee Sobieski his townie romantic interest, and Josh Hartnett her salt-of-the-earth boyfriend in this teenage-love-triangle drama turned tearjerker. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**High Fidelity**—John Cusack is the owner of a retro record store in Chicago whose girlfriend (Iben Hjejle) has just walked out on him in this raffish, highly entertaining comedy directed by Stephen Frears. It's one of the few comedies around that really gets into the way men try to make sense of themselves. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Clearview's Cobble Hill; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Holy Smoke—Kate Winslet is an Australian girl who falls under a guru's spell while traveling in India. Harvey Keitel plays the cult deprogrammer who gets caught up in the swirl. The film, directed by Jane Campion, becomes more and more absurd as it plays itself out. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *The Screening Room.*

★**The Hurricane**—Denzel Washington gives a powerhouse performance as Rubin "Hurricane" Carter in this film about the middleweight contender's fight for exoneration after he was wrongfully arrested on a murder rap and imprisoned for almost nineteen years. The entire film needed to be as ferocious as Washington's performance. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (2 hrs. 26 mins.; R) *UA Criterion.*

★**The Insider**—Al Pacino plays Lowell Bergman, a producer for *60 Minutes,* and Russell Crowe is Jeffrey Wigand, the reluctant tobacco-company whistle-blower whom Bergman coaxed into spilling the beans on his show in an interview with Mike Wallace, only to have the show nixed by CBS higher-ups. Michael Mann, who directed and co-wrote this fact-based drama, tries for a cross between something like *Silkwood* or *All the President's Men* and his usual hyperbolic neo-noir stylishness. (Rainer; 11/15/99) (2 hrs. 37 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

★**Joe Gould's Secret**—See Rainer, page 78. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Judy Berlin—Edie Falco gives a touching, deliciously nutbrain performance as an aspiring actress in Long Island who works in a local historic village as an early settler in this sweet but trite piece of little-people dramaturgy. Eric Mendelsohn wrote and directed. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Kadosh—The story of two sisters who live in Mea Sharim, Jerusalem's ultra-orthodox Jewish quarter, and whose lives and marriages are dictated by the strict hermetic community. In Hebrew with English subtitles. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Keeping the Faith—Ben Stiller and Edward Norton are, respectively, a rabbi and a priest who fall for the same girl (Jenna Elfman) in this slapstick romantic comedy, Norton's directorial debut. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 4/14.*

Magnolia—*Boogie Nights* writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson is extravagantly gifted, but this San Fernando Valley–based epic of alienation comes across like a concatenation of soap-opera stories. A remarkable cast, including Julianne Moore, Jason Robards, and William H. Macy, is featured in mostly unremarkable settings. (Rainer; 1/10/00) (3 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Me Myself I—Rachel Griffiths is a depressed single woman who wonders what might have been . . . until she trades places with her married-with-children alter ego, in Australia's answer to *Sliding Doors.* (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Beekman; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mifune—A strange and amusing film about a successful businessman (Anders W. Berthelsen) who moves back to his rural hometown to care for his retarded, middle-aged brother after their father's death. It's an unlikely family film: *Rain Man* meets *Pretty Woman* meets the Danish New Wave. In Danish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 38 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

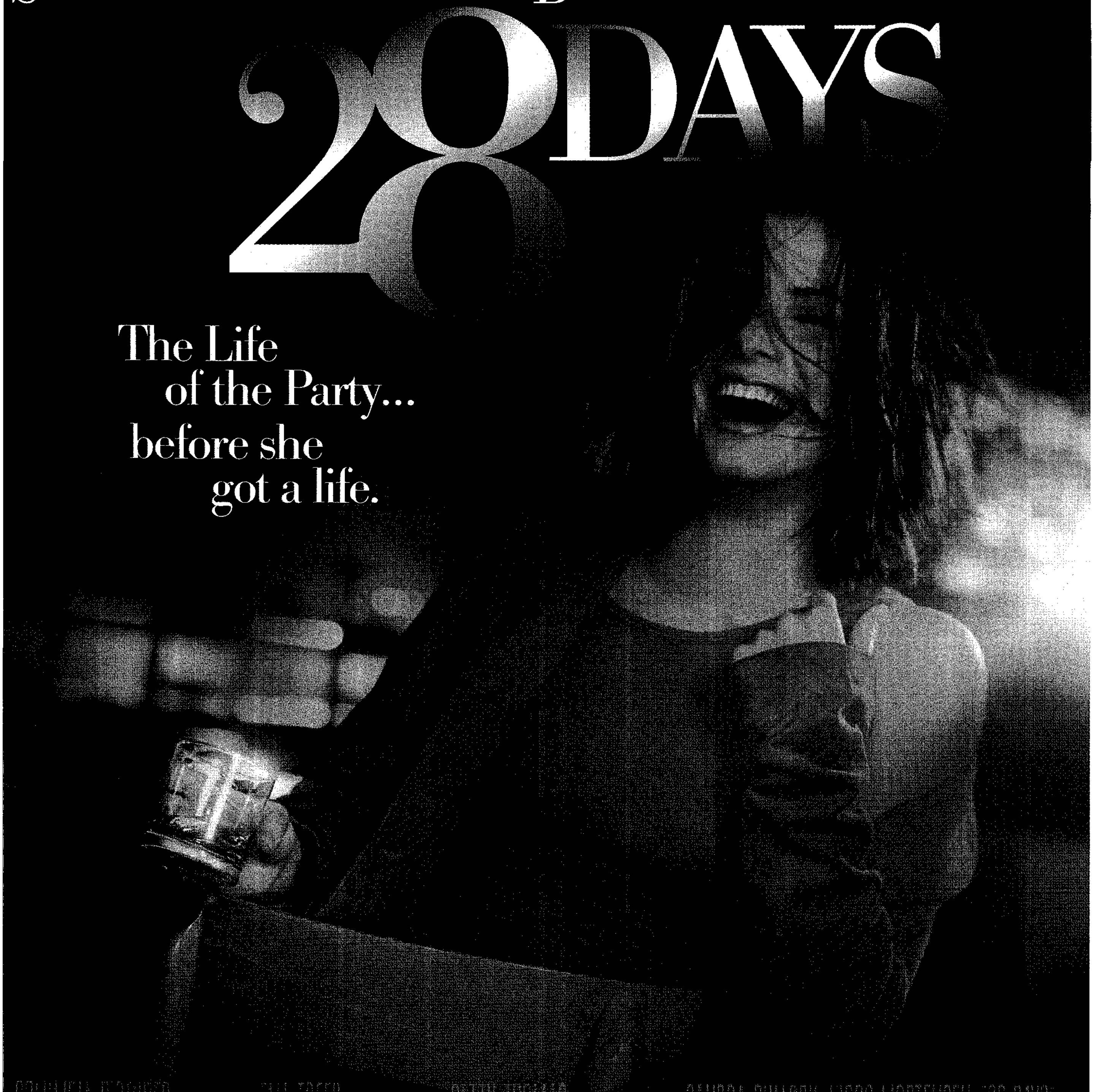
Mission to Mars—Brian De Palma directs this futuristic space odyssey about a recovery mission that discovers traces of life on the red planet. Great effects with extra cheese. Stars Gary Sinise, Tim Robbins, Connie Neilson, and Don Cheadle. *UA Union Square; CC Sutton; Loews State; Pavilion; Cinemart; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

My Dog Skip—The late Willie Morris's best-selling memoir about his growing up in Mississippi with his beloved fox terrier, Skip, is now a sweet, warm family film (starring Kevin Bacon, Diane Lane, and Frankie Muniz) about a boy growing up in Mississippi with a Jack Russell terrier. (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

The Ninth Gate—Roman Polanski's latest is about a New York book dealer, played by Johnny Depp, who tracks down for his client (Frank Langella) a

SANDRA BULLOCK

28 DAYS



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AT THEATERS EVERYWHERE APRIL 14

FOR SHOWTIMES AND THEATER INFORMATION CALL 777-FILM AOL MovieFone OR VISIT moviefone.com series of rare books claiming to invoke the devil. Much of it is claptrap, but there are occasional brilliant oddments. (Rainer; 3/20/00) (2 hrs. 7 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State.*

★**Not One Less**—A small, affecting fable from Zhang Yimou about a thirteen-year-old substitute village schoolteacher who goes into the city to find one of her errant pupils. Zhang has a gift for dramatizing highly theatrical stories in highly naturalistic settings. (Rainer; 2/21/00) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Price of Glory—Jimmy Smits is Arturo Ortega, a former boxer who once had a shot at the world championship, but now lives vicariously through his three sons, whom he trains to become championship boxers. (PG-13) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Centre Sunnyside; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Plaza; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ready to Rumble—David Arquette and Scott Caan are losers obsessed with professional wrestling who try to coax champion Jimmy King (Oliver Platt) out of retirement. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Return to Me—David Duchovny is a widowed architect who meets and romances Minnie Driver, playing a waitress recovering from a heart transplant. (1 hr. 56 mins.; PG) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Road to El Dorado—Dreamworks's animated movie has some thrilling, swoopy visual sequences, lots of corn, and enough shimmering gold surfaces to make you think the Yucatan is an adjunct of Trump Tower. Actors voicing the animated characters include Kenneth Branagh, Kevin Kline and, unmistakably, Rosie Perez. (Rainer; 4/10/00) (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Brooklyn Heights; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Romeo Must Die—Hong Kong film veteran Jet Li is an ex-cop looking to avenge his little brother's murder in gang-torn Oakland. Li hooks up with pop-star Aaliyah, the rival gang leader's daughter, in this hi-fi action flick based loosely on *Romeo and Juliet*. (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Clearview's 59th Street East; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Rules of Engagement—In yet another movie about military discipline, a colonel-turned-lawyer played by Tommy Lee Jones must defend his friend (Samuel Jackson), who saved his life in Vietnam but is now accused of killing civilian demonstrators. (2 hrs. 3 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Loews Coronet; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Brooklyn Heights; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; UA Criterion.*

The Skulls—*Dawson's Creek* star Joshua Jackson plays a New Haven townie who gets accepted to Yale—which is good—and then joins a secret, elitist fraternity—which is bad. Very bad. (PG-13) *UA Union Square; Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews Kips Bay Theatre; Loews 42nd Street E Walk; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Kaufman Astoria Cinema; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Snow Day—When a blizzard hits upstate New York, the students snow-plow their school shut and wreak havoc. With Chris Elliott, Chevy Chase, and Mark Webber. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG) *Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Southpaw—Irish documentary filmmaker Liam McGrath tells the story of Francis Barrett, a 19-year-old boxer who became the first Irish Traveller to represent his country in the Olympics. (1 hr. 17 mins.; NR) *Loews State.*

The Specialist—This new documentary is composed entirely of original footage from the 1961 Israeli trial of Adolf Eichmann for crimes against humanity. (2 hrs. 8 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Such a Long Journey—Based on Rohinton Mistry's Booker Prize–nominated novel. On the eve of India's war with Pakistan in 1971, an unhappy Bombay bank clerk lets an old friend persuade him to take part in a mysterious political mission. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Sweet and Lowdown—Woody Allen's latest piece of implied self-criticism is less interesting as an artwork than as an analytic session writ large. Sean Penn plays a legendary (and fictionalized) jazz guitarist from the thirties who lives his life as a heel and puts all his emotions into his art. Penn is sharp-edged and unsentimental, and, as one of his women, Samantha Morton, playing a mute laundress, is incandescent. But Allen opted for a high gloss on a pet theme. (Rainer; 12/13/99) (1 hr. 35 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema.*

Third World Cop—Jamaica's highest-grossing production yet, this local action flick features a cop named Capone and his old friend, the gun-running Ratty. Each tries to convince the other to break ranks. (1 hr. 38 mins.; NR) *Opens 4/14.*

This Is Not an Exit—The documentary we've all been waiting for. Subtitled "The Fictional World of Bret Easton Ellis," this film mixes home video footage with dramatizations of Ellis's novels. Well-timed with the release of *American Psycho*. (1 hr. 20 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

★**Titus**—Julie Taymor's stab at Shakespeare's most Marlovian play (which she's also directed Off Broadway) comes across as the granddaddy of all Hollywood ghoulfests. The film is striking and original and, in its clash of the brutal and the delicately poetic, supremely off-putting. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 21 mins.; R) *Clearview's Waverly.*

★**Topsy-Turvy**—Mike Leigh's movie about Gilbert and Sullivan and what led to *The Mikado* is a rich tribute to the theater and theater people. Leigh moves right into the late-Victorian era without a hitch. Jim Broadbent's Gilbert and Allan Corduner's Sullivan are marvelously played. (Rainer; 12/20/99) (2 hrs. 41 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

28 Days—Sandra Bullock is a pill-popping alcoholic who, after ruining her sister's wedding while sloshed, is sentenced to a touchy-feely rehab center. But what about her pill-popping alcoholic boyfriend? (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Opens 4/14.*

Waking the Dead—Billy Crudup is Fielding Pierce, a rising-star attorney headed for Congress who suddenly has crippling flashbacks of his wife Sarah, who was murdered in a car-bombing eight years ago. Is Pierce losing his mind, or might Sarah still be alive? (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *UA Union Square.*

Whatever It Takes—Shane West and James Franco are high-school buddies who scheme to snag their respective dreamgirls before graduation.

Previews
Power Slay

The eighties are back: the stock boom, poor little rich boys, and now *American Psycho*. Writer-director Mary Harron has finally gotten Bret Easton Ellis's grotesque satirical novel onto film, with Christian Bale (pictured, center) as Patrick Bateman, the spoiled, Huey Lewis–loving serial killer who makes Gordon Gekko look like Mother Teresa. Those who found the book tasteless in every way might want to concentrate on Willem Dafoe's wry detective, Chloë Sevigny's vulnerable secretary, and the sharp set design. Opens April 14.

Photograph by Kerry Hayes.

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

One is popular, one is not, and Cyrano-like games ensue. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Whitestone; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II.*

Where the Money Is—Paul Newman plays a former bank robber who fakes a stroke in order to get out of prison and into a nursing home, where he meets aspiring crook Linda Fiorentino. (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 4/14.*

The Whole Nine Yards—Matthew Perry is Dr. Oseransky, an amiable dentist; Rosanna Arquette is Sophie, the wife who wants him dead; and Bruce Willis is Jimmy "the Tulip," the ex–hit man who lives next door in dubious witness protection. You do the math. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Kaufman Astoria Cinema.*

★**Wonder Boys**—A marvelous comedy starring Michael Douglas as a college creative writing professor in Pittsburgh whose wife has walked out on him, and the long weekend in which his life unravels and ties itself up again. The terrific cast includes Tobey Maguire, Robert Downey, Jr. and Frances McDormand. Curtis Hanson directed, lyrically and lucidly, from Steve Kloves's adaptation of Michael Chabon's 1995 novel. (Rainer; 3/6/00) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Loews 72nd St. East.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *Boiler Room; Topsy-Turvy.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *All About My Mother; The Cider House Rules; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai; Joe Gould's Secret; Mifune; Winter Sleepers.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *Here On Earth; High Fidelity; Price of Glory; The Sixth Sense; The Road to El Dorado; Whatever It Takes.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Judy Berlin; Kadosh; Not One Less; This Is Not An Exit.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Being John Malkovich; Titus.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) *Long Night's Journey Into Day; The Filth and the Fury; The Specialist.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Beau Travail; Boys Don't Cry; Sweet and Lowdown; The Color of Paradise.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Buddy Boy; Crane World; Holy Smoke; Such a Long Journey.*

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *Final Destination; Girl, Interrupted; The Insider; Magnolia; Me Myself I; Mission to Mars; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; The Skulls; Waking the Dead.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Boys Don't Cry; Girl, Interrupted; Here On Earth; High Fidelity; Price of Glory.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Black and White; The Cider House Rules; Final Destination; The Ninth Gate; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; The Road to El Dorado.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *The Skulls.*

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Documentary
Fit to Be Untied

Stacy Valentine (above) is an ambitious career woman; she has trouble accepting her limitations and finding time for a serious relationship. It's not easy being a blue-movie babe. Beneath *The Girl Next Door's* tabloid-style ad copy—"from housewife to porn star"—Christine Fugate's documentary about Valentine (née Baker) is an honest, occasionally graphic primer on "the industry." This isn't the drug-addled underworld of *Boogie Nights*; the business is treated here as a bona fide profession and, at least for Valentine, a complicated but rewarding way to live. Opens April 14.

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#858) *American Beauty; Erin Brockovich; High Fidelity; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Black and White; The Cider House Rules; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; The Next Best Thing; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Boiler Room; Cotton Mary; High Fidelity.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *The Cider House Rules.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *All About My Mother.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Girl, Interrupted; Mission to Mars.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *Romeo Must Die.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *American Beauty.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Beyond the Mat; Down To You; Drowning Mona; The Green Mile; My Dog Skip; The Next Best Thing; The Talented Mr. Ripley.*

Loews 42nd Street E Walk—42nd Street at Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#572) *Erin Brockovich; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Final Destination.*

Loews Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Rules of Engagement.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Boiler Room; Mission to Mars; The Ninth Gate; Southpaw.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *East-West.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Black and White; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; High Fidelity; The Hurricane; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Black and White; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Final Destination.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *Me Myself I.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *American Beauty; Boys Don't Cry; Ready to Rumble; The Skulls; Topsy-Turvy.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Erin Brockovich.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *Wonder Boys.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Erin Brockovich; Return to Me.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *High Fidelity; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *American Beauty.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Black and White; The End of the Affair; The Road to El Dorado.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Topsy-Turvy.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Erin Brockovich; Ready to Rumble.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *All About My Mother; Beau Travail; Joe Gould's Secret; Me Myself I; Mifune; Not One Less; The Color of Paradise.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *American Beauty; Black and White; Final Destination; Romeo Must Die; The Skulls.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Ready to Rumble; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Erin Brockovich; Fantasia/2000; High Fidelity; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; High Fidelity; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (718-588-8800) *Black and White; Final Destination; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (718-409-9030) *Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; My Dog Skip; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; Whatever It Takes.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770) *Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Ghost Dog: The Way of the Samurai.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *All Pitch Black; The Road to El Dorado; Rules of Engagement; The War Zone.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Black and White; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *American Beauty; Being John Malkovich; Erin Brockovich; High Fidelity; Price of Glory; Return to Me.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy., at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Ready to Rumble; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; My Dog Skip; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; Snow Day; The Road to El Dorado.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *Erin Brockovich; Mission to Mars; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *American Beauty; Erin Brockovich; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy., off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Here On Earth; High Fidelity; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; Whatever It Takes.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Erin Brockovich; Price of Glory; Ready to Rum-*

Photograph courtesy of USA Pictures.

ble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *The Cider House Rules; Cotton Mary; Final Destination; High Fidelity; Mission to Mars.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *American Beauty; Black and White; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; High Fidelity; My Dog Skip; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Kaufman Astoria Cinema—38th St. at 35th Ave. (718-786-2020) *All About My Mother; Boys Don't Cry; The Cider House Rules; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Hera Pheri; Here On Earth; High Fidelity; Mission to Mars; My Dog Skip; Price of Glory; Return to Me; The Skulls; The Whole Nine Yards.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *All About My Mother; Black and White; Boys Don't Cry; Kadosh; Rules of Engagement.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Erin Brockovich; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Boiler Room; Drowning Mona; Mansfield Park.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Price of Glory; Rules of Engagement.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave., at Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *American Beauty; Black and White; Ready to Rumble; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Romeo Must Die.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Black and White; Final Destination; Romeo Must Die.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Erin Brockovich; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado; Whatever It Takes.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-544-5545) *American Beauty; Erin Brockovich; Here On Earth; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *The Cider House Rules; Erin Brockovich; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Boys Don't Cry; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Road to El Dorado.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *American Beauty; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; High Fidelity; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Erin Brockovich; Return to Me; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *American Beauty; Black and White; Boys Don't Cry; Erin Brockovich; Final Destination; High Fidelity; Price of Glory; Ready to Rumble; Return to Me; Romeo Must Die; Rules of Engagement; The Skulls; The Road to El Dorado.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—Through 4/30: "Vision and Modernity: The Films of Fritz Lang." 4/15: *Dr. Mabuse, the Gambler* (1922). 4/16 *Fury* (1936); *Blue Gardenia* (1952). 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—4/12: "New Filmmakers" continues: *Iditarod . . . A Far Distant Place* and three shorts. Also 4/12: *Nine Variations on a Dance Theme; Orgasm.* 4/13: "Rare French Avant Garde Films" (shorts). 4/14–4/31: "Thessaloniki USA Film Festival." 4/14: *From the Edge of the City; Sweet Bunch.* 4/15: *I, Doll; Every Saturday; Long Journey by Train; The Robbery; Amerikanos; Wheels; Singapore Sling.* 4/16: *All of Us, Efendi; After the End of the World; Journey to the Sun; The Hunt for the Hare; The Wretches Are Still Singing.* 4/17: *Euridice B.A. 2037.* 4/14–4/29: "Fritz Lang Restored" continues. 4/14: *Fighting Hearts (or Four Around a Woman); The Wandering Image.* 4/15: *The Woman in the Moon; The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.* See also American Museum of the Moving Image. 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—4/11: *Cabaret* (1972). 4/12: "Black Cinema Cafe": *Chikin Biznis* (1999). 4/13: *Wild Reeds* (1994). 4/14: *Tin Men* (1987). 4/15–4/16: "Herzog-Kinski: Clash of the Titans" continues. 4/15: *Nosferatu the Vampyre* (1979). 4/16: *Woyzcek* (1978). 4/17: *Ice* (1967). 30 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn. (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—"Noir: Visions of Dark." 4/11: *I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang* (1947). 4/12–4/13: *Big Night* (1951). 4/14–4/15: *Criss Cross* (1949). 4/16: *The Chase* (1946). 4/17–4/18: *The Harder They Fall* (1956). 332 E. 11th St. (212-675-6692); $5.

Film Forum—Through 4/13: *Breathless* (1959). 4/14–4/20: *Eve* (1963), new director's cut. 209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110); $9.

Film Society of Lincoln Center (the Walter Reade Theater)—Opening 4/14: "Blame Canada!" 4/14–4/15: *New Waterford Girl; Top of the Food Chain.* 4/16: *Kitchen Party; Mon Oncle Antoine.* 4/17: *Mon Oncle Antoine; Réjeanne Padovani.* 4/18: *Top of the Food Chain; Nô; The Grey Fox.* 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); $8.50, $5 members, $4.50 for seniors, $3 for "Movies for Kids."

Museum of Modern Art—4/13: *Terrorists in Retirement* (1985; documentary); *"Big As Life 2000: Domestic Spaces/Personal as Political"* (shorts). 4/14: *Police Investigations: A Murder in Abidjan* (1998; documentary). 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); free with $10 admission, $6.50 for students and seniors, free admission for children 16 and under when accompanied by an adult.

Ocularis—4/16: *The Raven* (1963). 4/17: "Silents in C Major." Early cinema from Max Linder and Buster Keaton. Galapagos, 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $5.

YWCA Cine-Club—"4 Women + Film" concludes with the work of Jackie Raynal. 4/15–4/16: *Nadja A Paris* (1965; French with English subtitles); *Hotel New York* (1984). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Previews

Mixed Blessing

George Khan, a Pakistani chip-shop owner in a suburb of Manchester, is ashamed to have married an Englishwoman—which is why he's set on arranging traditional marriages for his sons in Damien O'Donnell's new feature, 'East Is East.' As played by Om Puri, Khan is the archetype of the strict, humorless immigrant and the straight man to his assimilated children (below, all of them but the eldest, plus two English girlfriends). Puri and the rest of the cast leave no stereotype unexamined, making a serious statement about culture clash that still works as comedy. The film, which was nominated for six Bafta awards back home, opens here April 14.

Photograph by Jaap Buitendijk.

theater

Julie Taymor...*Rose*...*Family Week*

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dirty Blonde—Brash actress-author Claudia Shear stars in her new play about two Gotham singles who meet at the grave of Mae West, sampling delicious vignettes from the life of the woman who said, "I'm no angel, but I've spread my wings a bit." $55–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Wed. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/14 for a 5/1 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jesus Christ Superstar—Yeah, he's the Messiah, but what he really wants to do is sing. $26–$81. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/16 opening. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Music Man—Choreographer Susan Stroman (*Contact*) opens her second Broadway show of the season, a revival of Meredith Wilson's giddy musical about a con artist who connives his way into the hearts of innocent Iowans. Starring Craig Bierko and Rebecca Luker. $20–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/27 opening. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

The Real Thing—Tom Stoppard's comic play about a writer's love life and artistic career, directed by David Levaux. $35–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/17 opening. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rose—Martin Sherman's new play, starring Olympia Dukakis. $30–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/12 opening. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45 St. (212-239-6200).*

Taller Than a Dwarf—Parker Posey and Matthew Broderick star in a new comedy by Elaine May (*Power Plays, Death Defying Acts*). Alan Arkin directs. $25–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/24 opening. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Wild Party—Apparently, the partying on Broadway didn't end on New Year's Eve. Toni Collette, Eartha Kitt, and Mandy Patinkin throw a Jazz Age bash in a new musical, the second this season with the same title and source, by Michael John LaChiusa and George C. Wolfe. $40–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. In previews for a 4/13 opening. *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Aïda—The epic musical about the love affair between a Nubian slave and a cute Egyptian, with music by Elton John and lyrics by Tim Rice. Directed by Robert Falls with a book by Linda Woolverton and David Henry Hwang. Sets and costumes by Bob Crowley. $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Palace Theatre, 1554 Broadway, at 47th St. (212-307-4747).*

Amadeus—Nearly two decades after its London and Broadway triumphs, Peter Shaffer's play returns, again directed by Sir Peter Hall. Michael Sheen purrs, hisses, and farts as Mozart; David Suchet, known best as Agatha Christie's Hercule Poirot on *Mystery!*, plays his conniving nemesis, Salieri. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Beauty and the Beast—Disney's beast is back (No, not the mouse). Andrea McArdle blanches and blushes as the fair maiden; Steve Blanchard roars and repents as the Beast. $25–$85. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. *Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, 205 W. 46th St. (212-307-4747).*

Opening
Babushka Gump

In Martin Sherman's 'Rose,' recently nominated for the Olivier Award for Best New Play, grand dame Olympia Dukakis (pictured) plays a Russian-born Jewish woman who sits on a park bench—à la Zemeckis—and reflects on her life's journey through Warsaw ghettos, Atlantic City casinos, and salsa-saturated Miami. In previews for an April 12 opening. (See "Broadway.")

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production, even if with some diminishment. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$90. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Cats—Eight lives and counting. $40–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. Through 6/25. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Bebe Neuwirth. $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Contact—This is billed as "a dance play by Susan Stroman and John Weidman," with what little there is of a play mostly by Weidman and the variety and plenitude of the dancing all Stroman. Boyd Gaines, a delightful actor and inspired amateur dancer, performs with aplomb. Backed up by a terrific ensemble, Deborah Yates triumphs as the girl in yellow; as dancer, actress, woman, she is every man's dream and headed for a manifest career. (Simon: 10/25/99.) $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lincoln Center's Vivian Beaumont Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Copenhagen—A major hit in London, Michael Frayn's heady play about what might have happened when German physicist Werner Heisenberg visited Niels Bohr in 1941 stars Philip Bosco, Blair Brown, and Michael Cumpsty. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—Other performers have invented running stage personas for themselves like Australia's Barry Humphries and his Dame Edna Everage, but have they been this amusing? I am prepared to declare him the funniest man in today's theater. Also the funniest woman. (Simon: 11/2/99.) $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation, but the lead does have his haircut. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the re-

Photograph by Lalas Sakis.

vival of *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Green Bird—Julie Taymor directs the magical comedy. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/18 opening. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jackie Mason—Much Ado About Everything—Jackie Mason is not so funny as Dame Edna (who is?) but still damned funny. He is politically incorrect, and glories in it with ecstatic gloat. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

James Joyce's The Dead—Transferred from Playwrights Horizons, a musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Stephen Spinella and Marni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book and directs. Stephen Bogardus replaces Christopher Walken, through 4/23. $25–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kiss Me, Kate—With a score jammed with some of the best-known theater songs ever written, it's no wonder each generation has rediscovered this gem since its 1948 Broadway premiere. Now Brian Stokes Mitchell and Marin Mazzie interpret Cole Porter's feuding couple—two actors who play the Shrew's Kate and Petruchio in a play-within-the-musical. $25–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest of eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical*, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. (Simon: 12/1/97.) $20–$90. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—A big helicopter stars in this adaptation of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly.* $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

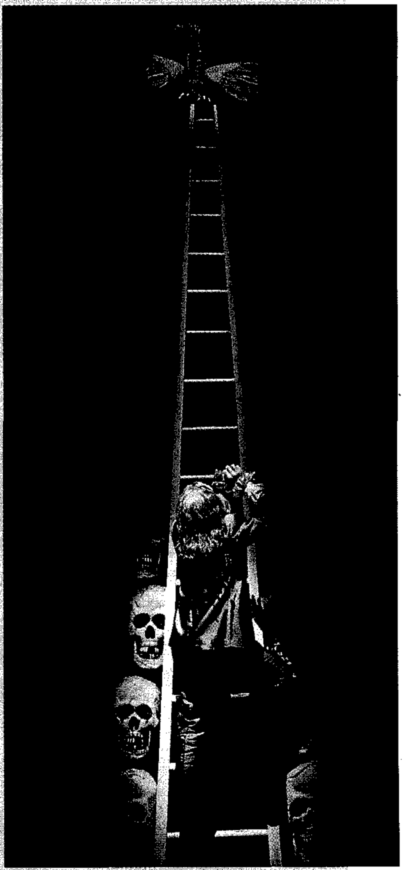
A Moon for the Misbegotten—Thanks to Eugene O'Neill's artistry, the character of Josie is true enough to be a riveting character when incarnated by the right actress, and Cherry Jones is a transcendent actress; when Cherry is in bloom, she is, like her namesake trees, worth a pilgrimage from the four corners of the earth. As James, Gabriel Byrne gives a complementarily moving performance as a lost soul in a dying body, whom we watch superbly enact the painful rites of a redemption as his flesh visibly wastes away. There is a meatiness, a tenacity of grip, and, finally, a grandeur, which this production captures. (Simon: 4/3/00.) $60–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly seven million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100).*

Previews

The Sorceress



When Julie Taymor's *The Green Bird* opened in March 1996 at the New Victory, her magical mix of theater, puppetry, costumes, and spectacle mesmerized crowds. But thanks to a limited budget and a just-two-week run, "the Singing Apples couldn't all fly," says Taymor, Broadway's reigning sorceress. With the success of *The Lion King,* her production was bound to return. Scored with what longtime Taymor collaborator Elliot Goldenthal has described as "carnival music on crack" and now featuring three—not just one—flying, singing apples, Taymor's hallucinatory take on Carlo Gozzi's eighteenth-century metaphysical farce is ultimately a lesson in the power of compassion over both heartless austerity and craven greed. In the play, two rational but exiled twins are entranced by the magic of a princely bird and reclaim their royal place in society by listening to their hearts. Their newfound glory parallels twice-Tonyed Taymor's own, but she says she's trying to avoid the pitfalls that snare the nouveau riche in her comedy. Yes, she spent money and added a traffic jam and an exuberant song-and-dance finale to better convey "a wild, chaotic sense of Brooklyn-meets-Rome." But, Taymor adds, "what I love about Christine Jones's design is its minimalism. As lavish or spectacular as you may think this is, it's pure minimalism." Indeed, the simple masks and B-movie Halloween skulls that Sebastian Roché (pictured) climbs to reach the magic bird recall the most poignant moments of *The Lion King,* in which ordinary rolls of paper convey a mother's tears and thin ribbons of cloth conjure a stunning sunset. While her rich twins seek out a magical green bird of unusual powers, Taymor's heroic quest, she says, is "to get to the essence of something in the purest and most essential way." In previews for an April 18 opening. (See "Broadway.")

LOGAN HILL

The Ride Down Mt. Morgan—Shakespearean star and Starfleet captain Patrick Stewart plays Lyman Felt, a bigamist businessman who must confront his two wives after a terrible accident, in Arthur Miller's drama. $55–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 7/23. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Riverdance—This revamped version returns to New York. $25–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (212-307-4100).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! $30–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Swing!—The dance marathon begins, with requisite suspenders and flared skirts, in this new musical. $20–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

True West—Sam Shepard's dysfunctional brothers are brought back to life by two old friends: Philip Seymour Hoffman and John C. Reilly, most recently spotted together in the film *Magnolia.* Matthew Warchus (*Art*) directs. $65–$67.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, W. 50th St., West of Broadway (212-239-6200).*

Waiting in the Wings—Noël Coward's fiftieth play (1960) still remains a minor gem in that bittersweet mode at which Coward excelled. A piece about former star stage actresses living out their declining years in the Wings, a less-than-lavish retirement home, the play is a wise and compassionate address of the problems of aging and death that confront us all. To miss this play (starring Rosemary Harris and Lauren Bacall) would be a major folly; not having a good time at it is a virtual—no, a real—impossibility. (Simon: 1/10/99). $25–$70. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Blood on the Dining Room Floor—Jeremy Dobrish directs a new musical-theater work based on Gertrude Stein's "A Murder Mystery" in the WPA Theatre's new space. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

previews for a 4/16 opening. Through 5/7. *Peter Norton Space, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Cobb—Lee Blessing's play about the life of controversial baseball legend Ty Cobb. $25–$35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8. In previews for a 4/17 opening. *Melting Pot Theatre, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-279-4200).*

Do Jump!—Acrobatic action from Portland, Oregon. 4/14–4/30. Call for schedule. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Family Week—Beth Henley, who won a Pulitzer for *Crimes of the Heart*, presents a new comedy about a woman who's lost a child and is about to lose a husband. $39.50–$55. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. In previews for a 4/10 opening. *Century Center for the Performing Arts, 111 E. 15 St. (212-239-6200).*

H.M.S. Pinafore—New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players present the classic musical. $31–$46. 4/13–4/15 at 8, 4/15 at 3. *Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (212-864-5400).*

Jitney—As part of August Wilson's decade-by-decade chronicle of twentieth-century African-American life, his first play depicts cabbies confronting urban renewal in 1977 Pittsburgh. Longtime Wilson collaborator Marion McClinton directs. $51. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/25 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

Our Lady of Sligo—Sinéad Cusack plays the lead in Sebastian Barry's drama about an Irish couple's destructive relationship. Directed by Max Stafford-Clark. $30–$40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 4/12 for a 4/30 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Uncle Vanya —The Roundabout presents Chekhov's comedy, starring vets Sir Derek Jacobi, Laura Linney, Brian Murray, and Roger Rees. Michael Mayer (*Side Man*) directs. $50–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 4/30 opening. Through 6/11. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (212-307-4100).*

Yard Gal—Two delinquent teens roam the streets of London in this new play by Rebecca Prichard, who won a London Critic's Award for this work in 1998. $35. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7, Mon. at 7. Previews begin 4/18 for a 4/26 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (212-727-7765).*

Now Playing

American Buffalo—William H. Macy and Philip Baker Hall, two prodigiously talented actors who started out in the theater and achieved major Hollywood success, play bumbling thieves in David Mamet's 1975 play. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 5/21. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Bad Boy Nietzsche—Off-Off Broadway's patron devil, Richard Foreman, pays tribute to philosophy's favorite Antichrist, Friedrich Nietzsche. $15. Tues., Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/30. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church, 131 E. 10th St. (212-533-4650).*

Betwixt—*See Simon, p. 96.* $20–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Theatre @ St. Clements, 423 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

The Big Bang—In the beginning, there was the word. Then there was the musical. In this backstage comedy, actors Jed Feuer and Boyd Graham present a backer's audition for a musical about nothing less than the history of humanity. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. $45–$55. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 7 and 10, Sat. at 4, 7, and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Bomb-itty of Errors—A funky-fresh "add-rap-tation" of the Bard's classic. $20–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *45 Bleecker St. (212-307-4100).*

De La Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Perfect for theatrical thrill-seekers who don't mind breaking a sweat. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Dinner With Friends—Karen and Gabe, international food writers, are giving a dinner for their friends Beth and Tom, which Tom doesn't attend. It emerges from the heartbroken Beth that her husband has left her for another woman. There is skillful construction here, as well as keen psychological insight. (Simon: 11/22/99.) $30–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3, Sun. at 7:30. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave. (212-239-6200).*

The Director—A once-famous director has fallen from grace and is working as a janitor, until a young playwright enlists his skills—theatrical, that is, not custodial. Starring John Shea. $25–$35. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3. *Arclight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (212-279-4200).*

The Donkey Show—A loose disco-musical adaptation of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, with even looser morals. $35. Thurs.–Sat. at 8 and 10:30, Sun. at 8. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

Enough About Me: An Unauthorized Autobiography—Downtown diva Varla Jean Merman, who may or may not be the love child of Ernest Borgnine and Ethel Merman, reveals all the aorta-bursting heartache that festers behind her dazzling persona. $30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. *Chelsea Playhouse, 125 W. 22nd St. (212-307-4100).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up Its Act—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Sat at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

Fuddy Meers—This is a deftly zany absurdist comedy by David Lindsay-Abaire. (Simon: 11/15/99.) $19.50–$50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 at 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Fully Committed—For the price of an entrée, Becky Mode serves up all the splendors and miseries of restaurant life prepared to a fare-thee-well. Smartly directed by Nicholas Martin, and exuberantly enacted by Mark Setlock, this play is a day in the life of Sam, the young man and struggling actor who works the reservation phones in a four-star restaurant where table 31 seems to be the ne plus ultra of socio-gastronomic achievement. (Simon: 1/17/00.) $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

Godspell—Step aside, Tim Rice, Stephen Schwartz's musical presents an Off Broadway savior. $25–$40. Wed.–Sat. and Mon. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7. *Third Eye Repertory, 22 W. 34th St. (212-307-4100).*

The Hologram Theory—*See Simon, p. 96.* $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/19. *McGinn/Cazale Theater, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. It's a daring innovation, perhaps, but this musical revue is about what, in the context of most contemporary musicals, seems an amusingly quaint subject these days—heterosexual love. $49.50–$55. Mon., Tues., Fri., Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Imperfect Love—Screenwriter-playwright Brandon Cole's romantic farce, a tale of a bungled play and backstage love. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 4/16. *New York Performance Works, 128 Chambers St. (212-969-0166).*

James Baldwin: A Soul On Fire—New Federal Theatre presents a new play by Howard Simon about the writer in 1963. $25. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand St. (212-353-1176).*

Kiki & Herb: Playing for Time—The downtown duo open their first open-ended Off Broadway run, after practically reinventing cabaret theater with

Opening

It's All Relatives

In Pulitzer winner Beth Henley's new drama *Family Week*, Claire (Angelina Phillips, right), a disturbed woman coping with the murder of her young son and a history of being abused, asks for help from her deranged mother, moody daughter, and twisted, trampy sister (played by the delightful Henley regular and *Taxi* veteran Carol Kane, left), who all come to visit her at a treatment center. And would you believe it? It actually helps. In previews for an April 10 opening. (See "Off Broadway.")

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

renditions of crooner classics and slightly less Algonquin tunes by the likes of Patti Smith and Christina Aguilera. $12–$15. Fri–Sun. at 7:30. *Fez, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

King Without a Castle—A young man struggles with love in Candido Tirado's new play. Directed by Michael John Garces. $15–$20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 4/23. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (212-354-1293).*

The Last Supper—A new musical about the drama behind Leonardo Da Vinci's famous painting. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (212-279-4200).*

Miss Lulu Bett—A 1920 play by Zona Gale, the first woman to win the Pulitzer Prize for drama. $15–$25. Tues.–Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/23. *Mint Theater, 311 W. 43rd St. (212-315-0231).*

Monster—Eek! Frank Hertle's comic mystery about small-town insecurities. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Kaufman Theater, 534 W. 42nd St. (212-244-7529).*

Naked—Brooklyn native Mira Sorvino (*Mighty Aphrodite*) and Daniel Benzali star in Luigi Pirandello's intriguing tale about a woman, a child's death, and a famous novelist. $25–45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, most Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. (212-677-4210).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed.–Fri., and Sun. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Noël Coward's Suite in Two Keys—Hayley Mills, Judith Ivey, and Paxton Whitehead star in Coward's last two plays. $35–$50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (212-239-6200).*

Our Sinatra—Kurt Stamm directs this tribute to Ol' Blue Eyes. $50–$80. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Blue Angel Theatre, 323 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A comedy by Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change*, about four meddling grandparents. $49.40. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, it pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner 90 minutes before curtain. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Sophie, Totie, and Belle—A comic musical about actresses in the afterlife. $40–$45. Call for schedule. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (212-239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave. (212-477-2477).*

The Tale of the Allergist's Wife—Who would have expected from a campy downtown playwright a nicely structured, intelligently funny, satirically relevant uptown comedy? In Charles Busch's new play, the retired but still overactive allergist Dr. Ira Taub is married to Marjorie, an immobilized nervous wreck since the death of her therapist. She has read all the right books, and attended every conceivable concert, lecture, and exhibition. But, as a failed novelist, she cannot gain entry into the artistic and intellectual life she craves. If you seek an ideal cast, look no further. Linda Lavin, for whom the admiring Busch wrote Marjorie as, he says, a kind of King Lear, is that and more: Lady Macbeth, Willy Loman, Lydia Languish, and, better yet, herself at her dizzying best. (Simon: 3/13/00.) $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. *MTC Stage 2 at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212).*

The Time of the Cuckoo—The classic romantic comedy about an American woman in Venice (Debra Monk) who finds love in a cute shopkeeper (Olek Krupa). By Arthur Laurents. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/7. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and, with more than 4,000 performances, it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(212-239-6200).*

Try to Remember: A Look at Off Broadway—Accomplished golden gal Rita Gardner looks back on 40 years in the theater, from her recent role in *Eleanor* to her 1960 success as "the Girl" in *The Fantasticks*. $30. Sat. at 10. Through 5/6. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a second coming. What was once Ensler's one-woman show is now performed by trios of actresses. Through 4/16: Viola Davis, Gina Gershon, and Annie Potts. 4/18–4/30: Claire Danes, Jennifer Lewis, and Mary McDonnell. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Waste—This is a splendid mounting of Harley Granville Barker's 1907 play about what goes on behind the scenes in a British cabinet-elect and how a potential scandal ruins its brightest member's chances. Under Bartlett Sher's cogent direction, we get fourteen resplendent performances. (Simon: 3/20/00.) $10–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Waverly Gallery—Grande dame Eileen Heckert plays a Village art dealer who is forced to give up her gallery because of her age in a new play by Kenny Lonergan, author of *This Is Our Youth* and the recent Sundance hit *You Can Count on Me*. $40–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

What You Get and What You Expect—*See Simon, p. 96.* $45. Tues.–Sun. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Off-Off Broadway

The Balladeer—Big Art Group (*Clearcut, Catastrophe!*) presents a high-school dance that makes *Carrie* look tame. $12. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. Through 4/15. *KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-777-6088).*

Charlie Victor Romeo (Cockpit Voice Recorder)—A multimedia piece based on black box recordings. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. Through 5/27. *Collective Unconscious, 145 Ludlow St. (212-254-5277).*

Chekhov Vaudevilles—Chekhov's vaudevilles in the renovated porn palace. $15–$20. Call for schedule. *Nada Show World Theater, 42nd St. and Eighth Ave. (212-586-7829).*

Down the Drain—Adobe Theatre's new comedy about the bizarre life of Susan Smith, a disturbed woman who killed her two children and blamed it on a black man. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/15. *Ohio Theater, 66 Wooster St. (212-620-011).*

Dressing Room—A new musical comedy. $30. Tues. at 8, Sat. at 2. *SoHo Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (212-239-6200).*

Moving Bodies—Physics isn't just for Broadway anymore. Arthur Giron's new play tracks the life of Nobel Prize–winning physicist Richard Feynman. $15. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 4/29. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (212-247-4982).*

Notice of Default and Opportunity to Cure—John Clancy begs for mercy and rails against evil capitalists. $12. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 4/22. *Present Company Theatorium, 198 Stanton St. (212-420-8877).*

Repertorio Español—Several performances in repertory, including several by dancer Pilar Rioja. $15–$40. Call for schedule. Through 4/23. *Gramercy Arts Theatre, 138 E. 27th St. (212-889-2850).*

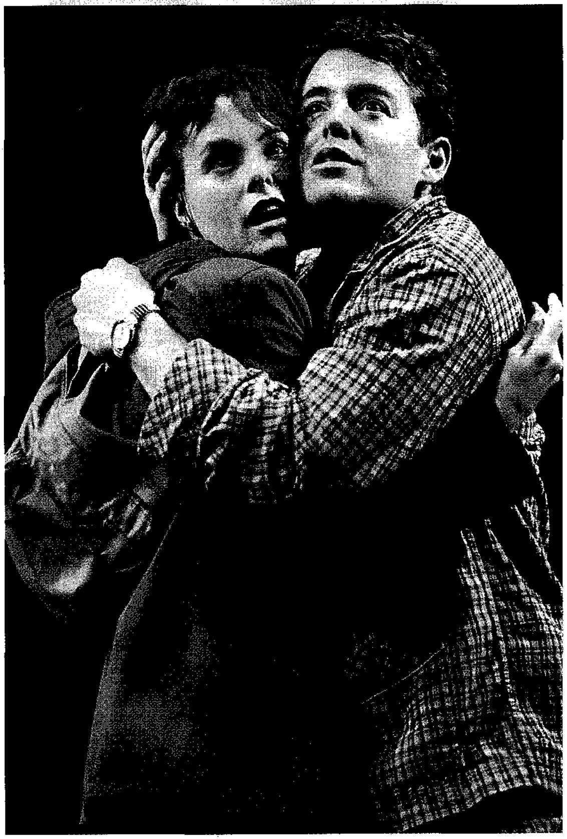
Shut Up and Love Me—Karen Finley's honey-sweet show. $25. 4/14 and 4/15 at 8:30. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (212-741-0391).*

The Year of the Baby—Quincy Long's new comedy. $12–$15. Wed.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 4/15. *SoHo Rep, 46 Walker St. (212-334-0962).*

Previews

Casting Crouch

Maybe Matthew Broderick shouldn't have turned down the con-artist lead in Susan Stroman's 'The Music Man,' and not just because 'Taller Than a Dwarf' opened to poor previews in Boston. Instead of leading a whole town in song, he'll get fined for littering, don pajamas, and hole up with a hand puppet in Elaine May's new comedy about those wacky New York Jews. One plus to the role: He gets to cozy up with co-star Parker Posey (pictured, with Broderick). In previews. (See "Broadway.")



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

art

Craigie Aitchison . . . Trees . . . Andy Warhol

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Lucian Freud—Paintings and etchings made by the British artist over the past three years, many of which have not been previously exhibited; through 5/19. Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. (212-734-6300).

Jessica Gandolf—Oil-on-panel paintings of old-time baseball players that isolate their subjects against minimal, often ethereal, backgrounds; through 5/6. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (212-861-7338).

Stephen Hannock—New landscape paintings, a narrative series showing people at work, and a group of self-portraits from the past two decades; through 4/29. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Leon Kossoff—London cityscapes and scenes, nude figures, and portraits by the British painter known for his works' heavily encrusted surfaces; through 5/20. Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Francis Picabia—Late paintings and works on paper by this artist who was a pioneer of the Dada movement in Paris; 4/13–6/9. Werner, 4 E. 77th St. (212-988-1623).

Gerhard Richter—A selection of the German artist's early paintings from the sixties and seventies; through 4/22. Zwirner & Wirth, 32 E. 69th St. (212-517-8677)

Carol Ross—New sculpture; through 5/14. Gat, 1100 Madison Ave. (212-327-0441).

Andy Warhol—The artist's iconic silkscreen paintings of Jackie Kennedy, Liz Taylor, and Marilyn Monroe; through 6/3. C&M Arts, 45 E. 78th St. (212-861-0020).

57th Street Area

Craigie Aitchison—The first U.S. exhibition of the Scottish painter's landscapes, portraits, still-lifes, and crucifixions; through 5/6. Barquet, 41 E. 57th St. (212-644-9090).

Gabrielle Bakker—New paintings that explore classical subject matter; through 5/5. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (212-956-3366).

Jennifer Bartlett—New paintings on canvas and steel plates that depict monsters frolicking in trees, reading Proust, and acting as players in an opera; through 5/13. Rubin, Greenberg Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave. (212-445-0444).

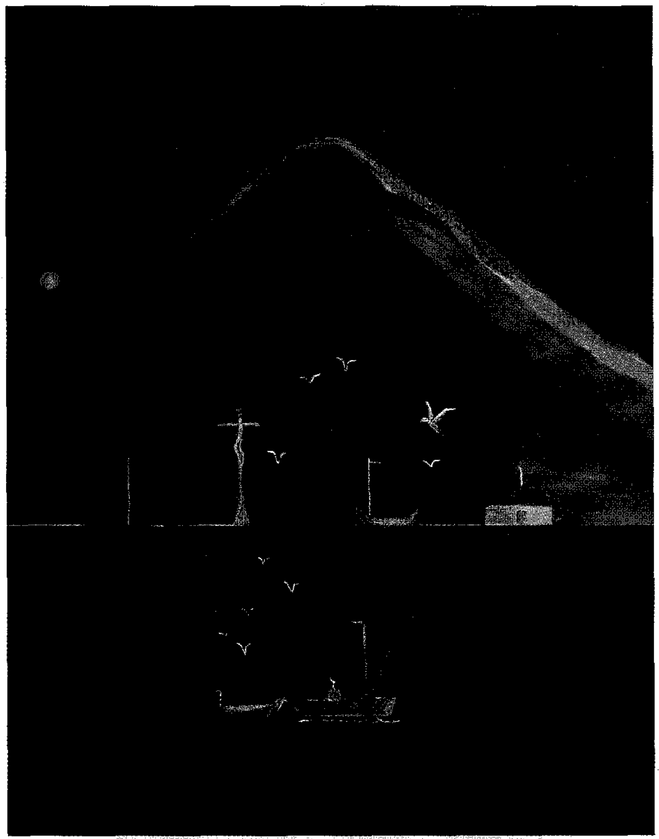
Dozier Bell—New paintings of landscapes and sky-scapes; through 4/29. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (212-888-1122).

Randy C. Bolton—Inkjet prints whose images are assembled from small fragments of illustrations borrowed from vintage children's books; through 4/29. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (212-980-2323).

Joan Brady—Watercolors of the artist's gardens in Far Hills, New Jersey; Cape Cod; and Hobe Sound, Florida; through 4/26. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (212-664-0907).

Robert Cottingham—New paintings and drawings of vintage typewriters and cameras; 4/13–5/13. Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-355-4545).

Dan Graham—A project for children titled *Children's Day Care, CD-ROM, Cartoon and Computer Screen Library* that functions as an interactive space and library for children; through 5/20. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).



On View Britons have savored the charming, vaguely mystical paintings of Craigie Aitchison since he began exhibiting them in London in the fifties, but until now, few Americans have had the pleasure. The 74-year-old Scottish painter's first solo U.S. show demonstrates his long-term exploration of idiosyncratic themes—his Bedlington terriers, the crucifixion, Scotland's Isle of Arran (above) and nearby Holy Island—as well as his obvious stylistic influence on a host of contemporary artists, from Hockney to Clemente. At Galeria Ramis Barquet, 41 East 57th Street; through May 6.

Photograph courtesy of Galleria Ramis Barquet.

Bill Jensen—New works on paper inspired by early Renaissance painters, ancient Chinese landscape painting, and contemporary Chinese poetry; through 4/29. Danese, 41 E. 57th St. (212-223-2227).

Wolf Kahn—Recent landscape paintings and pastels; through 4/29. Beadleston, 724 Fifth Ave. (212-581-7544).

Fairfield Porter—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the American artist and art critic known for his landscapes of Maine and Southampton, Long Island, and portrayals of his family and friends; through 5/27. AXA, 787 Seventh Ave., at 51st St. (212-554-4818), Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 12–5.

Leon Polk Smith—Paintings and drawings of interlocking hard-edged geometric forms executed between 1940 and 1950; through 4/29. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

Ursula Von Rydingsvard—New sculptures made of laminated cedar; through 4/29. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Peter Wegner—New diptych paintings whose panels pair nearly identical or starkly different formulations of color based on the printed sky of billboards; through 4/29. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Walter Anderson—Drawings and watercolors by the Mississippi artist (1903–1965), of New Orleans cityscapes in the early forties and images of nature on Horn Island, Mississippi, made during the last twenty years of his life; through 5/26. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Ingrid Calame—Drawings and paintings whose images document the stains on streets and sidewalks; through 4/27. Deitch, 76 Grand St. (212-343-7300).

Lars Chellberg—Bird nests that anticipate genetically engineered birds, made from architectural model building supplies; through 5/6. Fung, 5537 Broadway (212-334-6242).

Chuck Close—New portrait paintings of artists; through 5/6. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Bruce Conner—Black-and-white photographs of punk bands from 1978, assemblage sculptures, and photocopy collages; through 5/6. Marcus, 578 Broadway (212-226-3200).

Russell Crotty—Recent works; through 5/6. C/R/G, 93 Grand St. (212-966-4360).

Richard Long—New slate sculptures and text works; through 4/29. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (212-431-3685).

Holly Lynton—Color photographs that depict three people in ambiguous settings; through 4/29. Markel, 560 Broadway (212-226-3608).

John Okulick—New wood sculptures; through 4/26. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (212-966-6676).

Philemona Williamson—Paintings of figures in surreal tableaux; through 4/25. Kelly, 591 Broadway (212-226-1660).

Robert Zandvliet—Paintings and large-format monotypes that refer to landscape; through 6/30. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (212-343-0441).

Chelsea

Janet Cohen—Drawings that appear at first to be compositions of abstract marks but are diagrams of entire baseball games charted through each pitch; through 5/13. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-5937).

Charles A. A. Dellschau—Watercolors and drawings by a self-taught artist who was born in Prussia in 1830 and settled in Houston, Texas, in the early 1850s, where he produced a body of work based on the concept of fantasy flight; through 5/6. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Mark Dion—"The Museum of Poison," an installation that uses agricultural pesticides and display cases to comment on our culture's cavalier attitude to the environment; through 4/29. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (212-414-4144).

Maureen Gallace—Paintings that depict rural and suburban scenes reduced to their most basic forms; through 4/29. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-2555-1121).

Jonathan Horowitz—A video-and-sound installation in which the artist explores his own personal memory bank; through 4/29. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (212-463-7770).

Steven Hull—Recent abstract paintings, in which a single work may comprise a stack of canvases of various sizes to which such unexpected materials as rugs, plastic flowers, and Chinese masks have been attached; through 4/29. Von Lintel & Nusser, 555 W. 25th St. (212-242-0599).

Roy Kortick/Lynn Stern—New paintings/New photographs. Through 5/6. Debs, 525 W. 26th St. (212-643-2070).

Iñigo Manglano-Ovalle—New installations that incorporate video, photographs, and objects; through 4/29. Protetch, 511 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6999).

Robert Melee—An oversize entertainment module containing fourteen televisions and numerous framed photographs; through 4/29. Kreps, 518 W. 20th St. (212-741-8849).

Marilyn Minter—New paintings and photographs; through 5/20. XL, 604 W. 22nd St. (212-482-4111).

Charlotte Moorman—Photographs, posters, program scores, and other ephemera relating to the life and career of this performance artist and avant-garde cellist (1933–1991) who collaborated with Joseph Beuys, Yoko Ono, Nam June Paik, and others; through 6/30. Bound & Unbound, 601 W. 26th St. (212-463-7348).

Elizabeth Olbert—Paintings of oversize human heads; through 5/13. Golden, 526 W. 26th St. (212-727-8304).

Pipilotti Rist—New work; through 5/27. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Dee Shapiro—Recent landscape paintings; through 4/29. Zarre, 515 W. 20th St. (212-255-0202).

Amy Sillman—Recent works on paper that depict miniature populations, fantastical flora and fauna, and fragmented bodies and spaces; through 4/29. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-929-2262).

Michael Stevenson—*Daily Practice*, a filmed stage play adapted from a 1992 interview between the painter Gerhard Richter and the critic Doris von Drathen; through 5/6. Lombrad Freid, 531 W. 26th St. (212-967-8040).

Nick Terry—Paintings of amorphous vistas that bring to mind Turner and Chinese landscape painting; through 4/29. Billis, 526 W. 26th St. (212-645-2621).

Jess von der Ahe—Abstract paintings executed in gold leaf and the artist's own blood; through 4/29. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Christopher Wilmarth—Sculptures and drawings by this artist (1943–1987) known for his poetic use of glass; through 5/6. Miller, 526 W. 26th St. (212-366-4774).

Eric Wolf—New ink drawings ranging in subject from self-portraiture to still-life and landscape; through 4/29. Fredericks Freiser, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-633-6555).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Kouros—23 E. 73rd St. (212-288-5888). Paintings and works on paper by Giorgio Cavallon and Aristodemos Kaldis, two artists known for their distinctive use of color, the former in lyrical abstractions of shifting light and color and the latter in evocations of the Greek landscape in a palette influenced by Kandinsky's "Murnau" period; new abstract metal sculptures by Joel Perlman; through 5/6.

Salander-O'Reilly—20 E. 79th St. (212-879-6606). Recent paintings and sculpture by Farova, Georges, Gross; through 4/29.

Sculpture Center—167 E. 69th St. (212-879-3500). "Transposed: Analogs of Built Space," works that engage the idiom of architectural models, drawings, and plans, by Bennett, Brower, Cambre, Komatsu, Lehmann, Oppenheimer; through 5/6.

Winston Wächter Mayer—39 E. 78th St. (212-327-2526). Works from the eighties by Basquiat, Clemente, Fischl, Gornik, Holzer, Hunt, Longo, Salle, Schnabel, Sultan, Rothenberg; through 5/20.

57th Street Area

Baron/Boisanté—50 W. 57th St. (212-581-9191). Paintings by Baechler and Byron, photo-based works by Bolande and Guèrin, sculptures by Macdonald and Vital; through 5/20.

Findlay—41 E. 57th St. (212-486-7660). Works from the thirties and forties by American artists who were influenced by Native American art, among them Barnett, Bisstram, Busa, Dehner, Graham, Pollock, Pousette-Dart, Smith, Wheeler; through 5/13.

Helman—20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888). Works by Andoe, Oppenheim, Simonds; through 5/6.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (212-534-1672, ext. 212). "Painting the Town, Cityscapes From the Museum of the City of New York," works by Audubon, Hassam, Hopkins, Marsh, others; 4/13–6/23.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). Late-nineteenth- and early-twentieth-century portraiture in Austria and Germany by Corinth, Gerstl, Jawlensky, Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele, others; through 6/10.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (212-226-3970). "Echo," video, photographs, and installations by Binor, Donnelly, King, Nakamura; *Where the Lion Goes Through: Architecture of an Action*, an installation by the artist team Dolores Zinny and Juan Madigan; short video works by Balaban, Neff, Martinez, Wright; through 5/20.

Dorsky—379 W. Broadway (212-966-6170). Drawings, maquettes, and other artworks relating to environmental sculptures, by Goldsworthy, Long, Nash, Nemitz, Sonfist, Zimmerman; through 4/29.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (212-966-9520). "Achieving Failure: Gym Culture 2000," an exhibition curated by Bill Arning of works by 29 contemporary visual and performance artists that explore the gym as a stimulus for preoccupations with the body, identity, and spectatorship; through 4/29.

Chelsea

Art Resources Transfer, Inc.—210 Eleventh Ave. (212-691-5956). *EQuinox*, a computer-animated installation by Susan Dallas-Swann, Gerald, Zlata Baum, and Jamy Sheridan, through 4/29; "Conversation" exhibition of works by Martha Keller and Karen Shaw, through 4/30.

Photography

Tree Time

Along with sublime studies of trees made by William Henry Fox Talbot at Lacock Abbey, his home in England, "From Lacock to Fontainebleau: Trees by Talbot and His Contemporaries" offers images of arboreal majesty by Eugene Cuvelier, Gustave LeGray, Dr. John Murray (below, 'Palm Trees Near the Taj Mahal, 1864'), and other nineteenth-century photographers. At Hans P. Kraus Jr., Inc., Mark Hotel, 25 East 77th Street; through April 28.

Photograph courtesy of Hans P. Kraus Jr.

Postmasters—459 W. 19th St. (212-727-3323). New media installations by Brooks, VinylVideo, Utterbach and Achituv, entropy8zuper; through 4/22.

White Columns—320 W. 13th St. (212-924-4212). "Posers," works that explore the representation of self through assuming the role of a character, by Arnardóttir, Burke, Chesnut, Goicolea, Levy, others; through 4/30.

Photography

Juan Carlos Alom—Recent work that explores hidden violence, by a Cuban photographer; through 5/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059)

Kate Belton/Nic Nicosia—Photographs of scenes constructed by the artist from such household products as flour, salt, and sugar; through 4/29. Three short films made by the photographer since 1997; through 4/29. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (212-941-8642).

Robert Glenn Ketchum—Landscape photographs by Ketchum and embroideries based on his photographs by the Suzhou Embroidery Research Institute of Mainland China; through 5/13. Carter, 560 Broadway (212-966-1933).

Kraus—Mark Hotel, 25 E. 77th St. (212-794-2064). Nineteenth-century photographs of trees and landscapes by William Henry Fox Talbot and his contemporaries Eugene Cuvelier, Gustave LeGray, Captain Horatio Ross, and others; through 4/28.

Michael Martone—*The Scream of AMJ*, a series of 70 images made from a single negative of a woman with a hand placed over her mouth; through 5/6. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (212-627-4819).

Tim Maul—A new series that depicts the interior of a home on the outskirts of Dublin into which friends of the artist have moved; through 5/13. Senior & Shopmaker, 21 E. 26th St. (212-213-6767).

Viggo Mortensen—New photographs and mixed-media works; through 5/13. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Newseum—580 Madison Ave. (212-317-7596). "Beyond the Fall," photographs by Anthony Suau depicting life in eastern Europe since 1989; through 6/3.

Michael O'Brien—Photographs of the ocean shot with infrared film; through 4/22. Dee/Glasoe, 529 W. 20th St. (212-924-7545).

Arthur Tress—Black-and-white photographs from the recent monograph *Male of the Species* (Fotofactory Press) that suggest male dreams, fantasies, and fears; through 5/13. Morthland, 225 Tenth Ave. (212-242-7767).

Oliver Wasow—Fantasy landscapes created through a combination of digital technology, image appropriation, and traditional photography; through 4/29. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Defining Craft 1: Collecting for the New Millennium." A selection of works from the museum's permanent collection and works that have been promised as gifts; through 5/7. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535), Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., and Sun. 10–6, Thurs. 10–8 (pay what you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The Butterfly Conservatory: Tropical Butterflies Alive in Winter"; through 5/29. . . . "Capturing Time: The New York Times Capsule"; through 4/20. . . . "Body Art: Marks of Identity." The history of body art in the U.S., Europe, Africa, New Zealand, and elsewhere, highlighting objects and practices dating back to circa 2000 B.C.; through 8/30. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society at Midtown—"Philippine Style 2000." Apparel, ornamentation, and accessories made with traditional Philippine fabrics by Filipino designers and students from the Fashion Institute of Technology; through 6/10. 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (212-288-6400), Mon.–Sat. 10–6; $4, $2 students and seniors (free Mon.–Fri. 12–2).

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Roman Glass: Reflections on Cultural Change." More than 200 glass works from the collection of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archeology and Anthropology that were made in Rome between the late second century B.C. and the early seventh century A.D.; through 6/11. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Good Business is the Best Art: Twenty Years of the Artists in the Marketplace Program." Works by Tomie Arai, Rina Banerjee, Prudencio Irazabal, Fabian Marcaccio, Sara Sosnowy, and others; through 9/3. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000), Wed. 3–9, Thurs. and Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $3, $2 students and seniors, Wed. free.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Realm of Marvels: Building Collections for the Future." Works from almost every major area of the museum's holdings, representing nearly every culture and almost all of recorded time; through 6/18. . . . "African Masterworks From the Collection of Beatrice Riese." African art collected by the painter Beatrice Riese, who has lived in New York since 1949; through 9/10. . . . "The Guennol Collection: Cabinet of Wonders." Olmec jade carvings, pre-Columbian textiles, American folk art, and works by de Kooning, Cornell, and other twentieth-century artists that were given to the museum by Alastair Bradley Martin and his wife, Edith Park Martin; through 5/7. . . . "One Hundred Famous Views of Edo." An exhibition of a rare complete set of Utagawa Hiroshige's 1856–58 wood-block-print series from the museum's permanent collection; through 4/23. . . . "Artists Books." Fifty books made in the nineties by Brooklyn-based artists, among them Louise Bourgeois, Doug Beube, and Janet Zweig; through 4/16. . . . "Carved Memories: Tombstones of the Russian Jewish Pale, Photographs by David Goberman." Images of Jewish tombstones in Russia taken over a period of 75 years; through 4/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students and seniors.

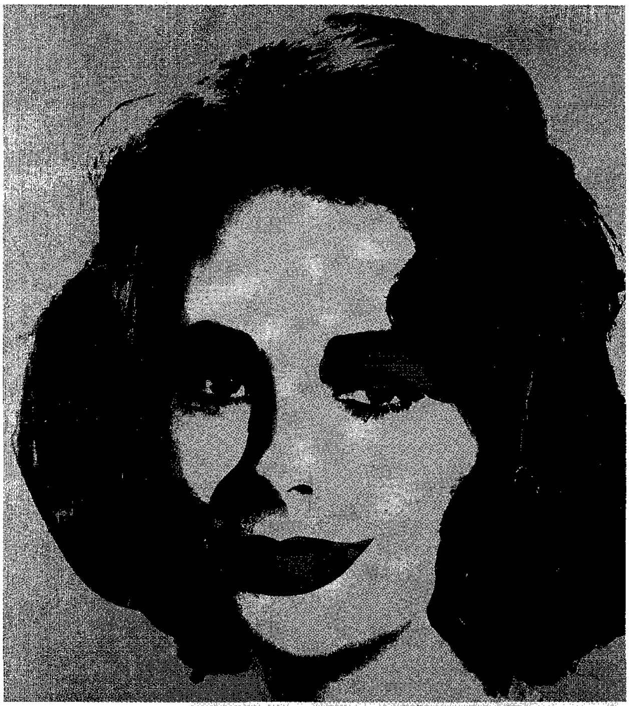
Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"National Design Triennial: Design Culture Now." Recent works by 83 American designers and design firms; through 8/6. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $8, $3 students and seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 6/18. . . . "Donald Judd *Untitled*, 1976." A piece from 1976 that is considered one of the late artist's seminal works and comprises fifteen plywood boxes; through 6/18. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 6/18. . . . "Time Traced: Rodney Graham and Vera Lutter"; through 6/18. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"James Castle: House Drawings." The first New York exhibition of drawings and paper constructions by the self-taught artist from Idaho; through 5/4. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Michelangelo to Picasso: Master Drawings From the Collection of the Albertina, Vienna." Drawings by Chagall, Dürer, Klimt, Pollock, and others on loan from the Graphische Sammlung Albertina (Graphic Art Collection Albertina), one of Europe's greatest repositories of works on paper; 4/18–6/18. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors (admission free on Dec. 19, 1999); children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"Sheer Realities: Power and Clothing in the Nineteenth-Century Philippines." An exhibition organized by the Asia Society of clothing, accessories, paintings, lithographs, drawings, and photographs that reflect the external and indigenous cultural influences in the Philippines over the past century; through 4/22. 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs., Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5: $2.50 suggested donation.



Happening It's an exhibition that Andy Warhol, who understood the mesmerizing effects of the repetitive image possibly better than anyone, might have thought up himself—a gathering of 29 of his iconic silk-screen paintings of Marilyn, Liz, and Jackie from the early sixties. At C&M Arts, 45 East 78th Street; through June 3.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"The Worlds of Nam June Paik." The first American retrospective of the Korean-born multimedia artist since 1982, including sculptures, installations, videotapes, and projects for television; through 4/26. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (212-423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"For the New Century: Japanese Treasures From the Asian Art Museum of San Francisco." Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and lacquerware spanning 3,000 years; through 7/9. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Paris in New York: French Jewish Artists in Private Collections." Paintings and sculpture by Jewish artists working in Paris from 1907 to 1939, among them Marc Chagall, Sonia Delaunay, Jacques Lipchitz, Amedeo Modigliani, Chaim Soutine, and Max Weber; through 6/25.

Photograph courtesy C&M Arts.

. . . "Berlin Metropolis: Jews and the New Culture, 1890–1918." Artworks, books, letters, posters, and theater memorabilia demonstrating the influence of Jews on culture in turn-of-the-century Berlin; through 4/23. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"The Art of Japan From the Mary Griggs Burke Collection." Paintings, sculptures, ceramics, and other works dating from the second millennium B.C. to the early nineteenth century; through 6/25. . . . "Painters in Paris: 1895–1950." Paintings by Bonnard, Braque, Chagall, Léger, Matisse, Picasso, and other artists who worked in Paris; through 12/31. . . . "Walker Evans." A retrospective of the American photographer (1903–1975) comprising some 175 vintage prints from public and private collections throughout the U.S. and Canada as well as from the photographer's archive, which was acquired by the Metropolitan in 1994; through 5/14. . . . "Tilman Riemenschneider: Master Sculptor of the Late Middle Ages." An international loan exhibition of carved-wood and stone works by the German sculptor (1460–1531); through 5/14. . . . "Ancient Faces: Mummy Portraits From Roman Egypt." Painted panel portraits made in Egypt from the first to third century A.D.; through 5/7. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $10, $5 seniors and students.

Morgan Library—"From Bruegel to Rubens: Netherlandish and Flemish Drawings." Northern European master drawings spanning the Gothic through the Flemish Baroque periods from the Morgan Library's collection, and a selection of works by artists working in the tradition of Van Eyck and Van der Goes; through 4/30. . . . "Sacred Songs: Illuminated Choir Books." Music manuscripts used in the liturgy of the Catholic church during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance; through 5/14. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

El Museo del Barrio—"Latin American Still Life: Reflections of Time and Place." Paintings, sculptures, and other works depicting still-life by twentieth-century Caribbean, Central American, and South American artists, among them Diego Rivera, Rufino Tamayo, and Wilfredo Lam; through 5/21. . . . "Franco Mondini Ruíz: *Mexic*." A site-specific installation depicting a romanticized, miniature cityscape of the Aztec capital, Tenochtitlán, now Mexico City; through 5/21. 1230 Fifth Ave. (212-831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"Hair in African Sculpture and Art." An exhibition exploring the significance of hair in African society through masks and figures, combs, beads, headrests, and an actual Ghanaian barber shop; through 5/28. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 students, seniors, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Millennial Dreams: Vision and Prophecy in American Folk Art." An exhibition of visionary objects and paintings by self-taught artists on loan from major public institutions and private collections; through 5/14. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Making Choices," the second cycle of MOMA2000 exhibitions: "The Marriage of Reason and Squalor." A survey examining opposites as they occur in single works of art; through 9/19. . . . "The Raw and the Cooked." Works by unschooled, outsider, and naïve artists; through 9/19. . . . "Useless Science." The efforts of artists who mimic the methods and conventions of artists; through 9/19. . . . "The Dream of Utopia/Utopia of the Dream." Abstract and Surrealist works by Dalí, Ernst, Malevich, Mondrian, others; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Living 1." Post–World War I designs from the De Stijl, Bauhaus, and Constructivist movements; through 8/22. . . . "Walker Evans & Company." Photographs by Evans and by photographers who influenced him or were influenced by him; through 8/22. . . . "Modern Art Despite Modernism." Works by Albright, Balthus, Cadmus, Feud, Hopper, Rivera, others; through 8/22. . . . "Art Is Arp." Works from the twenties, including wood reliefs, string reliefs, cardboard cutouts, prints, illustrated books, collages, and sculpture; through 8/22. . . . "Giorgio Morandi Etchings." Etchings spanning 1912 to 1949; through 8/22. . . . "War." Works created in response to the threats and effects of mass mobilization and violence; through 8/22. . . . "Graphic-Photographic: The European Revolution in Graphic Design and Photography in the 1920s." Works by Herbert Bayer, El Lissitzky, László Moholy-Nagy, Aleksandr Rodchenko, and others; through 8/22. . . . "Projects 70: Shirin Neshat, Simon Patterson, Xu Bing." Banners that play with the written word, displayed on the museum's 53rd Street façade; through 5/1. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues., Thurs. 10:30–5:45, Fri. 10:30–8:15 (4:30–8:15 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New York: Songs of the City." More than 50 pieces of lavishly illustrated sheet music for songs celebrating New York; through 9/10. . . . "This Land Is Your Land: The Life and Legacy of Woody Guthrie." An exhibition chronicling the life of the folksinger; through 4/23. . . . "The New York Century: World Capital, Home Town, 1900–2000." An exhibition of objects from the museum's collection conceived by the design firm Pentagram; through 7/9. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"The Little Black Dress and Other Signs of Status." An exhibition exploring the meaning behind a range of iconic black objects, from the little black dress to combat boots; through 4/15. . . . "The Corset: Fashioning the Body." Corsets from the sixteenth century to the present, as well as corset-inspired fashions, archival photographs, posters, books, caricatures, and advertisements that document the evolution of corsetry; through 4/22. . . . "Girlfriend! The Barbie Sessions by David Levinthal." Forty large-format Polaroid photographs of the doll that return her to her fashion-model roots; through 4/15. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy—"Art in the Age of Queen Victoria: Treasures From the Royal Academy of Arts." Paintings by Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, Frank Cowper, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir John Everett Millais, and others; through 6/4. 1083 Fifth Ave. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12-5, Fri. 10-6; $5.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Picturing the Modern Amazon." Images of physically strong women in paintings, drawings, videos, sculptures, photographs, and other media by more than 60 contemporary artists, among them Matthew Barney, Judy Chicago, Nicole Eisenman, Jane Hammond, Mary Ellen Mark, Nancy Spero, and Cindy Sherman; through 7/2. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs.–Sat. 12–8 (free Thurs. from 6–8); $6, $3 artists, students, and seniors.

New-York Historical Society—"Magnum Our Turning World, Photographs 1989–1999." Works by photographers who work or worked for the legendary photo agency; through 6/18. . . . "Jessie Tarbox Beals: On Assignment." Works by America's first female photojournalist; through 7/9. . . . "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America." Photographs documenting lynchings in American from the 1870s through the 1950s; through 7/9. . . . "New York on the Brink! The Fiscal Crisis of the 1970s." Documentary photographs, newspaper headlines, political cartoons, and objects relating to New York's notorious fiscal crisis; through 5/7. . . . "John James Audubon: The Birds of Winter." Fifteen original watercolor paintings by the naturalist (1785–1851) depicting birds that can be found in New York during the winter months; through 4/30. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

P.S.1 Contemporary Art Center—"Greater New York." The first significant collaboration between P.S.1 and MOMA, an exhibition of works by more than 140 artists who have emerged as vital voices over the past five years; through 5/16. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Queens Museum of Art—"New York Noir: Crime Photographs From the *Daily News* Archive"; through 4/30. . . . "William Glackens: A Journey From Realism to Impressionism." A selection of paintings, works on paper, and notebooks by the Philadelphia-born artist, who became one of the Eight and worked in Paris, New York, and Cape Cod, most of them drawn from the Glackens family bequest to the Museum of Art, Fort Lauderdale; through 4/30. . . . . "Queens Focus: Installation by Leung Chi Wo"; through 4/30. . . . "Community Space: Silk Paintings by Dr. Rikki Asher"; through 4/30. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Collection in Context." A selection of paintings, photographs, sculpture, and works in other media from the museum's permanent collection; through 5/21. . . . "Images of Harlem: Selected Photographs of James VanDerZee." Images of Harlem in its heyday by the Massachusetts-born photographer who moved to New York in 1906; through 5/21. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed., Thurs, Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Biennial 2000." The museum's biannual survey of contemporary American art, featuring works in all media by 97 artists; through 6/4. . . . "Edward Hopper, Printmaker." More than 50 etchings and drypoints drawn almost entirely from the bequest of the artist's wife, Jo Hopper, which entered the museum in 1970; through 5/28. . . . "What's New: Recent Acquisitions in Photography." Works by Matthew Barney, Nan Goldin, Vik Muniz, Cindy Sherman, and others; through 5/21. . . . "Highlights From the Permanent Collection"; through 6/4. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 4/12 at 10 and 2: "Watches." On view from 4/8. 4/13 at 10 and 2: "English Furniture." On view from 4/8. 4/17 at 10: "Books." On view from 4/15.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 4/12 at 10 and 2: "General Printed Books." On view from 4/8. 4/13 at 10 and 2: "Fine Jewelry." On view from 4/8. 4/14 at 10: "Silver." On view from 4/8. 4/18 at 10: "European Furniture and Decorative Arts." On view from 4/15.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 4/18 at 10: "Important Estate Jewelry." On view from 4/15. 4/19 at 10: "American Furniture and Decorations." On view from 4/15.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 4/16 at 12: "Jewelery." On view from 4/12.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (212-606-7000). 4/12 at 2 and 4/13 at 10:15 and 2: "Magnificent Jewelry." On view from 4/7. 4/14 at 10:15 and 2: "English Country House Sporting Paintings Porcelain." On view from 4/8. 4/15 at 10:15 and 2: "English Furniture."

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 4/13 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 4/8.

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

restaurants

Young Men and the Sea...Chip Shape

Manhattan

Lower New York

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Greatest Bar on Earth—This, the most casual component of the Windows on the World complex, has become a popular meeting spot for downtown office workers, curious club kids, and the inevitable tourists. The view, obviously, can't be beat, and the snacky menu includes global bites like fried calamari, barbecued ribs, and sushi. Live music Tuesday through Saturday. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gubbio—Decorated with imported tapestries and pottery meant to evoke a medieval Umbrian hill town, this spacious TriBeCa restaurant features a seasonal Italian menu that strives to avoid culinary clichés. Choices include pork medallions with stewed cabbage and smoked ricotta, and lamb carpaccio with olive pesto. *223 W. Broadway (212-334-8077). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright–ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty and Ellis Island. But your attention may very well be diverted by the eye-catching American food—seafood sausage with stewed white beans, potato-and-truffle ravioli with saffron cream, seared yellowfin tuna with caramelized foie gras—right in front of you. *4 World Financial Ctr. (212-786-1500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Independent—From the minute it opened, this tavernesque TriBeCa duplex has been a favorite of the fashionable neighborhood. The creative bistro menu includes cornmeal-coated calamari with green-chile tartar sauce, shiitake-seared salmon with cashew-scallion rice cake, and slow-roasted duck with blood-orange sauce. *179 W. Broadway (212-219-2010). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special prix fixe menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. *462 Broadway, at Grand St. (212-219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Morton's of Chicago—The second New York location of the national steakhouse chain. Portions are huge, quality is consistent, and, in case you haven't noticed, beef is back. *90 West St. (212-732-5665). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

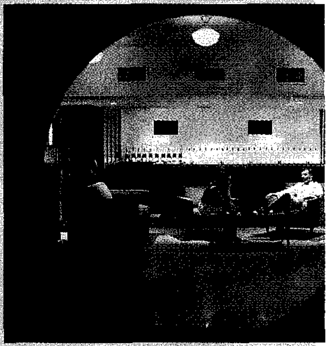
Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

The Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. *145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (212-233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.*

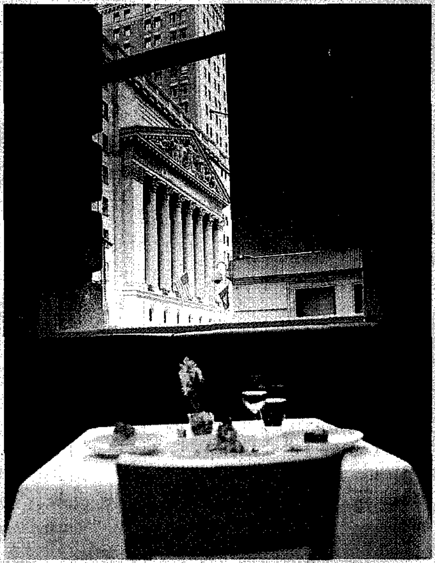
Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of

Opening Vineland



When it comes to satisfying basic human needs, two out of three ain't bad. And unless Julie Menin finds time to enroll at FIT, she'll have to be content with food and shelter, both of which are accounted for at the Exchange, the turn-of-the-last-century office building her real-estate magnate husband, Bruce, converted to luxury apartments three years ago. This week they open Vine, a restaurant-and-gourmet-market complex on the first two floors of their landmarked property, which is conveniently located across the street from J.P. Morgan and the New York Stock Exchange. "If the market extends its hours," she says, "so will we," which might not be exactly what her chef, John Tesar, wants to hear. He's already got his hands full cooking his signature designer pizzas and fancier fare like fondue of sea urchin and Maryland crab during conventional lunch and dinner hours. And when he's not catering to customers in the bright, modern dining room, he's coordinating private parties in the subterranean vaults, which have retained their original safe-deposit boxes and two-foot-thick circular Remington and Sherman doors. Upstairs, market manager Nancy Hart, formerly of the Vinegar Factory, stocks the ripest melons, the crustiest sourdough, and the creamiest Camembert, and supervises the production of all the prepared foods that will be available for breakfast, lunch, and dinner in the self-service café (opening later this month). The café, like the apartments upstairs and the vaults below, is equipped with high-speed Internet access. And the Exchange's tenants should be pleased. Not only do they get a place to eat in the underserviced neighborhood—they get room service too. (25 Broad Street; 212-344-8463.) ROBIN RAISFELD



Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Sosa Borella—This full-service TriBeCa café is just as good for an afternoon espresso as for a full meal, not to mention the weekly tango lessons. Sandwiches come nearly two dozen ways; the Italian-Argentinean menu features entrées like Milanese steak and short ribs of beef. *460 Greenwich St. (212-431-5093). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Wild Blue—In an intimate room that's warm and plushly comfortable but doesn't try to compete with the famous view, chef Michael Lomonaco's menu is solid, superlative American, with a touch of the steakhouse in sides like creamed spinach and butternut-squash hash. His flair for hearty heman food like char-broiled strip steak and lamb T-bone chops still allows for subtle seasoning and artful presentations. Exceedingly moist chicken gets a Med-rim treatment with olives and preserved lemons, and buttermilk fried oysters with chipotle cream and spoon bread are an inspired take on an American classic. The staff is that elusive combination of proficient and accommodating, and the extensive wine selection, by the glass and the bottle, is refreshingly user-friendly. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7107). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the 6th Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (212-982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (212-228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (212-254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). Also, 1662 Third Ave., at 93rd St. (426-5422). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Jekyll & Hyde—Can you guess the theme of this boisterous Village restaurant? Billing itself as a "haunted explorers' club," it offers interactive entertainment, special effects, and—so that famished explorers may keep up their strength—a menu of American fare like grilled tuna steak, pumpkin tortelli in sun-dried-tomato cream sauce, and "voodoo-spiced" Cajun steak. *91 Seventh Ave. S. (212-989-7701). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Zoo—A West Village hot spot, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassoulet. *314 W. 11th St. (212-620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (212-242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Villa Mosconi—Peter Mosconi and his brood offer a menu as reliable as traditional Northern Italian home cooking. Find this old-world anachronism in the heart of Greenwich Village. A year-round backyard garden is available for private parties. *69 Macdougal St. (212-673-0390). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chut-

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ney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—An ideal spot for Murray Hill residents to meet for drinks alfresco and southwestern-flavored fare. Sit outdoors as long as the weather holds. *488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (212-685-3828). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (212-460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Candela—These vast premises have been decorated with mission-style furniture, iron sconces, and what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Commodore Grill at the Grand Hyatt Hotel—Commuters and business travelers will be glad to know they can enter this formal hotel restaurant directly from Grand Central Terminal, whether for a quick drink in the cigar bar or a full meal of such French-influenced American fare as foie gras French toast, tuna tartare, and ribeye of veal with Swiss chard. *42nd St. and Lexington Ave. (212-850-5999). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with chipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (212-679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (212-477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (212-481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metro Fish—Hearty fish dinners with all the fixin's in a "nautical townhouse" setting. Live lobsters, crabs, and other fresh seafood platters are simple, satisfying, and reminiscent of the sort of shore dinners served in seaside towns along the Northeast coast. Those with more of a culinary wanderlust can sample the house-special bouillabaisse. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (212-677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (212-243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (212-398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (212-243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

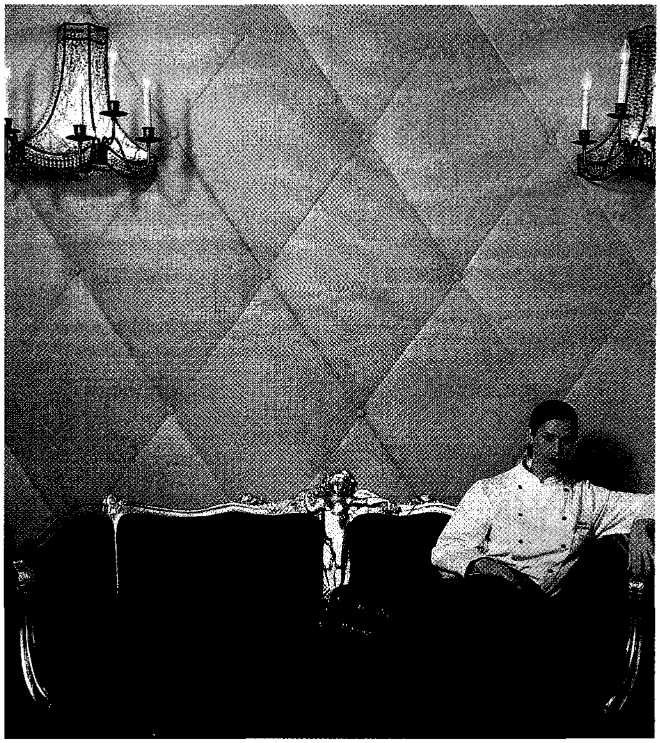
Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. *40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (212-840-6500). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (212-989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Opening

Pretty on the Inside

Who knew Roxy owner Gene DiNino had a flair for interior design? To counter what he perceived as a grave dearth of sophisticatedly stylish restaurants, he's opening Eugene, a supper club he hopes will evoke the Paris that Rick and Ilse will always have. Designed in collaboration with Ilan Waisbrod of BondSt and Republic fame, the warren of plushy rooms is upholstered in materials like chartreuse leather and purple mohair, and outfitted with illuminated tables and period antiques. Chef Erica Miller (pictured) dispenses upscale noshes like "molten" foie gras, peekytoe-crab ravioli, and macadamia-crusted sweetbreads to diners in need of nourishment between spins on the dance floor. (27 West 24th Street; 212-462-0999.)



Photograph by Magdalena Caris.

Fusion@Ohm—One of the new crop of all-in-one entertainment centers: dinner, dancing, and the ever-popular lounging on velvet furniture. Plus an international fusion menu that features Vietnamese vegetable spring rolls, rigatoni bolognese, and pistachio-crusted chicken breast with morel sauce. *16 W. 22nd St. (212-229-2000). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's

New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Della Femina—Jerry Della Femina tapped Kevin Penner, the very talented chef from the adman's Hamptons hot spot, to supervise the stoves at his Manhattan outpost. His city food places the same premium on high-quality ingredients in dishes like day-boat halibut, langoustines with black truffles, and rib-eye steak. Sit at the bar, converse with the very able and accommodating bartender, and try to guess the identity of every A- and B-list celebrity in the collage of caricatures. *131 E. 54th St. (212-752-0111). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops, and fish) on the table. *34 E. 52nd St. (212-935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Genki Sushi—Not your typical sushi bar but a moving conveyor belt with color-coded dishes that indicate the price of your lunch. This midtown branch is the first American outpost of an Asian megachain headquartered in Singapore. The restaurant, whose high-tech design incorporates a wall of exposed sound panels, Lucite chairs and stools, and a Warholian upholstery pattern, also offers bento boxes, vegetarian dishes, sashimi, and a varied sake selection. *9 E. 46th St. (212-983-5018). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Perigord—This romantic French restaurant near Sutton Place is famous for its classically prepared, elegantly presented French cuisine. The regular clientele, with a liberal smattering of celebrities and diplomats, is the type that dresses for dinner—a good thing, since jackets are required. Open Sundays. Private rooms available for parties. *405 E. 52nd St. (212-755-6244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Leopard—This townhouse restaurant named for the famous Italian novel is known for its bargain four-course prix fixe, including unlimited house wine. The enclosed garden and the French-Continental menu—roast duckling, stuffed quail, filet mignon—attract a loyal following. *253 E. 50th St. (212-759-3735). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Christian Delouvrier's masterful classic French cooking. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (212-339-6719). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Maloney & Porcelli—A midtown steakhouse with something extra, courtesy of consulting chef David Burke's contributions—including something called "angry lobster"—plus whole leg of lamb, an extensive wine list, and an innovative menu of American classics. A second-floor party room has a fireplace and skylights. *37 E. 50th St. (212-750-2233). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Michael Jordan's The Steak House N.Y.C.—It's hard not to feel like a king surveying his kingdom from the balcony of the awesomely renovated Grand Central Terminal. And it's easy, with David Walzog's high-protein menu, to eat like an athlete: Choose from Maine lobster, a 44-ounce double porterhouse for two, barbecued short ribs, pepper-crusted buffalo sirloin, and a superlative New York strip. There's a private dining room and a private smoking room. And if you (or your progeny) so desire, you can mark the occasion with a trip to the souvenir shop, for basketball- or steak-themed paraphernalia like baby rattles and dog bones. *23 Vanderbilt Ave., Grand Central Terminal (212-655-2300). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Monkey Bar—Since its swanky renovation by David Rockwell, this midtown landmark has undergone several chef changes. Andrew Chase has infused the menu and the retro-feeling dining room with new spirit by way of inspired new dishes like coriander-crusted duck breast with Bartlett pears, onion tart with potatoes and bacon, and loin of rabbit with confit and foie gras ravioli. Plus a special cocktail-hour canapé menu, to be enjoyed in the monkey-mural bar with nightly piano music. *60 E. 54th St. (212-838-2600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montebello—The staff at this cozy neighborhood restaurant offers a gracious welcome, while the kitchen provides upscale Northern Italian fare, especially affordable in the four-course pretheater menu. Specialties include angel's-hair pasta with fresh tomato and basil, and shrimp sautéed with cognac, broccoli, and red peppers. Private party room available. *120 E. 56th St. (212-753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. *551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Oceana—Fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room, reminiscent of the dining cabin on an elegant ocean liner, a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. The upstairs bar is a perfect retreat for cocktails and seafood snacks in midtown. *55 E. 54th St. (212-759-5941). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oscar's—This contemporary American brasserie is named for the Waldorf-Astoria's longtime maître d', Oscar Tschirky, creator of such legendary dishes as the Waldorf salad and veal Oscar. The menu leans toward updated classics like yellowfin-tuna tartare and smoked Hudson Valley foie gras with truffled red-wine marmalade. Designer Adam Tihany transported the history-laden dining room into the twenty-first century with a much-needed face-lift. *Lexington Ave. at 50th St. (212-872-4920). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has broken with mealtime tradition. Rather than offer straightforward appetizers and entrées, Gras divides his menu into categories like ocean/river (lobster soup flavored with chestnuts), field/forest (seaweed and field greens), black truffle (Venetian pasta), and farm (rabbit chop wrapped in pasta). And rather than price each individual dish, he charges by the number of courses one selects: $54 for three, $67 for four, and up. The sommelier's suggested wine pairings are available for an additional price, and jackets are required. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = *cash only*, AE = *American Express*, CB = *Carte Blanche*, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (212-753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (212-486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Aquavit—An elegant midtown respite for sophisticated Scandinavian food, set in the glass-enclosed atrium of the former Rockefeller mansion. The menu offers delicately flavored Swedish versions of tea-smoked duck, lobster salad, venison, and, of course, gravlax and herring. *13 W. 54th St. (212-307-7311). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is devoted entirely to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (212-974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Estiatorio Milos—The New York outpost of a Montreal favorite, this stylishly spare Greek restaurant specializes in perfectly fresh seafood, arranged market-style on ice and grilled simply with organic herbs and imported olive oil. The fish selection runs from the familiar—red snapper, pompano—to the more exotic, like loup de mer, Moroccan pageot, and Greek dente. Finish with super-creamy goat's milk yogurt with honey. *125 W. 55th St. (212-245-7400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. *60 W. 55th St. (212-688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (212-391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a theater-district shrine to the stars of stage and screen. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks and herb-crusted rack of lamb to crab cakes and marinated duck breast. Theatergoers will want to know about the $23.50 prix fixe dinner, and music lovers about the live jazz and blues on Saturday night and the Sunday jazz brunch. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have earned him a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (212-489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrénées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Local—This theater-district American bistro has lots of cozy booths and turns out sophisticated, refreshingly imaginative fare with international accents but doesn't go overboard. Try the pan-seared scallops with Maine crab cake and sweet-corn chowder; the roasted North Atlantic salmon with spring vegetables; and the excellent desserts. *224 W. 47th St. (212-921-2005). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Morrell Wine Bar & Cafe—The inspired idea behind this unique restaurant (adjacent to the relocated Morrell wine shop) is to serve a menu that integrates perfectly with the wine list—no small feat, since the inventory runs to 1,000 different bottles and a hundred by-the-glass selections. The kitchen incorporates vino into the victuals, as in Barolo-braised lamb shank with chestnut-flour polenta, and the foie gras club sandwich with *porto* marmalade. Seating is at the serpentine bar, behind it, and on a mezzanine level. *1 Rockefeller Plaza (212-262-7700). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Osteria del Circo—This place is always buzzing, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Maccioni. *120 W. 55th St. (212-265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

St. Andrews—In what might be New York's only full-fledged Scottish restaurant, the bartenders wear kilts, the scotch is single-malt, and the décor consists of wine cabinets, old Scottish Rail posters, and pictures of famous golf courses. The hearty steak-and-seafood menu features dishes like rack of lamb, tenderloin, and brook trout stuffed with crabmeat and Irish oatmeal in a scotch-whiskey sauce. *120 W. 44th St. (212-840-8413). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey supervises the very popular and wide-ranging menu. *210 E. 58th St. (212-355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriel's Bar & Restaurant—Just four blocks from Lincoln Center, this acclaimed Northern Italian favorite of theatergoers and neighborhood regulars alike manages to be unintimidatingly comfortable and culinarily sophisticated at the same time. Hearty dishes include gnocchi in duck ragù, braised short ribs in a sauce of dark beer and sage with a semolina custard, and wood-grilled tuna with fresh horseradish. The hot chocolate has a cult following. *11 W. 60th St. (212-956-4600). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (212-754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

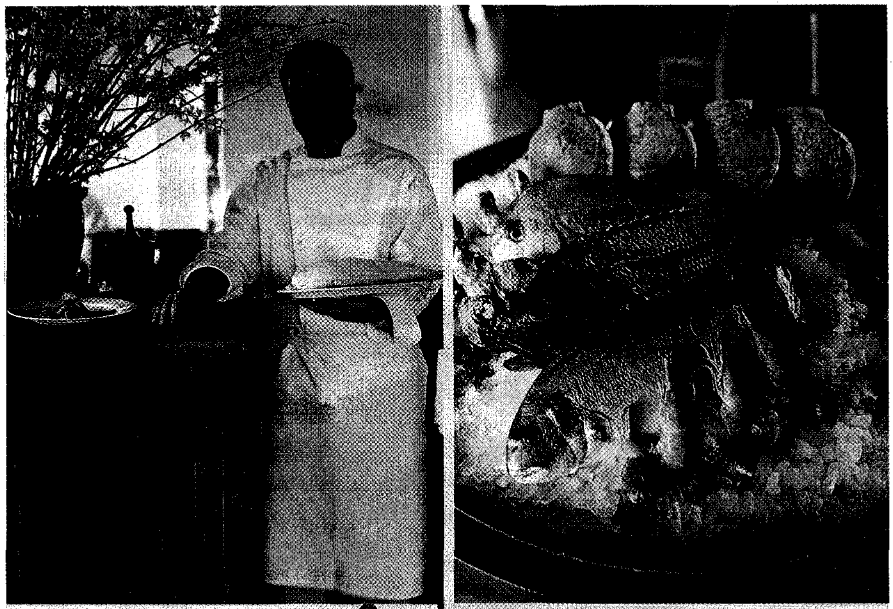
Andrusha—Just because you live uptown doesn't mean you need to succumb to the relentless Chinese-and-pasta delivery routine. This understated restaurant serves a variety of Eastern European dishes, from the familiar (beef Stroganoff, blini with caviar or smoked fish) to the less so (Czech roast duck, coulibiac of vegetables). *1370 Lexington Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-369-9374). (M) DC, MC, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan in an intimate, romantic townhouse crowded with

Opening
For Batter or Wurst

Rather than proffer predictable meatballs, Swedish chef Christer Larsson has designated gourmet sausages and pilsner-battered fish and chips his pair of side-by-side culinary contributions to the dining concourse at Grand Central. At Knödel, Larsson traverses the international world of wieners, from brat, a pork sausage flavored with garlic, figs, and port wine, to hickory-smoked andouille and venison sausage with blueberries. All are served in poppy-seed-potato rolls, with a choice of gourmet garnishes. Fish & Chips offers newspaper-wrapped, deep-fried filets of cod or halibut in typical British fashion, which is to say with malt vinegar or mushy peas, which may be swapped for rémoulade or horseradish. Baked salmon is undoubtedly a balm for homesick Scandinavians. (Grand Central Terminal, lower level; 212-986-1230.)

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.



Opening Di Pesce Mode

Somewhere in between overseeing Pó, Babbo, and Lupa and taping all-new episodes of his cooking show, *Molto Mario,* which has just reappeared at 5:30 nightly on the Food Network, Mario Batali has opened Esca, yet another bound-for-greatness restaurant. At their theater-district outpost, the man in the orange clogs and partners Joe Bastianich, Simon Dean, and executive chef David Pasternack (pictured) hope to do for Southern Italian seafood what Le Bernardin has done for French and Milos for Greek. In an inspired take on raw-shellfish service, the poured-concrete bar has a built-in trough for ice, oysters, and mini-carafes of white wine. Other innovations include crudo—raw fish like diver sea scallops in tangerine oil and wild salmon marinated in saba, a cooked compound of grape juice and pulp. Seafood pasta breaks red-clam-sauce boundaries in *primi* like shrimp-and-sorrel ravioli with nettle butter and gnocchi with stewed cuttlefish, capers, and olives. But be forewarned: Entrées come adorned only with sliced-to-order citrus, so if you'd like some purple potatoes or white asparagus with your parchment-wrapped turbot or salt-crusted whole fish for two, remember to order a sampling of contorni. (402 West 43rd Street; 212-564-7272.)

flowers and oil paintings. Attracts serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (212-249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (212-996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like a private London club, with plump, tasseled pillows to nestle against. Fine French-American cooking (torchon of foie gras with cranberry-kumquat compote, pan-roasted lobster with Armagnac jus), award-winning wine list, and a Willy Wonka–worthy chocolate tea. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gabriela's—Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados,* fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas,* fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. *685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (212-961-0574). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. *2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (212-874-2780). (I) ($).*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (212-877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—A couple of partners from TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay have brought regional Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area in sore need of a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunch buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trendy territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented. *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sylvia's—A staple of the neighborhood, with a tradition and ambience strong enough to draw loyal customers from uptown and downtown. Live entertainment that truly aids digestion. *328 Lenox Ave., bet. 126th and 127th Sts. (212-996-0660). (I) ($).*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating,

Photographs by Kenneth Chen.

Kolker & Brown *continued from page 53*

recorded by an undercover policeman pretending to be crooked asking the officer to frame Kelly on drug charges and plan an assault on Kelly's partner, Noah Lazes. "We got to get his head fuckin' broken in," said Paciello.

Meanwhile, a long-standing federal probe into the Bonanno family started netting some big fish, including reputed former acting boss Anthony Spero. The government cut deals with many of his underlings, four of whom identified the Shemtov murder as a Bath Avenue Crew operation. Once all four mentioned Paciello as the getaway-car driver and mastermind, his indictment was inevitable.

Paciello has been widely quoted telling the undercover cop over the phone a month before his surrender that "I gotta come out of fuckin' retirement" because "I've become a big pussy down here." But he never really "retired" in the first place. Weeks before his surrender, at a time when he had a $1.5 million mansion and drove a Mercedes, prosecutors say, Paciello was spotted by the FBI driving a stolen Lexus—and introducing his undercover-cop friend to acting Colombo boss Alphonse Persico.

CHRISTIAN LUDWIGSEN'S DECEMber 15, 1999, bail hearing was packed by Miami A-listers, including *Ocean Drive* publisher Jason Binn, Forge restaurant owner Shareef Malnik, and both Ingrid Casares and her multimillionaire father, Raul. "Much like his clubs, it's standing-room only," said one of his lawyers, Howard Srebnick. The testimonials were glowing: Raul said his daughter was a cocaine-addicted "total disaster" before Paciello and her job at Liquid gave her a reason to clean up; and on January 7, as Paciello blew kisses and raised a fist in solidarity to Ingrid and Sofia Vergara at a bail hearing in Brooklyn, Raul pledged $15 million of his own money to secure Paciello's bail bond. Back in Florida, the mayor of Miami Beach declined to return Paciello's campaign contributions, saying that as far as he knew, "there have been no problems at Liquid or Bar Room."

But as prosecutors heaped on allegations of money-skimming, unveiling tape recordings of Paciello conspiring against competitors, Paciello's support seemed to fade. By February, Casares gave an interview to the New York *Post* focusing on her career as manager of D.J. Victor Calderone. At a March 24 hearing preceding Paciello's release to 24-hour custody at his mother's house in Staten Island, Paciello's lawyers announced that Raul Casares had downgraded his bail commitment from $15 million to $1 million. As a paler, thinner Paciello stood in a blue prison smock in the ceremonial room of the Brooklyn federal courthouse, he blew kisses at his uncle and two aunts. No Madonna. No Sofia Vergara. And no Ingrid Casares.

So far, the only new indictment to come down has been from the Florida Department of Law Enforcement, for attempting to bribe the undercover cop to deflect drug investigations at Liquid and foil his competitors. But even if Paciello isn't charged with anything else, his reign as the king of Miami is over. In bail hearings, Paciello's lawyers have said he can't afford his defense costs. While prosecutors dispute this, saying they believe he's hiding more than a million dollars, Liquid, Bar Room, and the new Palm Beach Liquid are all for sale, along with Paciello's house on Flamingo Drive.

Paciello's trial is set for September, and if convicted he faces a sentence of 30 years to life. His lawyers have already contended that police targeted him—and his old Brooklyn friends fingered him—because he was a celebrity. But according to a Brooklyn law-enforcement source, "I didn't know or care who Chris Ludwigsen was. We were investigating the crimes committed by the Bath Avenue Crew in the period they were active." Key to that investigation, though, are witnesses who are accused mobsters who cut deals with the government, which may make them less credible in front of a jury.

Even if he beats the indictment and returns to Miami, Paciello may no longer recognize the world he was instrumental in creating. Larger clubs and less glamorous clubgoers are changing South Beach from a celebrity sandbox into a fraternity playground. "South Beach used to be about the Kelly Kleins, the Versaces," says an acquaintance of Paciello's. "Now it's hopelessly bridge-and-tunnel, seven days a week."

Of course, even during its glamour-fueled heyday, the South Beach scene hid plenty of secrets not far under the surface. "Nobody walks around with a sign that says I'M A MAFIA GUY or I'M A MEMBER OF THE BATH AVENUE CREW," says Lewis. "As long as they stay in line, great—I'm not gonna ask." And nobody did: One VIP-room attendant at a South Beach club said, "I really shouldn't say anything" about Paciello—"I just got out of prison myself."

"If you've ever gone to a nightclub, you've probably socialized with a murderer," says another scenester and acquaintance of Paciello's. "Was anyone really shocked?" ■

Opening

Oysters Cinderella

The transmogrification of Orchard Street from bargain bazaar to nightlife nexus continues at The Slipper Room, a swank bar and burlesque club that has recently supplemented its live entertainment with appropriately urbane dinner service. In neoclassic supper-club style, there's steak, oysters, and clams Cassino, but chef Chris Presutti gives the menu a twenty-first-century multiculti spin with spring-vegetable bagna cauda, coconut-curry beef, and duck-confit-and-fig focaccia. (167 Orchard Street; 212-253-7246.)

but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Photograph by Bruce Katz.

in concert

Susan Graham...Saeko Ichinohe Dance Company

Classical Music

Dmitri Bashkirov, Piano—Performs works by Mozart, Liszt, Schumann, and Debussy, 4/11 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800);$18–$66.*

The Tokyo String Quartet—Closes the Chamber Music Society's annual string-quartet series with works by Haydn, Schnittke, and Schumann, 4/12 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $25–$35.*

Tan Dun, Composer—Is the subject of the final "Making Music 2000" series. The all-Tan program features the Brentano String Quartet, Bang on a Can All-Stars, soprano Susan Botti, and others, 4/13 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800);$26.*

Byron Janis, Piano—Celebrates the thirty-fifth anniversary of the founding of *Pro Musicis* with works by Prokofiev, Chopin, and Beethoven, 4/13 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $30, $20 for seniors and students.*

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Barber, Strauss, and Rachmaninoff; led by Kurt Masur, 4/13–4/15 at 8. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $22–$82.*

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Presents "Northern Lights," an exploration of twentieth-century Finnish music, led by Robert Spano, 4/14–4/15 at 8. *BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette St. (718-636-4100); $15–$40.*

Australian Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Bret Dean, Janacek, Prokofiev, and Shostakovich; led by Richard Tognetti, 4/15 at 8. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $38.*

American Symphony Orchestra—Performs Reinhold Gliere's seldom heard Symphony No. 3, *Ilya Muramets*, 4/16 at 3. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $18–$45.*

Susan Graham, Mezzo-Soprano—Sings selections from *Songs of Ned Rorem*, her new album, 4/16 at 2. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500); $38.*

AmorArtis Chorale and Chamber Orchestra—Performs James Adler's *Memento Mori: An AIDS Requiem*, 4/16 at 8. *Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330);$20.*

Nigel Kennedy and the Bamberg Symphony Chamber Orchestra—Perform works by Bach, Sarasate, Massenet, Satie, and others in the "Great Performers" series, 4/16 at 7:30. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, (212-721-6500); $25–$45.*

The Newstead Trio—Make their New York debut playing works by Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rebecca Clarke, and Robert Starer, 4/17 at 8. *Weill Recital Hall, 541 W. 57th St. (212-247-7800);$32, $14 for seniors and students.*

Peter Serkin, Piano—Plays works by Wolpe, Schoenberg, Mozart, and Beethoven, 4/17 at 7:30. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800); $18–$66.*

Lauren Flanigan, Soprano—Sings jazz-inspired works from the twenties through the forties, including works by Satie, Schoenberg, and Weill, 4/17, 4/24, and 5/1 at 8:30. *Joseph Papp Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200); $25.*

In Concert

Australian for Irony

Richard Tognetti can't pinpoint a distinctively "down under" quality about the Australian Chamber Orchestra, the twenty-member group he has directed since the age of 23. But he does admit that Aussies are masters at "pulling the mickey," or, in standard English, "pulling people's legs while raising questions." Indeed, questions could arise while one is watching an ACO concert; all of the musicians play standing up (except for the cellists), they have no conductor other than Tognetti, who intermittently waves his violin bow when he's not playing, and the average musician is only 30 years old. "A lot of people look at classical music as a cadaverous industry," says Tognetti, now 34. "There is an internal energy which needs to be expressed. We work like a rock band: We keep rehearsing until the job is done. It requires a certain vitality." On April 15, ACO brings its musical verve to Alice Tully Hall, the final stop on an eleven-city U.S. tour, with a program of five rarely heard works: the New York premiere of Brett Dean's *Carlo,* which focuses on the life of Renaissance composer Carlo Gesualdo (an innovator also notorious for murdering his adulterous wife); Janacek's *Quartet No. 1,* based on the Tolstoy novella "The Kreutzer Sonata" (another story in which a husband slays his wife); a transcription of Gesualdo's *Dry Your Beautiful Eyes;* Prokofiev's *Visions Fugitives;* and Shostakovich's *First Piano Concerto.* Like the contemporary composers in the program, Tognetti and company respect tradition by knowing when to break it. "We're not from the Teutonic Establishment of classical-music thinking," he says. "Music should mutate, change, and transform." (See "Classical Music.")

Rose-Anne Clermont

Opera

New York City Opera—*Platée*, 4/11 at 7:30, 4/14 at 8, and 4/16 at 1:30; *La Clemenza di Tito*, 4/12 at 7:30, 4/15 at 8 and 4/16 at 7:30; *Carmen*, 4/13 at 7:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$95.*

Dance

The Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Premieres *Motherwell Amor*, a work dedicated to the late Expressionist painter Robert Motherwell, 4/13 and 4/15 at 8 and 4/16 at 5. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-966-1100); $20.*

Pilobolus Dance Theatre—Performs a mixture of new and classic repertoire including *Femme Noire* and *Gnomen*, 4/14 at 7:30 and 4/15–4/16 at 2:30 and 7:30. *Victoria Theater, New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (888-466-5722):$36.*

Ballet Builders—Features works by Penelope Freeh, Ryan Kelly, Stephen Mills, Earl Mosley, Gina Patterson, and Kriota Willberg, 4/15 at 8 and 4/16 at 3. *Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59 St. (212-355-6160);$25.*

Saeko Ichinohe Dance Company—Premieres a full-length version of *The Tale of Genji* in celebration of the 1,000th anniversary of Murasaki Shikibu's novel, 4/17 at 6:30. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse at Hunter College, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (212-772-4448);$25, $20 for seniors and students.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Photograph by Greg Barrett.

nightlife

"Duets"...Medeski Martin & Wood..."What I Like About Jew"

Concerts

Medeski Martin & Wood—4/12–4/16 at 8. *Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, 172 Norfolk St. (212-307-7171). $22.50.*

Ruben Blades—4/14 at 8. *Lehman Center for Performing Arts, 250 Bedford Park Blvd., Bronx (718-960-8833). $20–$25.*

Widespread Panic—4/12 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—4/10: Metal Karaoke; Moss; Pinshade. 4/11: Eye Wish Eye; Benny Landa; Sean McCabe. 4/12: Buddy Tracy; Drag Belly; Neal With an A. 4/13: Lynch; Into Red Giant; Captain T. 4/14: Raw Clams; Stunt Cycle; Andrew Vladeck. 4/15: Neruda; Kris; Falling Skyward. 4/16: Tony Hyland; Pinto 8000; Sin Sin 6. 4/17: Audax; Young Turks; Karma Zoo. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—4/11: The Bobs. 4/13: "Nightbirds: A Celebration of Women Performers" featuring L'il Mo and the Monicats; Pal Shazar. 4/16–4/17: Tower of Power. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—4/10: Shelby Lynne. 4/12: Shannon Curfman. 4/13: They Might Be Giants. 4/14: Catherine Wheel. 4/15: Peter Salett. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—4/12: S'killit. 4/13: Sam Taylor with L'il Mama. 4/14: Bill Perry. 4/15: James Cotton. 4/16: Michael Packer. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat, "I Didn't Mean to Turn You On." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays: Kiki & Herb, "Playing for Time." 4/11: Juliana Hatfield. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Hogs & Heifers Honky Tonk North—All shows begin at 10, and admission is free. 4/11: Lucy & the Leftovers. 4/12: Sheriff Uncle Bob & the Goodtimers. 4/13: Set Em Up Joe. 4/14: Buster. 4/15: The Niagras. *843 First Ave., bet. 95th and 96th Sts. (212-722-8635).*

Irving Plaza—4/14–4/15: Galactic. 4/17: The Flaming Lips; Looper (*sold out*). *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—An intimate space that boasts the most eclectic booking in town. Expect everything from torch singers to underground hip-hoppers to New Age composers. Mondays: Downtown revue "Damaged Liver Musical." Tuesdays: "Original Roses" with D.J. Beverly Bond. Wednesdays: "Reggae Night." Thursdays: Editors, scene-makers, and boldface names take their turns spinning their favorite records with the "Personality D.J. Series." Saturdays: Left-field, non–Hot 97–variety hip-hop with "Indie 5000." 4/11: Antony and the Johnsons. 4/14: Joey Arias and Sherry Vine in "Star Lust." 4/15: Stacey Kent. 4/16: Sasha Lazard, Dana Wheeler, and Lisa Zane: "Pass the Torch." 4/17: "Jazz Dans la Nuit": Lauren Flanigan. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—4/10–4/11: Rebirth Brass Band. 4/12: LTNO; Psycho the Clown. 4/13: What I Like About Jew: "Money Songs to Commemorate Tax Day." 4/14: Gary Lucas 20 Year Retrospective. 4/15: Lois; Mark Robinson; Whysall Lane. 4/16: Shimmy Disc Presents the Ladytron; Daniel Johnston. 4/17: The Loud Family; Aspera ad Astra. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Manitoba's—Mondays: Beat Rodeo. Saturdays: Adam Roth. Sundays: Anna. Tuesdays: "Hardcore" with hosts Misstress Formika and Candis Cayne. 4/5: The Martinettes; the Angry Inch Mob. 4/12: The Strangelys; Courtney Lee Adams Jr. 4/13: Blisster. 4/14: Simon and the Bar Sinisters. 4/16: Dan Hovey. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Mercury Lounge—4/10: U.P.O; AM; the Spinatras. 4/11: "Allindie.com" presents Brendan O'Donnell; Johnny Young; Luxx; K-Floor. 4/12: Two; Seven; the Phobes. 4/13: Down River; Mr. Airplanes; North Mississippi Allstars. 4/14: Andrew Bird's Bowl of Fire; Handsome Family; Nora O'Connor. 4/15: Mighty Blue Kings; Dana Fuchs Band. 4/17: Tracy Bonham; Seventh House. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Rodeo Bar—4/10: Cave Cat Sammy. 4/11–4/12: Sleepy LaBeef. 4/13: Lucky 7. 4/14: Star City. 4/15: The Frantic Flatops. 4/16: Leanne Westover. 4/17: Cigar Store Indians. *375 Third Ave., at 27th St. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 4/10: Jimmy Bosch. 4/11: Chieli Minucci's Special EFX featuring Chuck Loeb. 4/12: The Wailers. 4/13: Norman Connors and Starship Friends. 4/14: Common; Boukman Eksperyans. 4/15: OGANS; Karnival! 4/16: Yondo Sisters. 4/17: Tito Puente. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 4/6: Dash Rip Rock. 4/21: Robert Walters. 4/29: Dick Dale. 5/4: Mad Professor. *161 Hudson St. (212-386-3600). $.*

Clubland

Alphabet Lounge—Saturdays: A great house-music party called "School," with resident D.J.'s Melvin Moore, Neil Aline (of "BPM" and "Rendez-Vous"), and producer Matthias Heilbronn. *104 Ave. C (212-780-0202).*

Baby Jupiter—4/10: Rick Shapiro; Alec Steven. 4/11: Clark Gayton; Miasma. 4/12: Dan Rendine Band; Zaka Tenago. 4/13: Jazz Unit; Ari Ben Moses. 4/14: Sugarman 3; The Big Little. 4/15: Mighty Vitamin. 4/16: Akim Funk Buddha's Dha Fusion. 4/17: Rick Shapiro; Tom Stabb and Ascension. *170 Orchard St. (780-0287).*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights. Thursdays: A nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy." Wednesdays: "Soons," an eclectic night of music with D.J.'s Jaymz Nylon and Gamall. Alternate Fridays: Loved-up house music from D.J.'s Holmar and A. Gram at "N'Ice"; the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang The Party." Saturdays: "Direct Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for complete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Black Betty—A wondrously eclectic nightspot in Williamsburg. Wednesdays and Thursdays: "D.J.-O-Rama," D.J.'s spinning everything from hip-hop to dance-hall reggae to funk. Sundays: "Jazz on Sundays." Mondays: "Rhythm on Mondays," anything with a groove, from Afro-Cuban jazz to sixties soul. *366 Metropolitan Ave., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-599-0243).*

Centro-Fly—The club formerly known as Tramp's is now a hot spot to groove to D.J.'s. The owners have managed to snag the house/trip-hop/big-beat promoters "Plant" for their Saturday nights and the "Subliminal Sessions" with D.J. Erick Morillo (and plenty of D.J. royalty like Armand van Helden and "Little" Louie Vega as their special guests) for their Thursdays. The last Saturday of every month, Plant presents D.J.'s Junior Sanchez and Roger Sanchez (no relation), two of New York house music's finest. Sundays: Dressed-up hip-hop with "VIP Sundays," featuring D.J. Max Glazer and Jessica Rosenblum. *45 W. 21st St. (212-803-7859).*

Performance

Knock on Wood

Medeski Martin & Wood's distinctly downtown mix of John Zorn's avant-jazz and Meters-inspired organ funk makes for impressively freewheeling live shows. So the trio will take over the Lower East Side space the Angel Orensanz Foundation Center for the Arts, a favorite venue of all kinds of experimental outfits, for five nights beginning April 12. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Phil Stiles.

Cheetah—This Chelsea/Flatiron-district nightspot has suddenly become a great dance-music destination thanks to "Twelve West," "Underground Network," and "Legends." Tuesdays: "Twelve West," D.J. Nicky Siano's wildly fun, campy afterwork party where Chelsea boys, fierce voguers, and men in Superman costumes (!) get their groove on for an early-week romp that rivals the ecstatic energy of "Body & Soul." Wednesdays: "Underground Network" returns. Thursdays: Soulful house provided by D.J. Adam Scott at "Legends." *12 W. 21st St. (212-206-7770).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Wednesdays: "Rock Candy" with D.J. and host Steven Blush. Thursdays: "BeavHer," a long-running eighties night. Fridays: Drag queens and gay rock-'n'-rollers get down at "Squeezebox." Saturdays: British-rock-themed "Tiswas." Sundays: D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Flamingo—This East Village nightspot was once called Flamingo East. The club now has a hipper, more futuristic bent thanks to parties like Saturday's techno-dominated "Tru Skul." 4/15: Suburban Knight of the great Detroit-based techno label Underground Resistance. *219 Second Ave. (212-533-2860).*

Frank's Lounge—A bare-bones bar and dance spot, which hosts Lorie and E-Man's great house-music party "Bang The Party" bi-weekly. *660 Fulton St., at S. Elliott St., Fort Greene, Brooklyn (212-726-1322).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Tuesdays: Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous," a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Thursdays: Big-name D.J.'s like Todd Terry and Frankie Feliciano drop by for "Assorted Flavors." Saturdays: Things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

Shine—Once an important venue for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now host to excellent, enthusiastically received D.J.-oriented nights like "Giant Step Mondays" and the Friday-night hip-hop-meets-beautiful-people affair "Hello 2000." 4/17: Julius Papp; Ron Trent. *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Wednesdays: The upstairs lounge hosts hard house and techno with "2K Wednesdays." Fridays: World-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights. Saturdays: Aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez spins for his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 4/12: Green Velvet. 4/14: Deep Dish; Dave Seaman. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise and quite possibly the best club in the city. Wednesdays: "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now), dance-friendly (check out the break-dancers in the back of the room) house party "Dance Ritual." Fridays: Hard, trippy house (affectionately nicknamed "K-hole house" by its aficionados) from D.J. Danny Tenaglia. Saturdays: Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," which at about seven in the morning becomes the city's most adventurous party as Regisford bangs out everything from the Afro-beat of Fela Kuti to the ambient, pillow-soft house of Mr. Fingers. Sundays: François K, Joe Claussell, and Danny Krivit spin at the now legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul." Arrive early or you'll face a devastatingly long line at the door. Monthly: Renowned Japanese trance D.J. Tsuyoshi Suzuki. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Performance

The Art of the Duo

The trio is jazz's fundamental unit—the cake on which the icing of horns or vocals is added. But things get *really* interesting when you strip away part of the troika to let two musicians focus exclusively on each other and, in the best cases, establish a rapport unattainable by even the most telepathic trio. "There's more freedom rhythmically," says pianist Cyrus Chestnut, "but you also want to make sure the audience doesn't feel something is missing." This week, two programs at Lincoln Center's intimate Kaplan Penthouse explore the extremes of the one-on-one format. April 13 and 14, Chestnut and bassist Reginald Veal—who cut their teeth together as sidemen to Terence Blanchard and Wynton Marsalis—will cozy up to tunes by Ellington, Mingus, and Monk as well as a handful of spirituals and blues. For the latter, "we want to get into the swamplands, so to speak, to get to the epitome of the country concept of the blues," says Chestnut, who, as a dazzling keyboard virtuoso, rarely gets to put Mississippi mud into his sound. April 15 and 16, Jazz at Lincoln Center will present a forward-looking double-header as part of its "Duets on the Hudson" series. First, two sixties avant-garde veterans, pianist Andrew Hill (pictured, left) and vibesman Bobby Hutcherson (right), will perform smart, swinging post-bop; then multi-reedist Sam Rivers will team up with pianist-percussionist Anthony Cole to play "out" sounds more often heard at the Knitting Factory than in the heady uptown environs of Lincoln Center. (Next month, the series will bring European free-jazz heroes Han Bennink and Misha Mengelberg in for a double bill with Monk disciple Steve Lacy and hard-bop kingpin Mal Waldron.) In duo playing, says Chestnut, for free-jazzers and mainstreamers alike, "the challenge is to attain the biggest sound possible." ETHAN SMITH

Photographs: left, courtesy of Jazz at Lincoln Center; right, Benoit Peverelli.

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Sundays: Chico O'Farrill Afro-Cuban Jazz Big Band. Mondays: The Maria Schneider Jazz Orchestra. Tuesdays: The Famous Duke Ellington Orchestra directed by Paul Ellington. 4/12: Papo Vasquez. 4/13–4/15: "Charisma": Celebrating the Music of Lee Morgan. 4/16: Cubarama. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a great sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 4/11–4/16: Herbie Mann's 70th-Birthday Bash. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

City Hall—Mondays in the Granite Room: The Charles Mingus Orchestra. $15 cover, $10 for students. *131 Duane St., at the corner of Church and W. Broadway (212-227-7777).*

Deanna's—This Lower East Side jazz haunt run by singer Deanna Kirk should give Tonic a run for its money. The venue is open Tuesday through Sunday. Kirk performs on most nights. *107 Rivington St. (212-420-2258).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Iridium—In the surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. 4/11–4/16: David Murray Octet plays the music of John Coltrane. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

"Jazz at Lincoln Center: Jazz at the Penthouse—Dynamic Duets on the Hudson"—4/15–4/16 at 8. With Andrew Hill and Bobby Hutcherson; Sam Rivers and Anthony Cole. *Stanley H. Kaplan Penthouse, Rose Building, 165 W. 65th St., tenth floor (212-721-6500). $40.*

"Jazz Insights: The Vocalists"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. 4/11: Rosanna Vitro. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, jazz greats, and artists on the rise. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 4/11: Frank Morgan Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Red Blazer Jazz. Tuesdays: A Tribute to Judy Garland starring Tira. Wednesdays: Alan Russell and his Big Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band featuring David Belt. Fridays: Sam Mulano and the Bourbon Street Swingers. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell Quintet featuring Sol Yaged. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Showman's Café—Reopened right on 125th Street (though not, unfortunately, in its original location adjacent to the Apollo), the legendary jazz watering hole offers slow-cooked soul-jazz and funkified hard bop every night. No cover; two-drink minimum. *375 E. 125th St. (212-864-8941). $.*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Smoke—A great uptown jazz lounge with low cover to boot. 4/13–4/15: Curtis Fuller Sextet with special guest Cedar Walton. 4/16–4/17: Cedar Cobb's Mob. *2751 Broadway, at 105th St. (212-864-6662).*

Tavern on the Green—Located in the touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its Crystal Room. Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 4/13: Ken Vandermark Trio; the Moonlighters. 4/14: Chris Cutler and Kato Hideki; Liminal. 4/15: David Gilmore Group; Liquid Soul. 4/16: Karsten Troyke. 4/17: Die Like a Dog Quartet. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 4/11–4/16: The Terence Blanchard Sextet. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, DC Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines On Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. 4/15: "The Nasty Show." 4/16–4/18: Sherman Hemsley. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 9, 10:45, and 12:30 A.M.; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 4/16: Colin Quinn; Wanda Sykes; Dave Attell; Greg Giraldo; Tom Papa. *117 MacDougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat. ($20 for 10:30 Sat. show), $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 4/14–4/15: Justin McKinney; Wali Collins; Tom Papa. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

The Kids in the Hall: "Same Guys, Same Dresses Tour 2000"—4/13 at 8. *Beacon Theater, 74th St. and Broadway (212-307-7171). $28.50–$38.50.*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (212-501-6016). Free.*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Cover is $7–$12. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. (Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat.) Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 4/21: Karen Akers. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Arci's Place—A Murray Hill area Italian restaurant with an intimate cabaret space. Through 4/29: Robert Cuccioli. *450 Park Ave. So., at 30th St. (212-532-4370).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

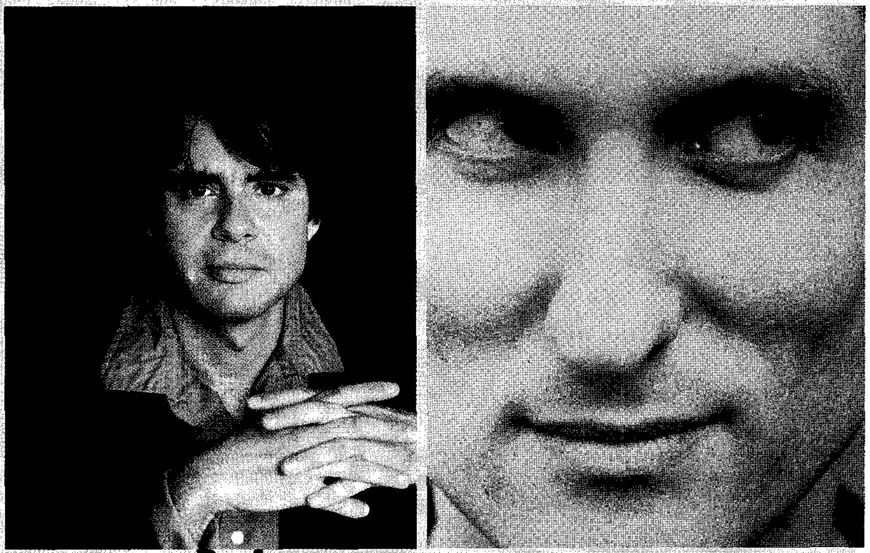
Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band at 8:45. $60. Bobby Short plays two shows nightly (Tues.–Sat.) at 8:45 and 10:45. $60. Through 5/6: Pianist Peter Mintun performs Tues.–Sat., from 9:30 P.M. to 1:30 A.M. $10. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

The Carnegie Club at Carnegie Bar and Books—Fridays and Saturdays at 9:30 and 11: Sinatra impersonator Cary Hoffman, backed by Stan Rubin's eleven-piece big band. $20 cover; two-drink minimum. *156 W. 56th St. (212-957-9676).*

Feinstein's at the Regency—Michael Feinstein's cabaret space at the Regency Hotel shares the room with the restaurant 540 Park. $60; $50 food-and-drink minimum. 4/14: Rita Rudner. Through 4/22: Michael Feinstein. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (212-307-4100 or 212-339-4095).*

Judy's—This cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 4/10: Richard Cramer in "A Legend in His Spare Time." 4/11–4/12: Lynne Charnay in "Let's Bring Back Love." 4/13: Amy Schmidt and Mitch Ellis in "Together Again." 4/14: Lainie Cooke with David Lahm. 4/15: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "Keep It in the Family." 4/16: Richard Cramer in "A Legend in His Spare Time." *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (212-929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 4/12: Carlos Ponce. 4/13: Ethan Mann. 4/14–4/15: Mary Pearson. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400).*



Performance
Rockin' Machers

Launched last year as a Christmas Eve alternative to Chinese food, "What I Like About Jew" is a Semitic-songwriter night—a tongue-in-cheek "New Jew Revue" that has its genesis in the spirit of Adam Sandler's "Hanukkah Song." Thanks to the popularity of the first installment, organizers and performers Rob Tannenbaum and Sean Altman (pictured, left to right)—the duo responsible for the 1998 novelty song "Hanukkah With Monica"—are bringing the series back to the Knitting Factory on April 13 with guests including Patti Rothberg. (See "Small Stages.")

Photographs: left, Mo Daoud; right, Sarah Lyman.

the mix

Urban Sprawl...Readings at the Whitney...Earth Day

John Leonard's TV Notes

Talk to Me (4/11; 9:30–10 P.M.; ABC) is the debut of a new sitcom with Kyra Sedgwick as a lovelorn radio talk-show host, Beverly D'Angelo as the right-wing psychologist (guess who?) who follows her on the same station and of whom she likes to make wicked fun, Nicole Sullivan as her animal-loving, raisin-collecting live-in sister, and the usual control-room zanies. I like Kyra Sedgwick a lot, but here she's trying much too hard, and so is the whole amped-up show—and for this they canceled *Sports Night*? Disney isn't a mouse or a duck; it's a loon.

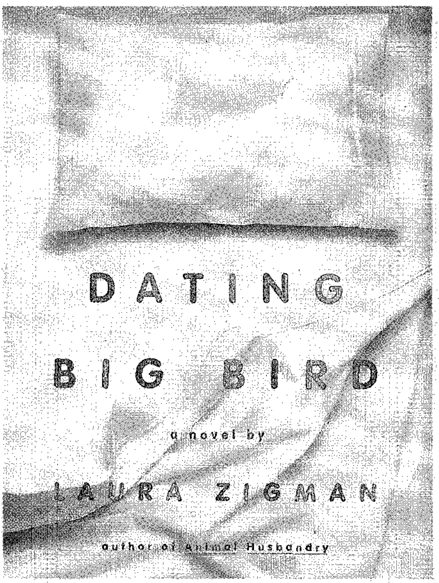
Isaac Stern: Life's Virtuoso (4/12; 8 to 9 P.M.; Channel 13) gives the great violinist the "American Masters" treatment, from his arrival in San Francisco from Mother Russia by age 1 to his recital debut at age 15 to his Carnegie Hall debut at age 22 to Israel, Germany, the Soviet Union, and Jack Benny. Lots of music, of course, and a good thing, too, since listening to him play is a lot more rewarding than listening to Henry Kissinger and Jimmy Connors talk about him.

Walking With Dinosaurs (4/16; 7 to 10 P.M.; Discovery) is a $9.6 million natural-history mini-series from the BBC that spends three hours looking as far back as the Triassic Period to the rule of reptiles and the birth of the bad-tempered nonvegetarian Coelophysis, after which we get 155 million years of huge, predatory beasts and almost as many consulting paleontologists, ably abetted by animatronic representations that put Spielberg to shame. Filmed wherever they used to munch, from the redwoods of California to the puzzle forests of Chile to the surprising ferns of New Zealand. Spectacular to look at and dream about.

D.C. (Sundays; 8 to 9 P.M.; WB) is the new Dick Wolf series in which twentysomethings in our nation's capital try to make a difference, as well as the opposite sex. There are legislative aides, environmental lobbyists, cable-television field producers, Supreme Court clerks, and a lot of idealism headed for a fall but young enough to bounce. It's not *The West Wing*, but neither is anything else. And you'll like these kids.

In Print
Bird Catching

Laura Zigman, whose first novel was *Animal Husbandry* and whose latest is *Dating Big Bird*, denies having any deep feeling for animals, despite her penchant for zoological titles. "I came up with this title because a friend of mine was Big Bird's publicist," she admits, "and then Big Bird—the guy who plays him—got a big crush on her. I started thinking about the characters in a kid's world, all these big, weird, sexless, fuzzy creatures." Except for the fuzz, that description could just as easily fit Malcolm, the boyfriend of *Dating Big Bird's* protagonist, Ellen. The sexless part is a problem, because Ellen is dying to spawn with him. If the bird business came from left field, the rest of this novel was pretty neatly plucked from Zigman's own life. "I finished this book a year and a half ago, when I was very single and very convinced that I'd only be impregnated by artificial means," she says. "If I'd been dating someone, I probably would have considered an 'accident.' " But Zigman never made it to the sperm bank, and she was never reduced to booby-trapping her birth control: She fell in love last February, and oddly, nine months later she was pregnant. "I do have a problem with being a turncoat," she says. "I feel gross. I feel like a traitor." Come hear the Judas read at Barnes & Noble on the Upper West Side (baby central) on April 17 at 7:30 P.M.



ARIEL LEVY

Lectures and Panels

"Marilyn Monroe and the Culture of Celebrity"—4/11 at 8 P.M.: A panel discussion with Dominick Dunne, Joyce Carol Oates, and Liz Smith, moderated by Molly Haskell. Rockefeller University, 66th St. and York Ave. (212-996-1100); $20.

"Dictionaries: Drama, Definition, Democracy"—4/12 at 6 P.M.: An evening of conversation with John Simpson, chief editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*, and author and journalist Simon Winchester. The Celeste Bartos Forum of the New York Public Library's Humanities and Social Sciences Library, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-930-0855); $10.

"High Art? Low Art?"—4/12 at 6 P.M.: A panel discussion with directors Hal Prince and Carmen Capalbo, producer Hal Willner, and author Eric Bentley. New York University's Thompson Center, 238 Thompson St. (212-992-6874); free.

NYU Schmios Awards—4/13 at 7 P.M.: A mock awards ceremony, hosted by professors Mark Crispin Miller and Neil Postman, that pokes fun at another major awards ceremony that honors advertising. With special guests Ralph Nader, Arianna Huffington, Lewis Lapham, and Amy Goodman. New York University's Kriser Dental Center, Saklad Auditorium, 421 First Ave. (212-998-5635); $10 for adults, $3 for students with ID.

"A Morning on the Millennium"—4/14 from 8:45 A.M. to noon: A keynote address by Stephen Jay Gould and two panels composed of New York University scholars. NYU Main Building, Hemmerdinger Hall, 100 Washington Square East (212-998-7787); free.

Queens College Symposium on Louis Armstrong and Aaron Copland—4/15 from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., concert at 8 P.M.: A panel of experts and scholars will take an all-day look at the lives and music of each American icon. The event includes a sneak peek at the Ken Burns documentary *Jazz* and culminates in a concert of the featured artists' work. Queens College Campus, LeFrak Concert Hall, 65-30 Kissena Boulevard, Flushing (718-997-5000); free admission to symposium, $20 for concert.

"The United States As a Role Model"—4/17 at 6 P.M.: A lecture and discussion with Abby Joseph Cohen, a renowned Wall Street market analyst. Barnard College's Barnard Hall, James Room, fourth floor, Broadway and 117th St. (212-854-2037); free.

The Written Word

Kurt Brown, John Donoghue, Martha Rhodes, and Jeffrey Levine—4/12 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from their latest works as part of the Barrow Street Reading Series at the Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. (212-777-7343); $7 for adults, $5 for students and seniors.

Jessica Hagedorn and Wang Ping—4/12 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from their works, *Dogeaters* and *Foreign Devil*, respectively, at Long Island University's Brooklyn Campus Library Learning Center, Room 124, One University Plaza, at Flatbush and DeKalb Aves. (718-488-1109); free.

Robin Becker—4/13 at 7 P.M.: Reading from her book of poems, *The Horse Fair*, at Three Lives & Company Booksellers, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Steve Rinehart—4/13 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his collection of stories, *Kick in the Head*, at Barnes & Noble Astor Place, 4 Astor Pl. (212-420-0816); free.

Paul Gervais—4/13 at 7 P.M.: Reading from his book *A Garden in Lucca* at Three Lives & Company

Booksellers, 154 W. 10th St. (212-741-2069); free.

Jonathan Lethem, Colson Whitehead, David Knowles—4/14 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Motherless Brooklyn, The Intuitionist,* and *The Third Eye,* respectively. Cohosted by Doubleday and the Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-782-9796); pay what you wish, reservations required.

Ernesto Quiñonez—4/16 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *Bodega Dreams* at Temple Bar, 332 Lafayette St. (212-925-4242); free.

Chris Stewart—4/17 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from his book *Driving Over Lemons* at Barnes & Noble Chelsea, 675 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (212-727-1227); free.

Tours

"Magnificent Brooklyn Bridge"—4/14 at 3:30 P.M.: A leisurely stroll across this 116-year-old marvel with spectacular views of the Manhattan skyline. Meet in front of the Municipal Building at the corner of Chambers St. and Centre St. (212-265-2663); $5.

"Queens Jazz Trail"—4/15 at 10 A.M.: On this five-hour bus and walking tour, discover why Queens exerts the claim to being "the home of jazz," as the preferred residence of more jazz greats, such as Louis Armstrong, Dizzy Gillespie, John Coltrane, and Ella Fitzgerald, than any other city in the U.S. Meet at the Flushing Town Hall, 137-35 Northern Blvd., Queens (718-463-7700, ext. 222); $75 for adults, $65 for seniors, and $60 for students; reservations required.

Benefits

Loehmann's Loves Women—4/11 from 5:30 to 10 P.M.: The store will stay open an extra hour for a special night of shopping at a 10 percent discount, with a percentage of sales benefiting the National Alliance of Breast Cancer Organizations. Loehmann's, 101 Seventh Ave., at 16th St. (212-352-0856); free.

Young Women's Committee of Einstein Medical College Spring Gala—4/13 at 7 P.M.: Hors d'oeuvre, dinner, dancing, and a raffle to benefit cancer research at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine of Yeshiva University. Au Bar, 41 E. 58th St. (718-430-4241); $95 in advance, $110 at the event.

New Museum's Gala Benefit and Art Auction—4/16, cocktails at 5:30 P.M., dinner at 8 P.M.: A silent auction and cocktails followed by a live auction and gala dinner to honor Laurie Anderson and Miuccia Prada, benefiting the museum's mission to advance innovative art and artistic practice. Cocktails and the auction will be at the New Museum's Second Floor Gallery, 583 Broadway, bet. Houston and Prince Sts. The gala will be held at the Altman Building, 135 W. 18th St. (212-219-1222, ext. 226); tickets to the silent auction and cocktails are $150; individual tickets to the entire evening are $375, $600, and $1,000; tables are $5,000, $10,000, and $20,000.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
KNICKS	IND MSG 8 P.M.		NJ METRO 7:30 P.M.		TOR METRO 8 P.M.	CLE TBA 7:30 P.M.	
NETS		CHI FSNY 8:30 P.M.	NY METRO 7:30 P.M.		ORL NY55 7:30 P.M.		
METROSTARS						CLM MSG 7:30 P.M.	
METS	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.		PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PHI FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PIT FSNY 7:05 P.M.	PIT WPIX 1:35 P.M.	PIT WPIX 1:35 P.M.
YANKEES		TEX FOX 1:05 P.M.	TEX MSG 7:05 P.M.	TEX FOX 7:05 P.M.	KC MSG 7:05 P.M.	KC FOX 1:05 P.M.	KC MSG 1:05 P.M.
	4/10	4/11	4/12	4/13	4/14	4/15	4/16

- **As of press time, the Devils' playoff schedule had not been determined.**

Events

The 20th New York International Orchid Show—4/13–4/15 from 10 A.M. to 7 P.M., 4/16 till 5 P.M.: More than 70 exhibitors from around the world will converge for a slate of lectures, workshops, videos, art exhibitions, and tours of the two-acre indoor show area. The World Financial Center Winter Garden, West St. bet. Vesey and Liberty Sts. (212-767-0621); free.

"Nature in Fragments: The Legacy of Urban Sprawl"—4/13–4/15 from 9 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.: Explore the effects of poorly planned growth on North America's biological diversity at this conference on the environmental impact, economic costs, and health risks associated with sprawl. American Museum of Natural History, Central Park West at 79th. St. (212-313-7220); $25–$40.

The 40th Annual New York Antiquarian Book Fair—Preview 4/13 from 5 P.M. to 9 P.M.; 4/14 from noon to 8 P.M., 4/15 till 7 P.M., 4/16 till 8 P.M.: The oldest and most prestigious fair in the country featuring rare and collectible books and other documents will gather 183 dealers from around the world, giving visitors an opportunity to have their own items verbally appraised on 4/16 from noon to 3 P.M. The Park Avenue Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (212-777-5218); $12 a day for the regular run or $25 for a three-day pass, including admission to the preview.

Magic: The Gathering Pro Tour—4/14–4/15 from 8:30 A.M to 11 P.M., 4/16 from 9 A.M to 5 P.M.: More than 400 of the world's top magic pros will compete for $150,000 in prizes, and spectators and amateurs are invited to view or participate in a wide variety of side events, including a chance to qualify for the next invitation-only pro tour. The New York State Armory, 68 Lexington Ave., bet. 25th and 26th Sts. (800-324-6496); free admission, side events $5–$25 per person.

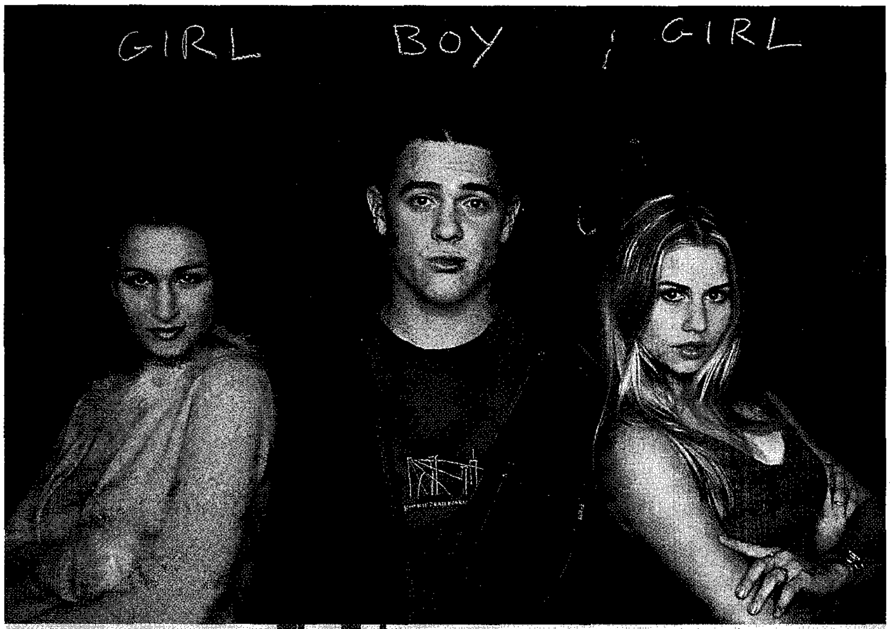
EarthFair 2000—4/16 from 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.: A one-day environmental theme park featuring music and earth-friendly exhibits, products, games, and fashions. Located at Battery Park City, Historic Battery Park, the World Trade Center Plaza, and South Street Seaport; clean-burning cars will be available for transport between the locations (212-922-0177); free.

Macy's Flower Show—4/16–4/29, Sun. from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M., Mon.–Sat. from 10 A.M. to 8:30 P.M., closed 4/23: More than 30,000 varieties of fragrant flowers, exotic plants, and lush trees will cover 100,000 square feet of the store, with additional events such as flower-arranging seminars, costumed characters, and musical entertainment taking place throughout the show run. Macy's Herald Square, 151 W. 34th St. (212-494-4495); free.

Exhibitions

"The Little Black Dress and Other Signs of Status"—Through 4/15: The exhibition explores the meaning behind a range of iconic black objects, from the little black cocktail dress to mourning garments, from combat boots to tuxedos. The Museum at FIT, Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-5800); free.

"Ten Shades of Green"—Through 5/13: An exhibition of recent architecture that combines design



The Tube

Lock 'Em Up

Clearly inspired by Britney Spears's schoolgirls-in-little-uniforms video, the folks at MTV have made 'Jailbait!,' an "original" movie in which the hot high-school jock (Kevin Mundy, pictured center) knocks up the voluptuous trailer-trash slut (Alycia Purrott, right) to the chagrin of his prissy, pissy, popular girlfriend (Reagan Pasternak, left). So weird you should watch, at least for a couple minutes. Premieres April 16 at 9 P.M.

Photograph by Chris Buck

On View **"America, NATO, and the Conflict in Kosovo," an exhibition of photographs at the 92nd St. Y through April 24, brings you frozen moments from the war that you never saw on the news: a street in Pec after the NATO bombing; a candlelight vigil in Los Angeles for captive Sergeant Andrew Ramirez; ethnic Albanians burying a victim of the Racak massacre (pictured above). 1395 *Lexington Avenue* (212-996-1100); free.**

quality with environmental sensitivity and responsibility. Part of the "Shades of Green: Architecture and the Natural World" program at the Architectural League of New York, 457 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. (212-753-1722); free.

"Something for Everyone: Sondheim Tonight!"—Through 6/25: The Museum of Television & Radio presents a retrospective of the work of Stephen Sondheim, in commemoration of his 70th birthday. Daily screening packages take place at 2 P.M., evening screenings at 6:30 P.M. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6600); free with museum admission.

Online

***New York* on the Web**—Visit www.nymag.com. Our Website offers selected content from the magazine as well as site exclusives like our "Surf Report" (which scours the Internet for all the best sites), "Best Bets Online," and our "Gift Guide." Also: The new "52 Weekends" has been serialized on our site, so that each week brings a unique idea for getting out of town. And as always, you can participate in our daily poll and trivia contest.

Sports

Skaggs-Walsh 5K and Queens Half-Marathon—4/15 at 8 and 8:10 A.M.: The New York Road Runners Club sponsors these two races, both starting at Fifth Avenue near 119th Street, by McNeil Park in College Point, Queens, and finishing inside the park. Numbers and shirts can be picked up 4/13–4/14 from noon to 7 P.M. at the NYRRC, 9 E. 89th St., and on 4/15 from 6:30 to 7:30 A.M. near the start in McNeil Park. There's a free shuttle service to and from Manhattan departing from Fifth Ave. at 90th St. from 5:30 to 6 A.M. on race day. Bus service is not guaranteed to entrants registering after 5 P.M. on 4/13. Nonmembers $17; limited race-day entries $22. Call 212-860-4455 or visit www.nyrrc.org for more information.

2000 New York City Spring Bicycle Racing Series—4/16 at 6:30 A.M.: Grassroots Racing hosts the largest cycling series on the East Coast; professionals and amateurs from across the U.S. compete. The seventh installment starts at Prospect Park, Brooklyn, at Lincoln Rd. Entry fee is $17, $23 on race day. Call 718-522-7390 for information.

Photograph by Chris Hondros, courtesy of 92nd Street Y.

Seven-year old actress Hallie Eisenberg with League Orphan "Brandy". Photographed by Mary Bloom.

There's no place like home!

Adopt a dog, cat, puppy or kitten at North Shore Animal League or your local animal shelter.

North Shore Animal League

Dept. MS • Lewyt Street, Port Washington, NY 11050
(516) 883-7900 Ext. 254
Or visit our website at www.nsal.org

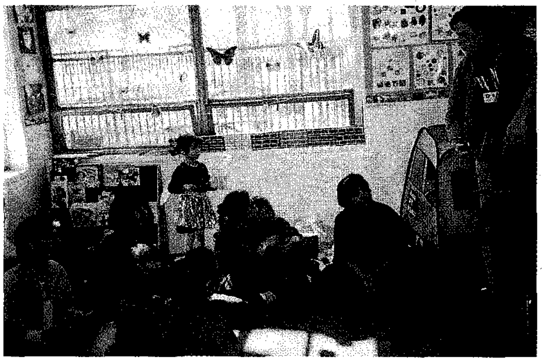
kids

Kid Flicks...Twin Journeys

Happening
The Music, Man

Cross Maria von Trapp with a defector from Seattle grunge, and the result is Tom Abbs, a twentysomething charitable soul who believes that music should be a part of every child's development and, better still, that it should be free. For the past year and a half, Abbs has gathered some of his musical compadres for the Creative Sound Workshop, a touchy-feely music class for youngsters from throughout the city. At this weekend's session, to be held at Pink Pony, a café on Ludlow Street, kids and their parents will be escorted to a back room where musicians will be jamming on familiar tunes. The one-hour program includes a child-appropriate discussion of all the instrument families—brass, woodwinds, strings, and percussion—as well as musical games, original storytelling, a parade (kids get to use maracas, tambourines, kazoos, and slide whistles), and a hands-on segment with the real things. "We're not the crazy expensive Kindermusik," says Abbs. "We're really just trying to do things for the community. It's a great outlet for the stress of growing up." The workshop, he says, is geared toward 1-to-10-year-olds, but younger and older sibs are also welcome. And now is the time to get in on Abbs's classes—the musician will be taking some time off in June, when he and and his dancer babe tie the knot. (See "Children's Events.")

Susan Avery



Photographs courtesy of Jump Arts.

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

Children's Events

Sounds of Music—On your lengthy list of things to do, this class is a must. **THE CREATIVE SOUND WORKSHOP** is an interactive, hands-on session that brings youngsters and musicians together for an hour of learning and jamming. A free program of Jump Arts, a nonprofit group that promotes public appreciation of the arts. 4/15 at 4 P.M. at Pink Pony, 176 Ludlow St. 4/22 at 1 P.M. at the Brecht Forum, 122 W. 27th St., tenth floor (212-973-8016).●●

A Little Flighty—If you can stand having your senses jarred every few minutes with the likes of Kabuki theater, Punch and Judy–style comedy, Italian clowning, swing dancing, and frontal nudity, then **THE GREEN BIRD** is for you. Based on the fable by eighteenth-century Italian playwright Carlo Gozzi, this modernized version includes direction and costuming by Julie Taymor of *Lion King* fame. The story involves a pair of philosophical adopted twins on a bizarre search for their birth parents, and a depressed king who grieves for his long-lost queen who lives in a sewer. At a recent preview, while the vast majority of adults sat quietly, it was the four preteens in the audience whose laughter made the sensory onslaught a little more palatable. Opens 4/18 at the Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. Tickets are $45–$75 through Telecharge (212-239-6200).

Rated G—Since the first **BAMKIDS FILM FESTIVAL** was such a success, those Brooklyn folks decided to do it again. This year, the two-day program has been expanded to five feature-length films and more than 30 shorts for kids age 3–13. Highlights include: *Babar: King of the Elephants, Vincent and Me,* and *Only Clouds Move the Stars.* The shorts, with a decidedly animal theme, include: *Bird Days,* from Latvia, *Apartment Cat,* an animation from France, and *Banjo Frogs,* a claymation piece from Australia. 4/15–16. Tickets are $5. Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (718-623-2770).●

Let's Get Physical—Couch potatoes of all ages, get ready to be inspired. **DO JUMP! EXTREMELY PHYSICAL THEATER** is a six-member troupe of circus-style athletes who are referred to as "a kaleidoscope of whirling movement." Watch as they do ballet with rolling hand trucks, sail the stage on a giant trapeze, and even ask for audience volunteers. 4/14–16 and 4/21–23. Tickets are $10–$25 through the box office or Telecharge: 212-239-6200. At the New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-564-4222).

Whodunit—Perhaps with all the media attention on the NYPD, kids may be more interested in detective work these days. At the **FORENSICS** workshop, they'll use the science of fingerprints, photographs, footprints, and microscopes to solve a mystery. 4/16, 10 A.M.–noon. Tickets are $35 for one child and one adult together, $10 for each additional person. At the 92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100).●

Twin Speaks—Having a child is life-altering enough. Having twins? It's not just twice the effort, it's another stratosphere. The **PARENTING CENTER OF THE 92ND STREET Y** offers a workshop on how to adjust to these extra bundles of joy. Subject matter includes: planning for their education and how to deal with play groups. This session will focus on twins from birth through 4 years. 4/13, 8–9:30 P.M. Tickets are $20 per family. (See above.)●

Don't Forget Your Bloomers—If your little urbanite doesn't know that a bulb can be more than a source of light, then a trip to **THE NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN** is in order. In the "Early Bloomers" exhibit at the Everett Children's Adventure Garden, kids go hands-on to explore bulbs and how they grow. Through 4/23. The Garden Passport includes both general admission and the Everett exhibit: $10 for adults, $7.50 for seniors and students, $4 for kids 2–12. 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd. (718-817-8700).

Mellowed Submarine—The very first submarine built by New Jersey schoolteacher John Holland in 1878 is on display at **THE INTREPID SEA AIR SPACE MUSEUM**. The sub, which measures fourteen and a half feet long, is featured beside a full-size, interactive replica of the *Turtle,* the 1776 sub that attacked a British warship in the Revolutionary War. Tickets are $10, $7.50 for vets and students, $5 for kids 6–11, and $1 for kids 2–5. Youngers are free. Pier 86, Twelfth Ave. and 46th St. (212-245-0072).

Head Trip—Private-school art teacher by day, artist of the unusual by night, Susan Mastrangelo is exhibiting works of more than 240 heads at Locus Media gallery. Through the use of paint, clay, and other moldable material, she creates a cross-section of the expressive human race. Through 4/29. **HEADS! HEADS! HEADS!** 594 Broadway, Ste. 1010 (212-334-6424).●

Moral Stories—The Vital Theatre Company performs **AESOP'S FABLES**, through a story about Emily, a young girl who calls on her imaginary friends to help her with a book report. Brought to life are *The Boy Who Cried Wolf, The Lion and the Mouse,* and *City Mouse and Country Mouse.* Saturdays at 10:30 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. through 5/6. Tickets are $10. At 432 W. 42nd St., third floor (212-592-4508).

Marching Mamas—The **MILLION MOM MARCH**, in Washington, D.C., on Mother's Day, May 14, will include mothers and others from across the country protesting gun violence. For information on local organizers, call 888-989-MOMS.●

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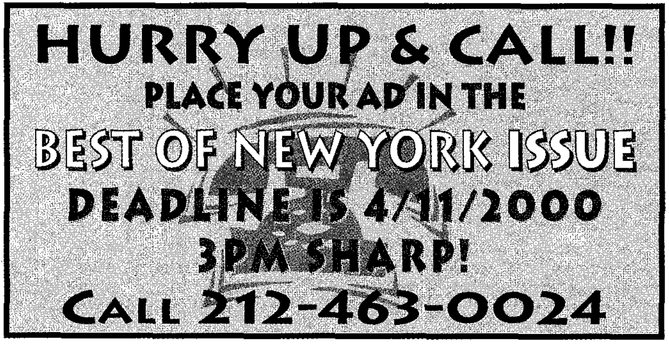
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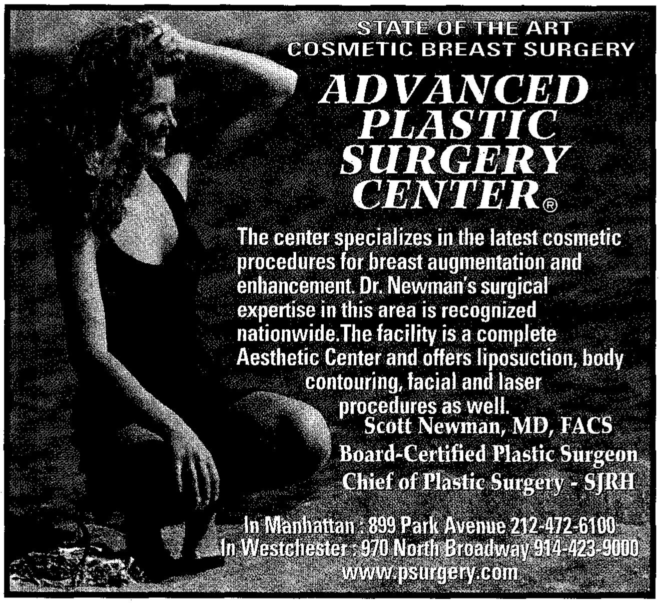

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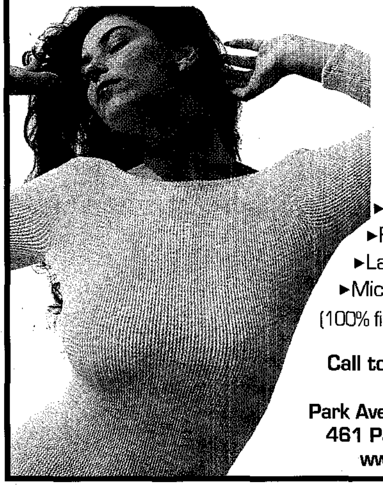

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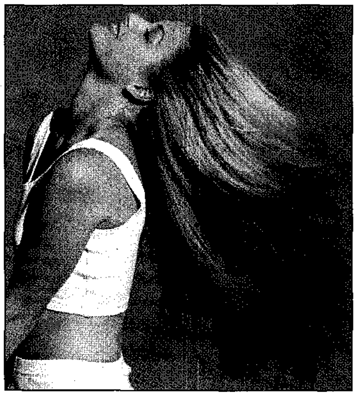

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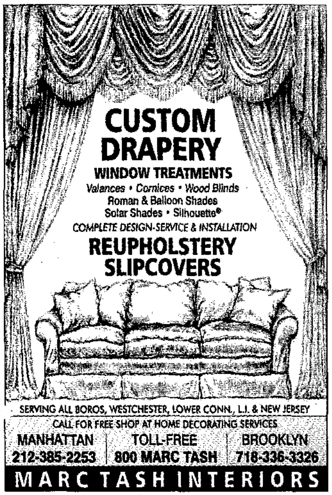
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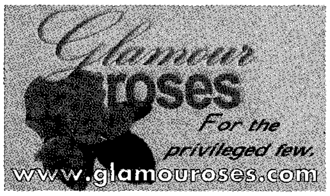

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Handsome, Affluent Male—34, self-employed, 5'10", Ivy-educated, seeks never-married, fit female, 25-32, for fun and commitment. 3842 ✉☎

Seeking Very Special White Female—24-41. Wanted by very fit, single white male, early 40s - successful professional, stable, never married, honest, very generous, sincere and romantic. This special woman has lots of friends, is successful, and she probably never thought of answering an ad. However, because her qualities include honesty, sincerity and integrity, she is having difficulty meeting someone worthwhile. She is tired of self-centered, immature men and one-way relationships. The club/bar scene is not her style, although an intimate dinner in a special restaurant is. She is independent, but is looking to share her life... enhance it. She is looking for that special someone who is intellectually stimulating, will always be there for her emotionally, yet flexible enough to enable her to grow as an individual. She likes travel, dining, theater, music, country drives in a sports car and working out. She is age 24-41, very fit and adventurous. Comfortable in jeans or a black dress. Only those sincerely interested in a giving relationship, please respond with photo/letter including age, description and especially interests. No smokers, drug users or children, please. 3779 ✉☎

A Passion For Life!—Kind-hearted CEO/scientistist, cultured, boyish looks, funny, 5'10", very fit, mid 40s, seeks sweet adventuress under 37 for shared magic. Phone/photo a must. 3866 ✉☎

Long-Legged Lawyer—Tall, fit lady, 40, auburn/hazel, pretty, playful, tactile - loves football, boating, dogs, mysteries, the arts; plays pool, speaks French, cooks, dances, skis (badly). Seeks dynamic, fit professional man, over 40 and over 6'1", for something real. Photo, please. 3762 ✉☎

Magnolias, Lilacs And Roses—Await this award-winning photographer this spring. I would like to share this joy of creating with a very special, beautiful lady inside and out. I am a successful Wall Street broker, Jewish, mid 50s, honest, giving and, have been told by many, a real mensch. I reside in NY and have a lovely home in upstate NY. I am divorced and have a precious, beautiful, 3-year-old apricot standard poodle. I want (this time around) a square shooter who is willing to give as much as to receive, who is honest, full of integrity, and tells and shows the entire story - not just part of it. My hobbies include collecting Israeli and American fine art, playing piano, and traveling every year to a new and exciting destination with my financial group. I have a strong Jewish identity, have been to Israel fourteen times, and would love to have a woman with a strong Jewish identity to share with me. If you are serious, not a game player, nor bitter about men because of past experiences, please write. Photo a must. 3844 ✉

Share The Joys—With me - female who loves fine arts, classical music, opera, intelligent conversation and company. Seeking mature, loving, worldly gentleman (65-80) for sharing/exploring life's adventures. 3839 ✉

Attractive Jewish Female—Sandy blond hair, blue eyes, slim, intelligent, spontaneous, is seeking a true partner (Jewish), 52-62 years old, with depth and integrity, for whom laughter, passion and kindness are essential. Photo/note. 3834 ✉☎

Gay, Good-Looking, In-Shape—60, gentleman, accomplished, stylish, affluent, 5'11", 175 lbs - interested in arts, travel, gardens, country/city life style. Seeks sensitive, bright, creative, younger counterpart for serious exclusive relationship. Photo essential. 3856 ✉

You May Never Meet...—A North Shore lady quite like me. Thin, 5'4", classy, unselfish, financially established, emotionally secure, sexy, sassy and whimsical. What makes you happy? You are seasoned but not a senior, professionally achieved, good golf/tennis/dance partner, loyal, strong, nonsmoker and genuine. Though photo is appreciated, please call to hear what could seem like forever. 3843 ✉☎

Laugh All Night—Successful, handsome, witty, romantic Jewish male, 36, 5'8", seeks a very attractive, slim woman, 27-36, to enjoy the finer things in life. Recent photo a must. No form letters. 3740 ✉☎

A Sensual Me—Sexy, bright, sincere, pretty, slim, shapely, large hazel eyes, successful, 40s, culturally sophisticated, loves the outdoors. Seeking warm, adventurous, sexy, communicative, unique guy to wow me and woo me. Note/photo. 3822 ✉

Genuine—Honest, handsome, kind-hearted, wry, reflective, down-to-earth, 49, 5'11", (212), Ivy, in the arts. Likes books, nature, Manhattan culture and sports, all music, good talk. Seeks sincere relationship with very bright, warm, pretty (212) woman, 30s-40s. Hugs too. Recent photo appreciated, with substantive note (no form letters, please). 3847 ✉

Feminine Asian Beauty—Shapely, desirable, professional, well-educated lady with long hair, 5'5", early 30s, sensual, personable, seeking successful man. 3796 ✉☎

Politically Incorrect—Seek free-spirited lady with sense of humor, sometimes serious, sometimes frivolous, in late 40s-mid 50s, who follows her intelligence, learning and good taste rather than what's fashionably "in". Secure enough to stand up for a worthwhile cause despite ridicule, or to do something outlandish just for the hell of it. Comfortable enough to be understated. No smoker or right-to-lifer. Her attributes: pretty, healthy, pleasing voice/accent, slender with great legs (straight and shapely), who ideally might once have had a Jane Fonda body that now has perhaps an inch or two more. I'm divorced, slim, in-shape, considered attractive, financially secure, outspoken Wasp male who enjoys racquet sports, fine Bordeaux and history-related travel. Send note, recent clear photo and phone number. 3809 ✉

Divorced, White, Christian—Spiritual guy, self-made businessman, well-traveled, loves dining out and home cooking. Estate living, Long Island, NY - loves boating and walks on the beach. I also like all the city has to offer. Very young thinking and looks (56); children, youngest soon to be 5 years old. Nonsmoker, nondrinker. If you are looking to share some of these values, and bring your own for a fuller mix, send picture and note. 3802 ✉

Pretty, Petite, Dark-Eyed MD—Foreign-born, Jewish, in 50s (looks 40). Enjoys home, Wall Street, NYC culture. Seeks her Mr. Right. 3769 ✉☎

Vivacious, Attractive—Atypical CT senior seeks non-ageist, Jewish male companion who is fit, financially secure, well-educated, full of joie de vivre, 60s-70s. Photo, please. 3721 ✉☎

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

You Are Outgoing—Fun, funny, interesting, athletic, attractive, sincere, kissable, educated professional male, 32-42, 5'9" plus, nonsmoker. I am the above, female, 5'6", 36, art director, Jewish, nonreligious. Work too much to meet quality people. Not crazy about running this ad. Please send note/photo. 3803 ✉

Bermuda/Newport/Anguilla—We would both find to be the most fun. Late 40ish Wasp, internationally known character, presently looking for a new social investment (nonsmoker). You must be able to be full of confidence and carry yourself well before and after a weekend of sailing, and any other social engagement. Photo absolutely required - and note. 3801 ✉

Tall, Educated Professional Male—Italian descent, 48, healthy, fit, caring, romantic, passionate, adventurous, single, no baggage/kids, strong, athletic, financially/professionally secure, no hang-ups. Wide range of interests: arts, travel, biking, outdoors, fine dining. Straightforward and honest, great sense of humor, traditional family values and morals. Share same with the most beautiful woman in the world. For me, your beauty is in your heart and soul, under 45, in-shape, serious and ready for friendship, love, commitment. Home number/photo only gets reply. Any deviation - will not respond. 3838✉

I've Been Looking For You!—I'm that tall, pretty honey blond with the long legs, who would adore your strange sense of humor if only I had the chance to hear it. You're 40s-early 50s, erudite, trim and fairly tall. I catch a glimpse of you in bookstores, theaters and on the dance floor. Isn't it time we meet? Note and photo, please. 3733 ✉☎

Substance Over Flash—Earthy, handsome and trim Jewish professional, 43, with a great sense of humor, seeks a lovely, slender, easygoing Jewish woman under 39. She's spiritual, family-minded, fit and intelligent, smiles easily, cooks a bit, and is in search of a good man. Note/photo, please. 3819 ✉☎

Indian-Born, US-Raised—Pretty, feminine; fit, youthful. Warm, unassuming; balanced. Depth, breadth of heart and mind. Joyful with inner contentment. Pleasures include nature, art, music, simple wonders and gestures. Seek attractive, kind, positive man, 45-55, of integrity and great heart. Note/photo; exchangeable. 3738 ✉☎

Asian Lady With Biceps Sought—By attractive Ivy male accomplished in business and the arts. Letter/photo. 3865 ✉

Strictly Personals is a weekly feature. **Cost is $37.00 per line,** two line minimum. Approximately 36 characters equal 1 line. Limited abbreviations. Add $35.00 for NYM Box Numbers. Leave 12 spaces at the end of your ad for box number. Check or credit card information must accompany ad order (no cash or money orders accepted). First-page placements are available for a production cost of $50.00. **Mail responses are forwarded continuously for six weeks and phone response line is open for 4 weeks after issue date** (phone service is not automatic and must be requested by the advertiser). To place an ad with credit card (VI, MC, AMEX), call 212-463-0024, fax 212-462-3595 *or send personal check or credit card information with advertisement to:* **Strictly Personals, New York Magazine, 249 W. 17th St., 4th Floor, New York, NY 10011. Advertisers must include home address and daytime phone.** All ads accepted at the discretion of the publisher. **New York Magazine is not responsible for printing errors and omissions.** Unless Publisher is notified in writing, by placing an ad in New York Magazine and purchasing a NYM Box Number, the advertiser agrees that New York Magazine can act on your behalf to discard advertising circulars.

Strong-Hearted, NJ—Italian-American female, professional, in search of stout-hearted, accomplished male counterpart, 55-65, with health-filled lifestyle, to share the incredible creation of a monogamous relationship woven in life's rewarding experience, past, present and future. Multiple interests to share and explore together. Note/photo/phone, please. 3772 ✉☎

Blond Ambition—Head-turning, beautiful VP for Fortune 500, shapely, toned, single Jewish female, 5'5", long golden hair, hazel eyes, incredible smile, seeks very handsome, rugged, single Jewish male - CEO, MD, JD or the like, 40-49, 5'10" plus, for lasting relationship leading to marriage/family. Humor and a full head of hair a plus! Photo/phone. 3785 ✉☎

Healthy, Wealthy And Very Wise—Very successful, super-attractive blond who enjoys city and country living, seeks male counterpart, 40 plus. Note/photo/phone for reply. 3782 ✉☎

Sharon Stone Look-Alike—Short-haired blond, green-eyed, curvaceous, 5'9", fit, radiant smile, former beauty queen, kind, loving, classy yet down-to-earth, well-spoken, accomplished. Enjoys boxing matches, basketball games, music, film. Seeks highly successful, financially secure, well-established, honest, high moral character, 42-58-year-old gentleman for committed relationship. 3765 ✉☎

Donna Summer Beauty—(Slender, shapely professional) seeks 6'-plus, white male professional, 38 plus, for romance/marriage. Photo/note. POB 6631, NYC 10128

Muscular, Well-Defined Build—Handsome, divorced white male, 42, educated, successful professional - enjoys staying in shape, traveling. Seeking pretty, slim, single white female, successful, with beautiful heart, preferably from LI. Photo/note. 3770 ✉☎

Very Attractive, Vivacious, Vibrant—Manhattan lady, 40, professional, with blond hair, will definitely bring a twinkle to your eye. Upbeat, warm, sincere, empathic and cuddly. Enjoys fine dining, theater, travel and dogs. Seeks successful, quality gentleman who wishes to meet over a glass of champagne. Photo/personal note appreciated. 3786 ✉☎

Very Pretty, Kind, Bright—Classy, accomplished brunette, fun and in great shape, seeks very handsome man, 45-55, with similar assets, to enjoy each other's company. Orange County. 3797 ✉☎

Looking For A Sincere Relationship—That could eventually lead into marriage. I am a pretty, fit, slim Jewish female, 30s, with auburn hair and green eyes. Love to travel, dine and work out. Being a Wharton grad, I also love culture and sports. I'm a girl of all seasons. Respond if you're an attractive, professional CT/NY male, 34-44. 3748 ✉☎

Lipstick And Barbells?—Are you a beautiful, cultured, muscular woman, 20s/30s? Your note and photo will prompt a reply from this successful, highly educated, attractive Manhattan man. I'm open-minded, creative, sincere. 3864 ✉

Single, Successful, Trim—Professional black female. I am joyful, charming and refined. Yankees and arts lover. Seek single, successful, interesting professional male, 45-55, with high standards. 3861 ✉

Glamorous, Intelligent, Exciting—White professional female, fitness buff and movie fanatic, looking to share the joys of life with my kindred spirit, who is 47-64, well-educated, sensitive, and looking for a long-term relationship. 3744 ✉☎

NY Baseball Fan—Shapely, affectionate, slim brunette, 43, seeks classy, funny, passionate, successful but humble man, 40-50, for fun, romance. Photo. 3863 ✉☎

Gay, Romantic Male, 51—Loves ocean walks, roses and cuddling. Seeks special man over 50. Photo. 3848 ✉

Petite, Sweet, Athletic And Sexy—Beautiful, single black female, great sense of humor, cultured and outgoing, seeks exciting man - 35 plus, tall, handsome professional and nonsmoker. Must be fit, family-oriented, strong and enjoy the finer things in life. Race and religion open. Send note and photo; you'll be glad you did. 3724 ✉☎

Pretty, Up, Fun—Thin exec, NYC gal, unique, wants an up guy, 45 plus, due to great family and friends. Photo. 3717 ✉☎

Y2K Has Come And Gone—And I'm still here. Petite, professional, Jewish, mid-30s female who enjoys NYC as well as Atlantic City, fine hotels as well as camping. Note/phone/photo optional. 3760 ✉☎

Make Me A Spring Smile—As this white Jewish male dentist, who is clever, handsome and athletic, with a great sense of humor, will make a single white female, 28-36, smile - who is down-to-earth, witty, confident and has sex appeal. Let's share romance and life. Note/phone/photo necessary. 3831 ✉☎

Travelin' Man—Hi. I have a cool job which I like, but it requires that I travel to Asia every couple months. Despite these absences, I seek a warm, fun relationship. I'm 40, 5'10", 180, brown/brown, single white male, live Upper West. I'm fit and athletic. I am educated, intelligent, entrepreneurial and soulful. I enjoy R&B music scene, motorcycling, languages and long lazy runs. I am seeking an exceptional woman - 24-30 years, preferably Latin, Asian or black, who is educated, beautiful, 5'4" plus and nonsmoking. Photo, please. 3798 ✉☎

Beautiful, Bright Nordic Blond—Elegant, slim, healthy. Professional career. Enjoys travel, financial investing, skiing, theater. Seeks successful, professional, healthy, handsome gentleman, 35-50, who desires love, and with whom we may have a child. Note/phone/photo. iluska77@hotmail.com 3830 ✉

Beautiful, Sexy and Sensual—I am 5'6", 110 lbs, 45-year-old Asian woman, very sophisticated, elegant, intelligent, successful trader and yet beautiful, very sexy, sensual, soft silky skin, with great body - look good in bikini too. I am known for my warmth, kindness, generosity, eye-catching good looks and presence. Some of my interests are cooking, books and travel, gardening, sailing, car races and flying. I would like to meet someone who is well-educated, intelligent, very successful, kind, warm, nice guy, 48 plus, who likes to travel. North Shore LI. Photo. 3841 ✉

Great Catch!—Single white male, 35, good-looking, well-versed, 5'10", successful, seeks very attractive female in her 20s. Photo required. 3710 ✉☎

First-Time Ad—Professional Jewish male, 44 years young, divorced, two boys. Affectionate, energetic, sensual, impassioned by a mix of business and artistic ambition. Loves great food, film/art. European discretion and charm, salt/pepper, handsome, romantic, great sense of humor. Seeks smart, attractive, spirited woman with loving, generous heart and a zest for life, 32-40, nonsmoker. Photo/note. 3829 ✉☎

Relationship With You—Desired by attractive 6' male, 60s, looks 50s. Tired of dating. Want tall, lovely woman to share and enjoy. Sailing a plus. Photo. 3810 ✉

Warm, Handsome Italian—Seeks beautiful Catholic woman, 28-38, interested in starting a family. I'm 43, 5'10", 160 lbs, salt/pepper, manager in city government. Enjoy conversation, dining, music, books, sport. Note/photo/phone. 3816 ✉☎

Spicy, Pretty, Spirited Charmer—With great legs. Enjoys science, music, arts, intellect and men. Seeks gregarious, cultured, optimistic, financially secure professional, 50s, rocket scientist, for laughter, love and life. Note/photo. 3789 ✉☎

Nice Guy—56, 6'2", 195 lbs, charming, good-looking, divorced attorney/entrepreneur wants to share life with charming, sophisticated, vivacious and intelligent lady, 5'7" plus, 38-50, slim but shapely, nonsmoker. You have a passion for skiing, scuba and boating, and already have children. Photo/note. 3800 ✉☎

Very Successful—Distinguished-looking company president, Ivy League graduate, 6'2", silver-grey hair. Two residences. This older man wishes to meet a slim, younger professional woman in her mid to late 30s, whose "biological clock" is still ticking. I like reading, riding, good restaurants (and home cooking), sailing, travel, music, museums, theater, etc. Also, know how to be a great couch potato. Please write with both recent photo and phone. Looking forward to hearing from you. 3840 ✉

Classy, Pretty—Slim Jewish female, athletic - enjoys theater, dining, traveling, family. Seeks male who is fit, golfer, down-to-earth, financially successful, confident, good sense of humor, good values, nonsmoker; 46-54. Send recent photo and short note. 3719 ✉☎

Cross The Threshold—Into a deeper life with a subtle, authentic, attractive woman, 41. Would like to meet a warm, attractive, vital man, 35-45, who is daring in matters of the heart. 3812 ✉☎

Not Lying—White professional widow, 38, financially secure, pretty, 5'3", blond/blue eyes, slim, intelligent, compassionate, funny, Irish-Catholic. You: Christian or Jewish, white or Hispanic, 40s-early 50s, intelligent, sense of humor, fun-loving, Note/photo. 3825 ✉☎

Model, Very Blond Grace Kelly Type—Blue eyes, 40s, classic and tennis lover, warm and spirited, interested in good conversation and loving relationship. 3728 ✉☎

One-In-A-Million—Energetic, romantic, handsome, fun Jewish male, 55, kind, communicative, successful, seeking the love of my life. Please write a note today with photo. Maybe we will meet soon! 3793 ✉☎

Raven-Haired Beauty—Gorgeous smile, seeking good man, late 30s-50, for romance and possibly living happily ever after. Enjoys working out, dining out, travel. Photo, please. 3761 ✉☎

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Will You Marry Me?—This is a genuine proposal for the right woman. I am a Polish-American doctor (52, 6', Catholic). I'm tired of dating and tired of being a bachelor (never married), and I'm ready to settle down and raise a family. I'm good-natured, interesting, responsible, financially secure, handsome, and come from a good family. There is a woman out there who wants the same thing as I do. I'm seeking a 30-40-year-old, Polish or Polish-American woman who wants to get married and have a family. Please reply with note and photo to: 3846 ✉

Help!—I can't do another summer share. This 38-year-old, single white Jewish male seeks his female counterpart to create our own summer fun. I'm handsome, successful and athletic. Tennis, skiing, Sunday brunch and exploring Manhattan nightlife are a few of my favorite things. The woman I seek is 28-37, warm, compassionate, sexy and fit. You are single or divorced with no children. Your photo gets mine. 3854 ✉

Handsome Judge, Jewish—Athletic, artistic and cultured, seeks pretty, slim professional, 38-48, with similar qualities and interests, for serious relationship. 3755✉☎

Passionate, Ironic Idealist—Big eyes, laugh. (Told I'm) extremely attractive. Awesome legs. 5'8", slender, funny, fit, exuberant. Delight in much, including children, movies of all hues, dry, wry wit. Early 40s. Looking for (wonderful) unconventional man, interesting and interested, 35-55, 5'10" plus, doesn't take self too seriously. Note/photo. 3821 ✉☎

Have I Got A Girl For You!—Mid 30s, successful Jewish corporate attorney. Pretty, petite, never married. Likes travel and theater. Big sports fan. Has everything but a husband and kids. Seeks a successful Jewish professional for love, marriage and family. Photo and note, please. 3860✉

Investment Newsletter Editor—45 years old, Jewish, single male, looking to meet 30-40-year-old female with good sense of humor, intelligent, beautiful...and a person who enjoys what New York City offers. Religion not a preference. Please send name, address, phone number, photo and a letter. 3807 ✉

Slender, Pretty Redhead—Great figure, 42, 5'7" - loves cooking, foreign films, WNYC and animals. Seeks slim, fit, nice-looking, educated, good-hearted man for relationship. Note/photo. 3727 ✉☎

Seeking Special Husband—49-59, for love. I'm a slim, attractive, educated, divorced female, traditional values, caring, honest, nonsmoker. Note. 3713 ✉☎

Witty, Wise, Worldly, Well-Dressed—Woman, accomplished, committed to elegance, growth and fun, seeks 45-65, sophisticated, aware, lively, receptive male companion. Note/photo. 3857 ✉☎

Make Your Dreams Come True—Successful businessman seeks the woman of his dreams for a serious relationship. 5'9", 48, slim, boyish good looks, loves fun, romance and quiet times together. Photo/note/phone. 3820 ✉ ☎

Registered Nurse—Single, white, Jewish professional female, 49, honest, looking for single white male, 49 plus, for best friend and lover for life's adventures. Interests: outdoors, travel, NYC. Sense of humor. 3737 ✉☎

A Rainy Sunday Morning—We pass each other in Soho seeking a dry place for a coffee and the Times. You smile. I smile. You see an early-30s woman, striking, athletic, slim, probably laughing. I see a 30something male, much the same. We share a coffee, good-natured debate and laughter. Suddenly New York isn't such a cold place. debateandcoffee@aol.com. Photo. 3795 ✉☎

Man Willing To Stop—And ask direction(s) (on the road and in life). Widower (already partially domesticated), age LI, unreconstructed public interest lawyer and criminal law professor (Sydney Carton look-alike), still tilting at windmills, abetted by short accomplice, age VI, seeks company of somewhat younger, saucy, feloniously pretty, com/passionate, criminally piquant co-conspirator with possible interest in joining gang permanently. Note/photo/phone, please. 3788 ✉☎

Lady Divorce Survivor Wanted—Manhattan Jewish male, 60, seeks attractive, sophisticated Manhattan woman with humor and brains. A little baggage okay - no steamer trunks, please! Overstatements don't count, trust me. 3743 ✉☎

Roses Are Red, Violets Are Blue—This pretty/nice Park Avenue Miss would like a tennis game with you (50ish mensch who's fit, has wit and style). 3742 ✉☎

Fabulous, Upbeat, Affectionate—Attractive, young 50-something, feminine Jewish professional with warmth, humor and a passion for life that includes museums, ballet, theater and golf. Seeks secure, happy male, 55-65, to be best friend and lover in a caring relationship. 3835 ✉

Attractive, Jogger, Catholic—Owns business, 50s, looks 40s, seeks professional, kind male, 50s. Photo. 3826 ✉

Pretty, Spirited, Spiritual—Quality, accomplished Jewish professional woman seeks soul mate. I am a very youthful 54, 5'6", bright, fit, active, happy, filled with joie de vivre, yet very warm, sensitive, kind, caring and ready. 3783✉☎

Strikingly Pretty Brunette—Warm, loving, fun, bright, classy Jewish lady, 46, 5'6", with varied interests, seeks attractive, successful, warm, personable, previously married, Jewish professional male, 46-56, for a fun, committed relationship. Note/photo. 3817 ✉

Petite, Attractive And Upbeat—Jewish woman, Westchester, seeks a caring man with a sense of humor, 57-67, to share the fine and simple things in life and the joy of just being together. 3716 ✉☎

GQ Doc—47, dark, hazel, athletic, seeks pretty, petite soul mate, sweet, smart, big heart, 30-44. E-mail: HIMDC@aol.com. Photo. 3714 ✉☎

Fashion-Financial Controller—MBA, 4-lingual, Latin-American male, 32, 5'8", slender, seeks sensitive, romantic, passionate, adventurous woman with capacity of appreciation for the complexity, simplicity and humor of life's experiences - a woman with intellectual curiosity, taste and fashion style. 3711 ✉☎

Tall, Dark And Handsome—Divorced Jewish professional male, 45, fit, olympic-humored, incredibly handsome, uncommonly intelligent, absolutely perfect in every way. I'd like to meet a woman who'll humor me when I get like this. 3751✉☎

Are We A Match?—Attractive, spirited, bright, warm blond woman, late 30s, looking for a man, 35-45, who enjoys sharing life's adventures. If you are optimistic, well-educated and successful, I'd love to hear from you. Christian, marriage/family-minded. 3758 ✉☎

Curvy, Intelligent, Divorced Woman—46, seeks Jewish male for romance. 3739✉☎

Spring Fever!—Playful, attractive woman, late 40s, creative professional, seeks a relaxed, funny, intelligent man to enjoy the arts and the outdoors. Nonsmoker. Note/photo. 3823 ✉☎

Warm, Feminine, Elegant—Chinese-American professional, 40, very pretty, mature, romantic, caring and considerate. Loves classical music, computers and world travel. Seeks well-educated man, 43-56, mild-tempered and financially secure, to share the best of life. 3824 ✉☎

Eye-Catching Good Looks—Beautiful brunette, cognac brown eyes. Wonderfully sexy, great posture and presence. Compassionate, generous heart. European background. Divorced Jewish woman. Versatile and real. No BS, no pretense. Former CEO and film actor. Speaks several languages. Genuinely fun. Spiritually evolved (or strives to be). Enjoys city life, country life, Caribbean. Loves music, writing, working out, photography. Seeking smart, secure, attractive man, 50 to active/fit 60s. 3853 ✉☎

Pretty, Blond And Polished—Green eyes, very slender, radiant smile, warm heart. Enjoy sports, sailing, the arts. Loves to travel. Seeks refined man, 54 plus, professional, fit, flexible and fun. 3780 ✉☎

"Dream Girl"—Pretty, long brown hair, slim, fun, looking for "Dream Guy". Design professional - enjoys the arts, long walks, good conversation, cafe latte and romantic dinners. If you are "Dream Guy", you are 36-44, handsome, charming and professional. Picture. 3827✉☎

Partners For Life—Amiable, down-to-earth Jewish professional, 44, 6'3", looking for his special female counterpart to share and enjoy music, travel, fitness-related activities...and a relationship with a future. Photo appreciated. 3811 ✉☎

Heart Of Gold—Pretty, 5'6" RN with auburn hair, brown eyes, looking to share mid-life pleasures of life with tall, trim, good-looking male. 3768 ✉☎

Open On A Charming—Early-30s Charlize Theron type. Cut to a smart, athletic Matthew Modine type, 30-38. Cut back to woman, who has one foot in the corporate world, one foot out. Cut back to the man who's talking about his life outside of work. Close-up of the couple discussing current events over a drink. Photo. E-mail at: footinfootout@aol.com. 3859 ✉☎

Daring, Fun-Loving—White male, 42, 5'9", professional, seeks Asian/white female, 32-42, to share common interests: cinema, arts, lower Manhattan - possibly leading to stable relationship. 3747 ✉☎

Sweep Me Off My Feet—Me: Ralph and Prada (in my dreams); DKNY and Kenneth Cole (in reality). You: Brooks Brothers and Club Monaco. Let's meet at Barneys. Exceedingly beautiful corporate marketer, 32, seeks down-to-earth, entrepreneurial, urban man, adventurous eater and international traveler (no Euro-groovers, please), who has at least heard of T.S. Eliot. Mhttn212@aol.com. Photo. 3799 ✉☎

A Man's Man Seeks His Woman—Her loving smile is freely given; her spirit, unassailable. With a beauty that emanates from within, she will steal my heart and capture my soul. Goddesses under 40, please. Note/photo/phone. 3815 ✉

Pretty, Elegant, Affluent—Woman seeks MD/lawyer/CEO, 60-65. Photo. 3715✉☎

Searching For—A handsome, fit Jewish prince (46-54), who is very emotionally and financially secure, with a great sense of humor, communicative and a warm heart, nonsmoker. I'm a petite, brown-eyed beauty, artist, sexy, slim widow who loves fine dining, theater, travel, to share life, romance, love - to be your princess. (516). Recent photo/note. 3818 ✉☎

Vibrant, Warm, Pretty Widow—Late 60s, NY actress - I love theater, film, my art class, my grandchildren, travel, walks on the beach at my house on Fire Island. Seeking a cuddly man with a funny bone and a zest for life, to care for and share all of the above and more. 3754 ✉☎

Best Friends First—I am very generous, confident, tall, bright, very athletic, Jewish, mid 40s, boyishly handsome (very young-looking, cute with all my hair), culturally aware, fun-loving, great future husband and father. You are Jewish (and know it), 33-40, bright, thin and voluptuous(??), exceptionally sweet, cute and affectionate, occasionally shy, with great legs (for sports, short skirts), fun(ny), a great future mom and down-to-earth. I love the Caribbean, kids and dogs (have neither), sports, cultural events and films - share them with me. Great sense of humor and photo essential. 3852 ✉

Blue-Eyed, Pretty Woman—Loves city sophistication and country simplicity. Let's explore together. I'm 5'4", trim, curvy, young mid 50s, professional. Want emotionally secure, attractive match. 3757✉☎

Stunning, Curvaceous Teacher—Seeks nonsmoking soul mate, 48-58. 3752✉☎

Slim And Shapely—Pretty professional female, mid 50s, seeks fun-loving guy for love and happy times. 3731 ✉☎

Looking For You—Handsome, 38, 6'1", 185 lbs, fit, athletic build, Jewish, successful, intelligent, funny, good heart, sincere - seeks pretty female, slender, fit, outgoing. Photo a must. 3773 ✉☎

NYC 10021—A professional man of your stature might hesitate before placing an ad in the personals, much less answering one. However, if you sometimes find yourself browsing through them anyway, wondering if it's really possible to meet a woman who is attractive, stylish, witty, accomplished and financially secure, then take a chance. You're the one I'd like to hear from, particularly if you're between 55-65. Looking for good times and good company. Photo/note. 3855 ✉

Artistic Asian Beauty—Doctor, dancer seeks kind prince (35-45). 3851 ✉☎

Physically Fit, Athletic—Single white male, 35, MA degree - enjoys movies, music, baseball. Seeks intelligent, caring, physically fit female. 3722 ✉ ☎

Female Ex-Hippie, Young 50—Sold out to yuppiedom but wants to have fun. Things are nice but don't rule my life. 5'5", medium size, brown hair, brown eyes, good looks, really cooks, a sweet chick who loves flicks. Let's kick back and have a chat. Offbeat's a treat, so let's meet. 3734 ✉☎

Self-Made, Street-Smart—Successful entrepreneur, unique, multifaceted, intelligent, ambitious, 58, 6'3", 230, seeks a real beautiful soul mate with a great figure, 35-50. Photo. 3774 ✉☎

Tom Cruise Look-Alike—Sexy, tall, dark, 40-year-old, Jewish Wall Street mogul seeks woman for committed relationship. Be ready to fall in love. Photo/phone. 3775 ✉☎

Express Lane—Catholic guy, 43, looking for smart, ambitious, energetic woman who knows herself and what she wants. My photo is on-line. Send me yours to see if fate/date intersect. 3763 ✉☎

Wanted: 2-Bedroom Co-Op With View—And/or man (postwar) with vision. Both should be bright, with room for friends, family, art, music, cooking, travel photos. Motivated buyer is pretty, slim, Jewish, 40s professional. 3836 ✉ ☎

Attractive Arts Professional—Emotionally and financially secure woman, cultured, compassionate, upbeat, reflective, seeks same in 50-plus Jewish man. 3787 ✉☎

Good-Looking Male, Ivy Grad, 23—Looking for a serious relationship. You are an intelligent Jewish female, 20-25. Photo a must. 3790 ✉☎

World Traveler—Seeks female best friend and lover, 50-60, vivacious, enthusiastic, willing to take chances. I am a caring, sensitive man, 5'9", 185 lbs, blue eyes, graying hair, in excellent health. I am willing to share travel, hiking, art, photography, cooking. Photo, please. 3776 ✉☎

Win, Place Or Show—Tall, attractive and fit, white female professional, mid 40s, seeks dazzling white male, 35 plus, MD/JD/DVM/executive, or man with equine connections, for long-term relationship. Note/photo. 3805 ✉

I Seek A Kindhearted Woman—I'm a 6'1", handsome, Chinese-American PhD, 35, nice, honest, fit. Photo, please. 3833 ✉

Jewish Prince—Seeks his princess to live happily ever after. 3837 ✉☎

Japanese Lady—45, seeks Midwest/New England white male, 40s. 3845 ✉

NYMessage

Friends Wanted—By divorced, classy professional, 50, for NYC fun/travel. 3767 ✉☎

Rare Opportunity—Very attractive, irreverent, nurturing, 40-year-old, divorced white female physician seeks intelligent, charming, successful and handsome professional gentleman to explore the possibilities. Note/photo. 3849 ✉

European Woman—Or Europe-oriented American woman, sought by successful 46-year-old trial lawyer who believes that New York teaches you how to be a success but Paris teaches you why to be one. 3804 ✉ ☎

I Want To Fall In Love—Divorced white female, fun-to-be-with, tender, pretty, intelligent, 45, 5'5", 130 lbs, seeking gentleman, 47-55, divorced/widowed, who is kind, sincere, attractive, stable, open. anilag7@hotmail.com 3808 ✉☎

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Above, gift rappers. Competitors are invited to invent one sample, please: the name for a rap artist or group.

Results of Competition 965, in which you were asked for counsel, how-to, or advice for living attributed to a well-known person of fact or fiction.

Report: What was wanted here? A made-up quote attributed to a famous person? A famous quote attributed to a made-up person? Perhaps a confusing idea from us. You did fine. Just fine. The editor will be publicly stoned. Hoping you the same.

No individual prizes, but thanks to all.

"Starve a cold, starve a fever." —Kate Moss
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

"Don't use a proverb before you have one." —Yogi Berra
Jan R. Hudsky, Astoria, N.Y.

"Those who fail to remember history are doomed to something or other." —George W. Bush
Anna Lambiase, Brooklyn
sp. ment.: W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.

"Reading is fundamental." —Barbara Bush, occasionally to her children
Joseph J. Jaffa, Baltimore, Md.

"Don't do today what you can put off till tomorrow. Things may change, and you won't have to do anything." —W. C. Fields
Al Hattal, Marina del Rey, Calif.

"Never sign with an agency whose motto is 'Ich bin der Geist der stets verneint.' " —Michael Eisner
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

"Don't go there." —Dante Alighieri
Jeannette Werman, Exeter, N.H.

"Woman's work is never dumb." —Lily Tomlin
Jan Streilein, Aiken, S.C.

"Don't worry! Be happy!" —Don King
Mike Olton, Long Beach, Calif.

"If you want to make it big, you've got to put yourself in the picture." —Alfred Hitchcock
Jim Cavanaugh, St. Simons Island, Ga.

"Never sleep with a chicken while the fox is barkin' at the door." —Ross Perot
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

"Honor thy mother and thy mother" —Renee Richards
Thomas Parsonnet, Shorewood, Wisc.

"Don't believe anything Thomas Wolfe says." —Lassie
R. A. Honeygosky, Washington, D.C.

"Turn the other cheek." —The Phantom of the Opera
Jane Feirman, Jericho, N.Y.

"Never take a kiss at face value." —Arthur Schopenhauer
Raymond E. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Into each life some rain must fall." —Medea
F. L. Remmers, Califon, N.J.

"Life is too short for cheap wine or man-made uppers." —Imelda Marcos
S. V. Trainer, Lawrenceville, N.J.

"Always remember, there's no place like home." —Augusto Pinochet
Leonard Sims, N.Y.C.

"Know pain, know gain." —Leopold von Sacher-Masoch
Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.
sp. ment.: Fred Buffa, Staten Island

"Just when you think the world is a wonderful place, someone comes up and writes .com right under your nose." —Holden Caulfield
Ben Walker, Los Angeles, Calif.

"A man is known by the companies he keeps." —Victor Kiam
Pete Zouras, Vienna, Va.

"To thine own self be Tru." —Robert Morse
Denise Reiss, Los Angeles, Calif.

"Always buy a car that will fit in your bedroom." —Tonya Harding
Teresa Heines, Niskayuna, N.Y.

"Smile!" —Ludwig van Beethoven
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.

"Never overstay your welcome, or you'll never be welcome to stay over." —Kato Kaelin
Roberta Zeigher, Freeport, N.Y.

"Never refer to someone as a 'fat monkey' if his job involves throwing baseballs at you." —John Rocker
Howard Brookman, Elizabeth, N.J.

"If you can't say anything nice, just keep talking." —John Rocker
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

"Chill out." —Roald Amundsen
Bruce A. Baiter, Stamford, Conn.

"Have faith and trust in any man who says *Mi casa es su casa.*" —Newt Gingrich
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

"Losing a body part while on the job should be taken as a sign that it's time to switch careers and write a best-seller." —author of *Have a Nice Day*
Laura Bender, Mill Valley, Calif.

"Borrow money from a pessimist—they don't expect it back." —Polonius
Steve Newmark, Florham Park, N.J.

"With enemies like these, who needs friends?" —Richard Nixon
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

"Waste not." —Anthony Soprano
Harry Schwalb, Oakland, Pa.

"Reach for the stars." —Icarus
Harry N. Malone, Olmsted Falls, Ohio

"Good friends want their friends to be rich and famous. In fact, you should *insist* on it!" —Dominick Dunne
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.
W. T. McLaughlin, Louisville, Ky.

"Never talk to strangers." —Darva Conger
Tom Blackwood, Phoenix, Ariz.
similarly: L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.;
Kristine Lombardi Frankel, Ridgewood, N.J.

"Marry at leisure, repent in haste." —Darva Conger
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.
similarly: Thomas Moloney, West Millford, N.J.

"If you have nothing, you might have something." —Larry David
Alan Levine, Massapequa, N.Y.

"Neber twust a bear to wick honey off your wips." —Grizzly Adams
Sonja Rand, N.Y.C.

"Never underestimate the power of 'Danny Boy.' " —Ronan Tynan
Gerry Silcock, Belle Mead, N.J.

"You can get more with a kind word and a gun than you can with a kind word alone." —Charlton Heston
Bernie Siegel, Huntington Station, N.Y.

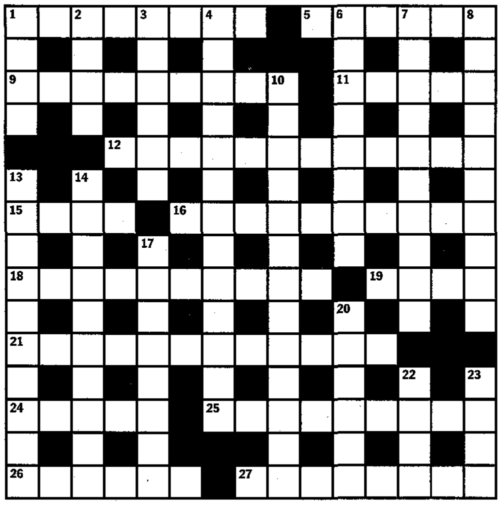
"Avoid the fish." —Ahab
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 968, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by April 21. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the May 22 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

1,20 Letter saying "Thanks for the pudding." (5,3,6)
5 Dish out Latin spiel. (6)
9 Ashamed to have given King Edward the bird? (9)
11 Sometimes gas about poetry standards. (5)
12 Rogue desired to follow about old lag . . . thought better of it. (12)
15 Bugs overran the Italian church. (4)
16 Swearing to ruin a job reunion. (10)
18 Compensate noble queen, do! (10)
19 The monster's so overcome. (4)
21 Flashy or simple, organised tours taken here in France. (12)
24 Mr. Nesbitt returned thanks for capital. (5)
25 Toff entertains one before others, all privates. (9)
26 Not keen on a piece of poetry? (6)
27 Little Miss Nightingale, free to fly shortly with embroidery. (8)



DOWN

1 See 23.
2 Urges drugs taking? Horse, they say. (4)
3 Stops working the Spanish oil. (6)
4 Bring no turn of cast after the 23's in play. (3,3,7)
6 Layabout rotter, last scion of country folk. (8)
7 The two Henrys, drunks, got one the same. (5,5)
8 No blame's attached to resemblances with side in posh places? (10)
10 Abnormal lady's failure to embrace the party. (13)
13 Dark 23, the captive deliverer. (5,5
14 Possible to have quail (brace) cooked? (10)
17 Representations to keep bar laws. (8)
20 See 1 across.
22 The lad's away but Laurie's home. (4)
23,1 DOWN The president's wife spotted grub. (8

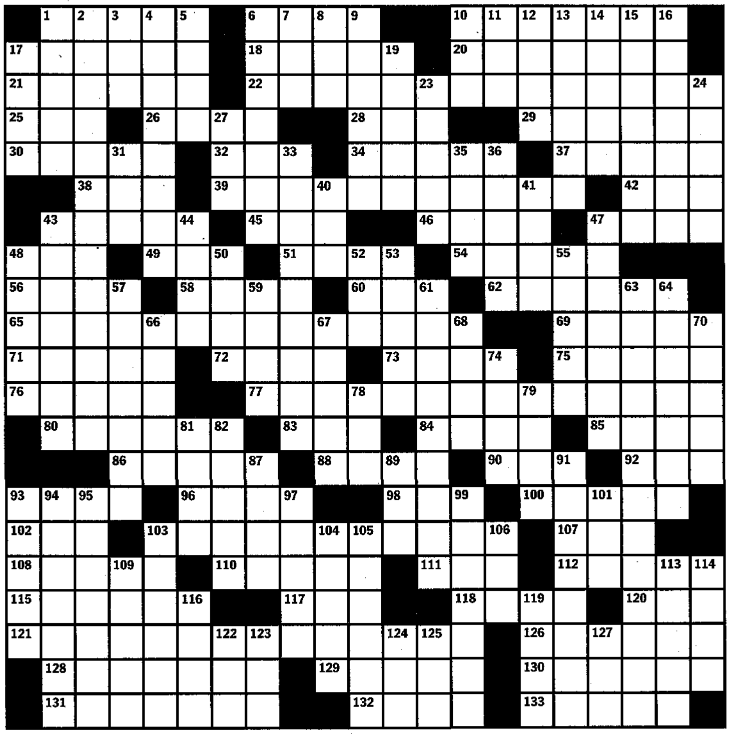
'Puzzle No. K': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Of Peruvian Indian culture
6 Radar-screen image
10 Like an overworked mine
17 Transport for Tolstoy
18 Supply new weapons
20 President's advisory group
21 "Dennis the ——"
22 *Film about Boleyn*
25 Brian of British rock
26 D-day boats: abbr.
28 Adjective for Abner
29 Thorny plant
30 "Right on!" in teen-speak
32 Put into service
34 Eire-born
37 "—— your life!"
38 Site of London's Botanic Gardens
39 *Rock band of the '80s*
42 Lily, in Lille
43 Get to one's feet
45 Neptune's domain
46 Fictional plantation
47 Give over
48 After an aitch
49 Nurse a drink
51 Capital of Latvia
54 High-I.Q. clique
56 Unconscious state
58 Between C and H
60 Escort's offering
62 '60s tennis champ Fred
65 *Verne's "under the sea" distance*
69 Becomes frothy
71 Very, in music
72 Announcement from the kitchen
73 Fisherman's inducement
75 Golf's Palmer, informally
76 Burn the surface
77 *Span between New York and Canada*
80 Tennessee Dam
83 Middling mark
84 Have on
85 Parachutist's pull
86 —— in the right direction
88 Mary Roberts Rinehart heroine
90 Inlet
92 Elfin
93 Composer Khachaturian
96 Corp. V.I.P.'s
98 Free (of)
100 Pods for gumbo
102 Parker Company product
103 *"They came ——, and died" (Concord memorial)*
107 Astronaut's "all systems go"
108 Psalmist of King David's time
110 Exec's scribe
111 Young salamander
112 Stocking synthetic
115 Made a double knot
117 Two K pounds
118 Ogled
120 Playmate for Tarzan
121 *Mel Brooks recording, with "The"*
126 Inexperienced recruit
128 Raise the level of
129 Scottish squire
130 Think up
131 Gobi, Sahara, etc.
132 Himalayan oxen
133 No longer continue

DOWN

1 "Good Night" girl
2 *1934 novelty tune*
3 Undercover org.
4 *Jason Robards film of 1965*
5 Glasgow refusals
6 Wind-instrument category
7 Actor Cariou
8 A Fleming
9 Bout before the main event, for short
10 Halloween mo.
11 Cheerleader's yell
12 One of O'Neill's Cabots
13 Compares
14 Put an —— (stop)
15 City on Puget Sound
16 Having a long thin point
17 Ness's colleagues
19 "The Red Shoes" ballerina Shearer
23 Michigan auto city
24 Start of an Austen title
27 Exhumed Egyptian
31 Coffee alternative
33 Peppy
35 "The King and I" locale
36 Rabbits' relatives
40 Chiang ——-shek
41 Isn't able to
43 What a blizzard does, perhaps
44 Diaper, in baby talk
47 Of a dietary unit
48 Play the role of
50 Lap dog, familiarly
52 Mouth muffler
53 Island off Venezuela
55 Up to now
57 Rearranged-letter word
59 Antiaircraft fire
61 In the interim
63 *Ontario's nickname*
64 Political expatriates
66 Grandstand features
67 Positive trait
68 Neither front nor bac
70 Down-at-the-heels
74 Pre-Soviet ruler
78 Aloha gift
79 Con —— (with spirit
81 Reason for scratching
82 Soothsayers
87 Bard
89 —— Lanka
91 *"Arabian Nights" number*
93 Not together
94 Stitched over
95 Litvak or France
97 Take care of, as duties
99 Sticks up for
101 Rogers of the range
103 ". . . after —— seen Paree"
104 Hillock
105 Second calendar column
106 Hog habitat
109 Freshwater fishes
113 Voice a view
114 Competitor of Nair
116 Letter opening
119 Viking name
122 Ma Bell abbr.
123 Matter, at law
124 "Mamma ——!"
125 Indiana Jones's quest
127 Eggs



For more about Maura B. Jacobson and this week's special crossword, see page 6.

Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 9

Aladdin had a lamp.

You have

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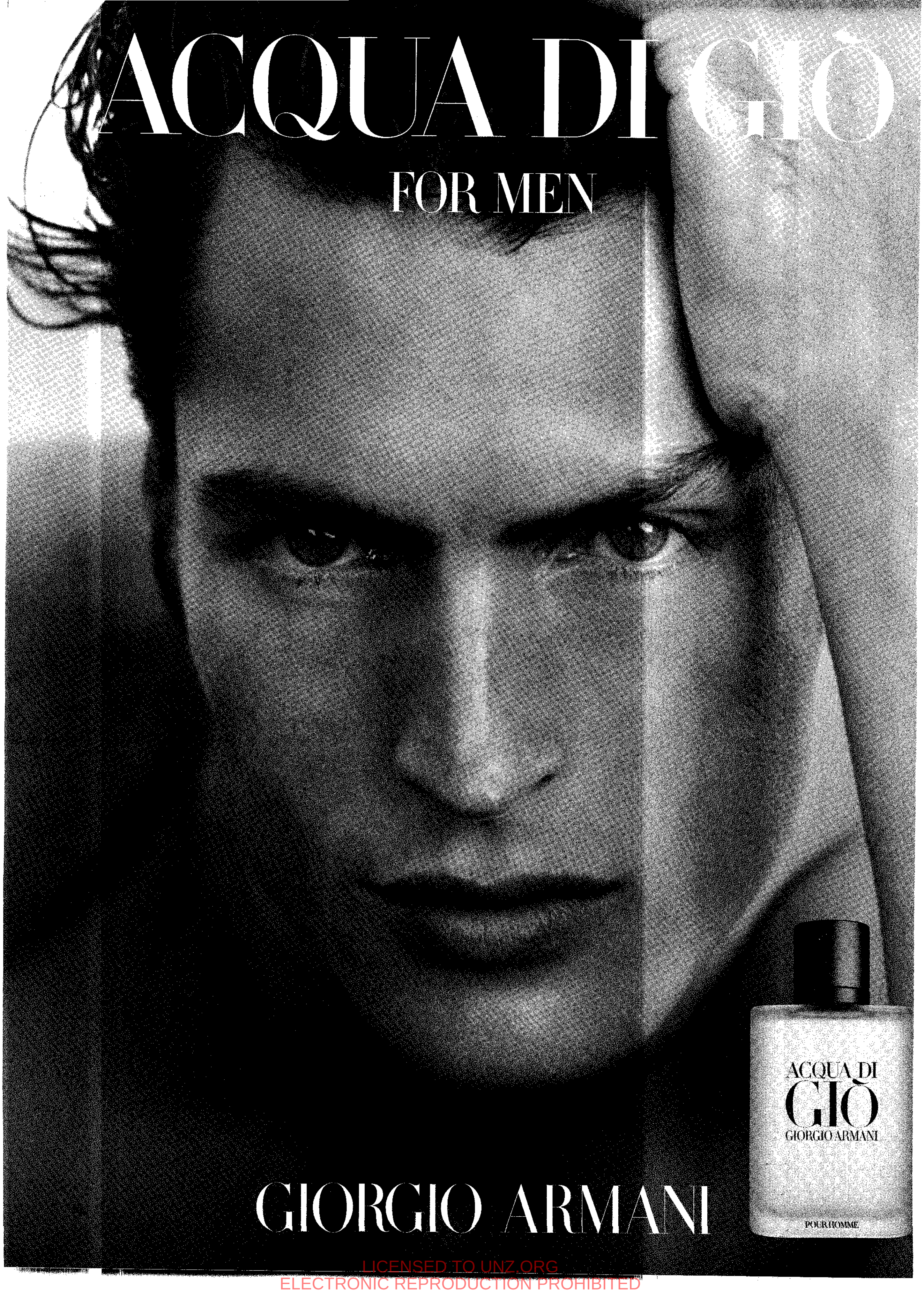
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